McCLURE'S

Win-the-War Magazine

MARCH
1918

15¢

This is our pledge:
to devote the pages of McClure's Win-the-War Magazine to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help win the war.

Drawn by
Neysa McMein

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, NEW YORK

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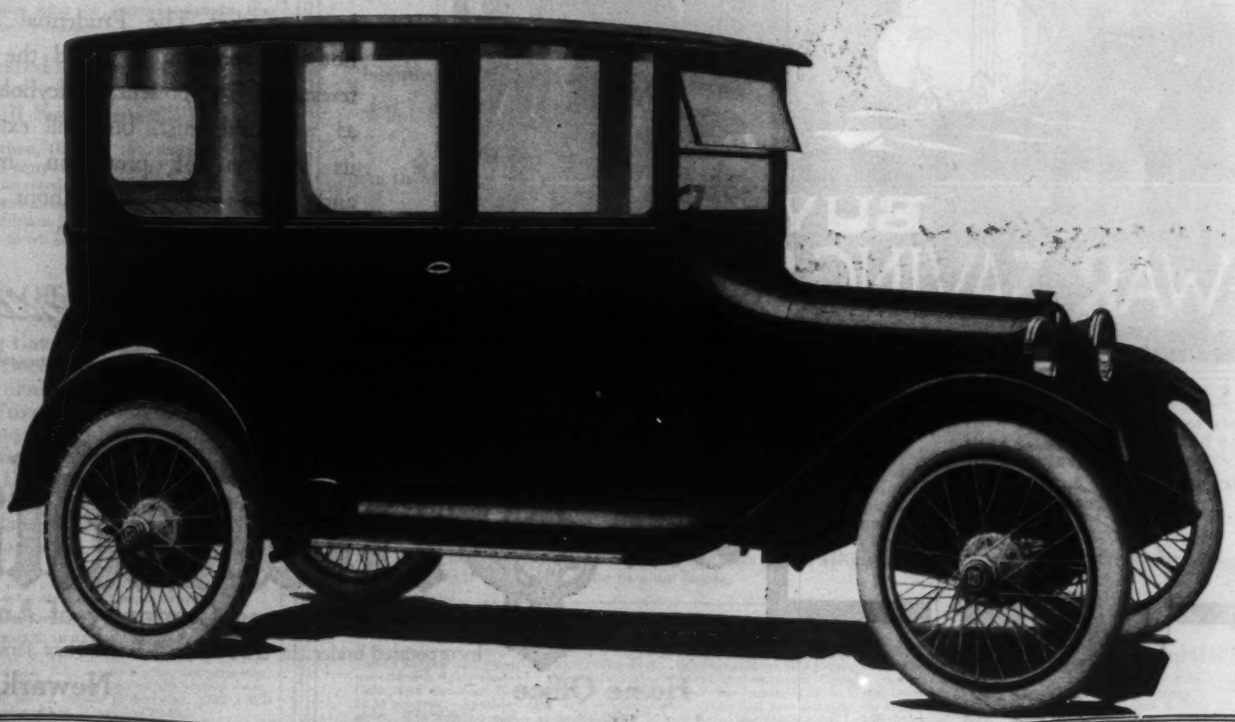

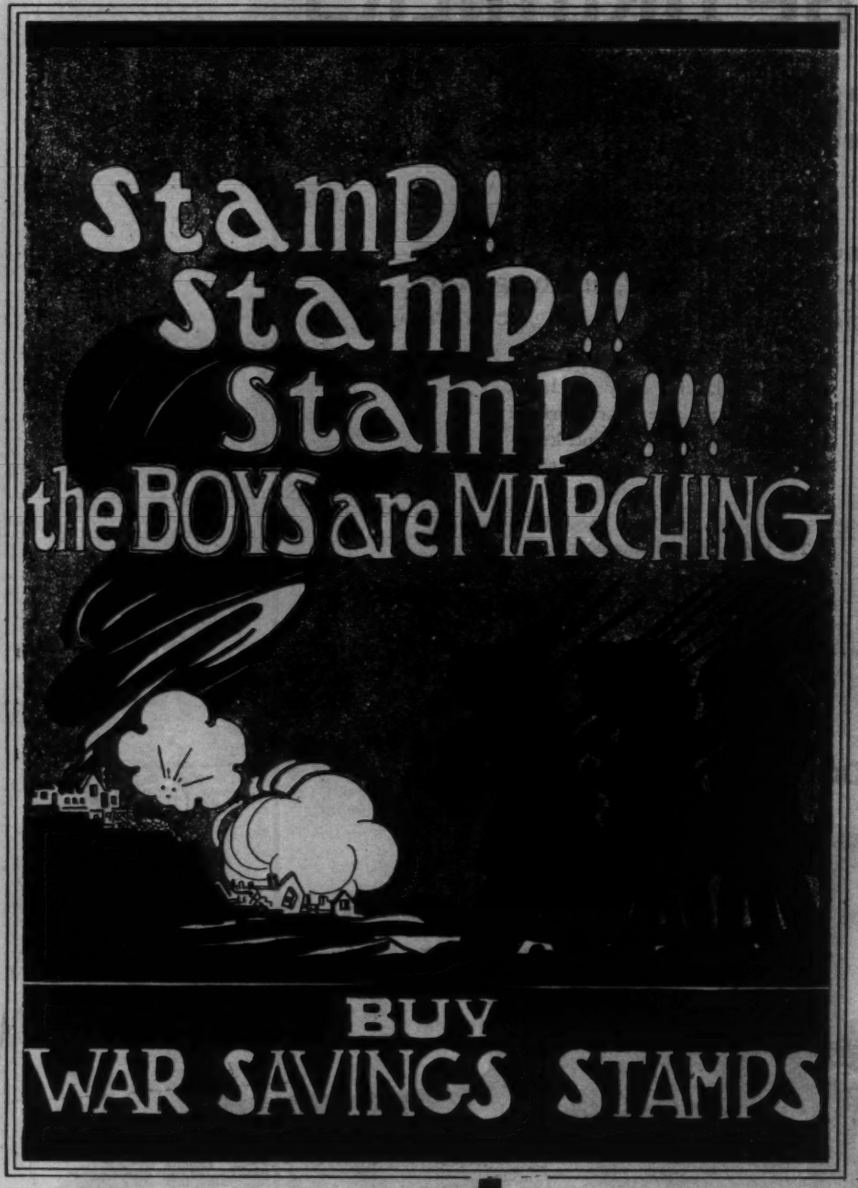

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McCLURE'S *for* MARCH

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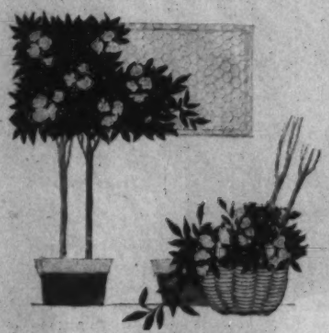

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"New Occasions Teach New Duties"

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[of The Vigilantes]

McClure's Magazine is published on the 15th of the month and should reach every subscriber on that day. But such is the terribly congested condition of the railroads at present that delays in the mail service are inevitable. If your copy does not arrive promptly do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

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Volume 50
Number 5

McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

MARCH
1918

"With Such a Spirit—"

A Group of Letters to the Editor from Dana Gatlin, Cleveland Moffett, Anna Steese Richardson, Porter Emerson Browne, Waldemar Kaempffert and Edward Mott Woolley

To the Readers of McClure's

WHEN did an editor ever get such co-operation from his contributors? With such a spirit as this working in our pages beginning with this number, who can doubt how McClure's will be received by its readers? We may all feel proud to have such men and women on our staff of writers — men and women who are with us heart and soul.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE,
Managing Editor.

"More Interesting Than Ever"

I've already got mapped out two short stories showing the War's reactions — both suggested by the talk I heard across the table the other day. I've never attended such a stimulating meeting. I didn't dream that such a diverse abundance of important and human subjects, all relating to the War, could be got together for use through the magazine medium. Before I attended the meeting, I felt rather sorry that McClure's was to become a "War Magazine," because I feared it might thereby become less interesting. Now I know that it's going to be more interesting than ever, and, at the same time, more vital than it ever has been before.

DANA GATLIN.

"War Service"

I am much impressed by the splendid patriotic purpose that is back of McClure's in its new plan for war service. We can do today, for this country, what Harper's Weekly did in the Civil War, and more, I believe.

I was glad to note at the council the other day that Mr. Collins and the rest of you feel strongly that we must keep up the magazine's high standard of popular interest by means of feature articles and thrilling war fiction, as well as a national patriotic effort.

I want to do everything in my power to further this purpose and will gladly write for you in both these lines, as you may desire. I am pleased that you like my idea of doing a series of true or near-true war secret service stories, either here or abroad.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

"A Good Strong Pull Together"

Just a few lines to express my appreciation of the opportunity to attend Friday's conference. It was certainly a gathering to inspire confidence and to create a real desire to do big things not only for McClure's, but for America.

And what a complete intellectual circle you gathered round the table — Mr. Moffett with his vigorous imagination, and Mr. Kaempffert balancing this with his scientific and mechanical knowledge; Mr. Browne's satirical humor and Mr. Woolley's keen insight into commercial and industrial conditions; Miss Gatlin gathering up the grim facts of war on which to build fiction which I am sure will present the more significant reactions of the struggle on our American life; and above all else, Mr. Collins outlining the new policy in that clear-cut style of which he is past master. If we do not turn out a bigger, finer magazine, a real win-the-war periodical, we are unworthy of the confidence which you and Mr. Collins place in us. So now for a good, strong pull together for McClure's — and us!

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON.

"Victory Shall Be Ours"

It is beyond my power to tell you how enthusiastic I am over the new win-the-war policy of McClure's. The subordination of all considerations, private, personal, financial, to the end that victory shall be ours, speaks magnificently for the spirit and patriotism of both owners and editors. You are again pioneers on the trail and all America should, and soon must, be pursuing. All that we have, all that we are, the salvation of our democracy, the very lives of our children and our children's children, are at stake. McClure's is one of the first so truly to realize and so splendidly to act!

Let me assure you once again that my deepest desire is to serve for you and with you in this, the Great Common Cause of us all. I am utterly at your service at all times, whether for writing, for conferences between editors and authors, such as the one we had the other day (and we should have many; they are of great stimulative and coordinatory value), or to do my bit in any other way that lies within me.

Again, and from my heart, I congratulate you.

PORTER EMERSON BROWNE.

A New Kind of Co-operation

The conference which you invited your more important contributors to attend last Friday was of more than usual significance to me. The staff members of every important magazine meet from time to time to discuss plans and policies; but here for the first time, so far as I know, the more important contributors of a periodical were made to feel that they formed part of a great publishing organization. That marks a distinct advance, I think, in editorial management.

Usually contributors are left to their own devices, so that they write to please themselves. You have succeeded in making your ideas theirs, and in making their ideas yours. The result must inevitably be a closely knit organization of your staff and the most competent writers of the day.

A "Win the War" McClure's will surely achieve its purpose when it starts out to collect, not simply articles and stories (any first-class editor can do that), but able men and women. You are bound to secure co-operation of a kind quite new in magazine publishing.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

What Do You Think?

THIS page shows what some of our most famous McClure writers think of our plans for making McClure's a Win-the-War Magazine.

This month's magazine — with its patriotic cover and its patriotic stories and articles and verses and pictures — shows what the McClure idea of a Win-the-War Magazine really is.

What do you, the readers of McClure's, think of such a magazine?

Not a gloom magazine,— not a propaganda magazine,— not a government bulletin,— not a mouthpiece of parties or societies or movements,— just the same old McClure's in attractive appearance and entertainment value, but with every page framed to do its part in helping our boys abroad to win the war by stimulating, encouraging and strengthening the patriotic spirit of the folks who must stay at home.

For us in the McClure office it has solved a great problem because we, like you and every other good citizen, have wanted to get into the fight. At last we have found a way of discharging the duty to family and associates which holds many of us to the job, and, at the same time, of helping in the way we know best to win the Great War.

Personally, I am more nearly happy than at any time since we entered the war. If you were in my place, and had the opportunity I have, wouldn't you feel as I do? Let me know. It will do me good, will do all of us good, and will help us to make a finer, stronger Win-the-War Magazine.

Frederick L. Collins

Publisher.

"Proud to Be a McClure Writer"

I feel a great deal of enthusiasm over the McClure policy for a war magazine of the highest type.

The conference held in your office the other day certainly inspired me. I had long felt that there were wonderful opportunities in the magazine field for a patriotic work of a big constructive sort, and I feel that McClure's is going to be of immense service to the nation.

I am proud to be one of the McClure writers, and after the recent illuminating discussion in which it was my privilege to have a part, I feel that I can attack the work with a much broader motif. These are days when an earnest writer feels that he has a big part to play in this war tragedy, and that it is indeed gratifying to know that the McClure publications are going to encourage and direct his efforts.

Success to you in this great and noble task.

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY.

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Triumph!

by

W. B. Trites

ARE you the kind of American that Mr. Trites paints so truly in this thrilling story? Have you the undreamed-of quality of valor in your soul that young Geoffrey Thorame had? Or are you a permanent slacker, while your country fights the cruelest enemy on earth? Read and see.

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

As the German officer rushed at the old Frenchman and struck

DOWN the white road, between the two green lines of poplars, a long, low car raced towards the sinking sun. The young man at the steering-wheel, though his speedometer marked seventy kilos, had a strangely languid look.

Strangely languid — that was how the young man felt. That was how he had felt ever since America's declaration of war on Germany. Could nothing dissipate this feeling? With an impatient movement he increased his speed. The little arrow on the dial wavered round to eighty-five.

On and on he tore. Now he passed a cantonment of giant Senegalese feasting on *pâte* and *pinard* in a grove. Now he passed a Zouave regiment climbing a hill on hands and knees in the rehearsal of a charge. Softened by distance, the uproar of the guns came almost mildly to his ears.

The sun sank lower. The light took on an orange tone. The shadows lengthened. The guns' uproar grew harsher.

A boche biplane sailed across the sky, the shrapnel from some hidden battery bursting all about it in little soft white clouds. Those little soft white clouds seemed singularly harmless. And the boche biplane wove in and out and up and down among them dextrously and cheerily. It was like some gallant sort of game.

But now the road began to be crowded with troops and motor-trucks. Shattered trees, shell holes and wrecked dwellings gave the countryside a devastated look. Amid the devastation the tiny, indomitable figures of farmers worked calmly.

The young man every little while was held up by officers. One after another these officers, as they returned his papers, would express their pleasure in meeting Monsieur Geoffrey Thorame of the Thorame ambulance unit, they would wish him *bon voyage*, and in most cases they would warmly add, "*Vive l'Amerique!*"

At sunset, turning off from the main road, he drew up before an inn which fronted the *place*, or public square, of a shell-torn and partially deserted village. The inn's broad sidewalk was shaded with plane-trees and embellished with chairs and small iron tables. At one of these tables a girl in white sat reading a book. A waiter with a lifeless arm, a war cross on his breast, could not but hover near her. She radiated joy and desire and dreams amid war's horrors.

As the young man, descending from his car, drew off his goggles, the girl started up with a low, pleased exclamation of astonishment. Her blouse of thin silk revealed her body's fresh and robust beauty. Her linen skirt revealed the daring elegance of her slim, arched feet and shimmering ankles. Smiling timidly, she made a step towards him, but he strode past her with a vacant frown, and the hotel swallowed him up.

She turned to the waiter with a vexed laugh.

"I know him," she said, "but he's forgotten me."

"It's Monsieur Thorame," the waiter answered. "His ambulances are a great blessing to the wounded. A millionaire, I believe."

"I believe so," she assented carelessly.

"They say he leads a fast life in his Riviera villa, but, anyhow, he's got a generous heart," the waiter babbled on.

Meanwhile in the hotel Monsieur Thorame had chosen a bedroom looking out on an old-fashioned garden. His gray motor-trunk was brought in. He took a cold bath. Then he put on a blue lounge suit, with a crisp shirt, striped blue and white, black socks, patent leather shoes, and a rich, fresh tie of blue and white silk, fastened with a pearl. This careful toilet completed, he drew a revolver from his dressing-case, and sank into an armchair beside an open window. He fixed his lack-luster eyes on a row of splendid hollyhocks. He pressed the revolver to his temple, to the bridge of his mouth, to his heart. "If —" he said. "If ——"

He did not know that the girl of the terrace was staring up at him in astonishment and horror from an alley of peonies.

He rose at last and slipped the revolver back in its receptacle. When he returned to his chair again, the girl had disappeared.

The chambermaid an hour later found him still brooding by his window in the twilight.

"Dinner is served, sir," she said.

"Thank you," he muttered absently.

"The guns have almost stopped, sir, haven't they?"

"Have they? I hadn't noticed."

"They say the Germans are going to occupy the town."

"Tonight?"

"Oh, not tonight, sir!"

"Well, at any rate, I'll send a message forward to make sure."

He descended, despatched his message, and then sought the dining-room. The long table was set with some twenty covers, but its only occupant was the young girl of the terrace. She regarded him with somber approval as he advanced.

And indeed in his dark, rich, lustrous dress he was a comely enough figure. Against the white linen of his collar his face was ruddy, lean and strong. His small mustache did not hide his firm mouth and even teeth. His hair flowed back from his sunburnt brow in rippling abundance. Tall and slim, he had the broad chest, the muscular and supple shoulders, and the easy, almost slouching grace of an athlete.

The waiter with the lifeless arm drew out a chair, and, before seating himself, the young man made the girl a formal bow. She responded with her radiant and caressing smile.

After the episode of the garden she had gone up to her room again and changed her simple evening gown for a bizarre black one, décolleté in the dis-

him with all his might over the head, Geoffrey felt the hand on his arm grow cold with horror

turbing new French fashion, with narrow shoulder straps and a bodice cut out very freely under the arms, like the sleeveless jersey of a runner. This gown brought out the beauty of her maiden contours marvelously. It also enhanced the delicate brilliance of her coloring — the soft glitter of her hair, the cream of her throat, her eyes' clear, sparkling depths, and the coral of her full and well-cut lips. Who could have guessed that, while putting it on, she had wept a little? She had wept, for he was her childhood's idol, and she had resolved to discover and dispel the deadly trouble which tormented him.

"It is a meatless day," said the waiter, "but we can offer monsieur and mademoiselle tomato soup, a lobster, peas, and a fruit compôte. All tinned, of course. *Ça va?*"

"*Ça va bien*," the girl replied, with so marked an accent that the young man, awaking from his torpor, looked at her for the first time with attention.

"I might have known you were an American," he said.

"Why?" she asked calmly. "Because I'm here alone?"

"No. Because you're so — but it would be rude to say you're pretty on such a short acquaintance."

She gave him a pleased look, but he did not meet her eye. He was eating his tomato soup hurriedly, with a kind of frowning intentness. Shrugging her shoulders, which were like ivory touched with rose, she said:

"Fancy two Americans meeting here like this! Isn't it odd?"

"No, it's not particularly odd," said the young man in a sepulchral voice. His soup finished, he fixed his eyes on the opposite wall. "I'm here because I'm interested in hospital work. You, too, I suppose, have some hospital connection."

"I am to begin my nursing," she said, "tomorrow. My brother-in-law, Sir Gore Cutts, calls for me here tomorrow morning. Still, it's odder than you think, our meeting," she went on.

"Perhaps." And staring at the wall, he stroked his small mustache absently.

The waiter, as he served the cold lobster with mayonnaise sauce, said:

"Our troops are retiring from the Magpie Salient. Do you hear them on the highroad?"

They listened. The dull tramp of soldiers' feet — *un, deux* — *un, deux* — came to them.

"Why are we retiring?" the girl asked.

"Oh, the better to spring forward," said the waiter; and he gave a cynical laugh.

She began to eat her lobster delicately, as girls always eat, without any evidence of appetite or enjoyment. The young man, forgetting the food before him, stared fixedly at the wall.

"Are we in any danger here?" she presently asked.

He gave a start. "I beg your pardon?"

She put her hand, curved trumpet fashion, to the side of her mouth.

"Are we," she shouted, "in any danger here?"

But he was not at all pleased with her little comedy.

"I think not," he said stiffly, and he bent over his lobster again.

The waiter served the peas. She ate a while in discouraged silence. Then she said, with a smile that she tried bravely to make mischievous and arch:

"Do you know, you remind me of my first" — she hesitated — "my first sweetheart."

"Your first what?"

"My first sweetheart." And she leaned back, laughing gently, looking at him.

He was a little amused. "What was your first sweetheart like?"

"Like you! Only you seem somehow — excuse me — sleepy. He was swift. *Swift:* do you know what I mean by that? I mean he was swift like a leopard. If you could have seen him covering first base! If you could have seen him running with the ball!

"And he was brave, too. I remember one afternoon when he swam two miles out to sea to determine whether a horrible thing floating out there was a corpse or a log of wood. I stood on the beach with the lifeguards. The sun was setting. He swam with a splendid overhand stroke. He grew smaller and smaller — a bobbing black ball, a black pinhead — and then he disappeared. The lifeguards said he was a fool because the corpse, if corpse it was, would be sure to be surrounded with sharks; but, you know, I didn't think he was a fool."

"He was a fool all right. Who the deuce ——"

But she interrupted him mischievously.

"I thought he was a hero. The lifeguards talked about his triumphs on the diamond and the grid. How I listened! And finally he swam back. He said that the thing out there was a corpse, after all, and he took stroke oar in the lifeboat. He paid no heed to me. You see, I was only a scrawny youngster of twelve." She extended her bare white arm. She scrutinized it with half-closed eyes. She slowly turned it this way and that to bring out all its rounded loveliness. "A scrawny youngster of twelve," she repeated, looking at him calmly, "but it made me as proud as if I'd been his mother to see how much better he rowed than the other men."

"Who the deuce ——"

"I waited till they came back. Twilight fell. Of course I'd missed my dinner. I pushed my way forward when they beached the boat. I stood over the poor wet drowned thing that lay on the sand, tied to the stern with a rope. Oh, I can see it yet, the poor wet thing! It was a hideous white, with hideous green patches here and there. It lay on its face. The spent waves, washing under it, jostled it a little."

She shuddered. Then, smiling and shaking her head at him, she said:

"He was, perhaps [*Continued on page 58*]

Next month — an even greater win-the-war McClure's. Contributions by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Booth Tarkington, Julian Street, Hermann Hagedorn, Anna Steese Richardson, Sophie Kerr, Franklin P. Adams, Gelett Burgess, Porter Emerson Browne and Ernest Poole

WANTED—Team Work

Brains—Experience—Organization—All at Hand. Why Not Use Them?

by The Editor

THE trouble with most people is that they do not live the life they think. But the trouble with most of us in these times is that we are not thinking the life we are living.

We are like the average man of affairs who wakes to find a burglar in the house.

He is mentally unprepared.

His brains aren't mobilized.

He is a mark for any thoroughly wide-awake burglar.

But give that man a cold bath, a good breakfast, a mahogany desk and a push button — and he is a match for any crook, even the Hun variety!

Most of us are still groping for the unloaded revolver and stubbing our toes against non-essential easy-chairs.

We have given our young men and our money, but, as a nation, we have not begun to use our brains.

Washington is the nerve centre of our mental confusion.

The government is like a small country store suddenly confronted with the patronage of Wanamaker's or Marshall Field's.

It cannot hope to cope with the job without help.

And help has come in what is called the volunteer system, where men and women who can afford to do so work for the government for a dollar a year.

Out of these volunteer workers the government hopes to form the biggest commercial and administrative organization in the world's history.

If it fails, we are helpless before the enemy; for no amount of sacrifice of human life, or pouring out of gold and treasure will win a war that is badly directed at the seat of government.

HOW the nation's brains are being mobilized is a vital question for the reader of a Win-the-War magazine.

Big men they are, these volunteers,—professors in universities, heads of businesses, presidents of banks, gray-haired judges, retired capitalists — men who have volunteered to help the government win the war.

You can't get a night's sleep in Washington without turning out a president emeritus or a chairman of the board or a respected founder of the business — men who have already won pedestals in the hall of fame, and for the most part are well content to sit on them.

These are the men on whom we are depending to do the biggest job in history— not the job of winning the war, but the job of creating the organization that is capable of winning the war.

For the most part — of course, there are distinguished exceptions — these men have long since ceased to do any real work in their own lines.

They have *done* their work.

They are over the hill.

Their very presence in Washington is made possible by the fact that somewhere in Massachusetts or Minnesota or Missouri there is a young assistant professor, or second vice-president or superintendent of works who is the real present-day motive power in the institution which the "big" men have founded.

Every important job in Washington is totally surrounded by from four to a dozen of these distinguished volunteers. Nine times out of ten the private secretary of any of them would be better than all of them at getting the job done right and soon.

THE volunteer army of workers is an army of retired generals — because only the retired generals can afford to volunteer.

How then are we going to fill the ranks and find the right men for the active command?

The obvious thing to do, if it were possible, would be to identify the men who are really furnishing the brains of our business institutions and conscript those men for government service.

But there are two objections to such a course, aside from the fact that it can't be done.

If you take the real man behind any business out of that business, you weaken the whole structure and court widespread financial disaster.

And if you take a man who is successfully running an organization in San Francisco and transplant him to Washington, where he knows no one and is not known, you reduce his immediately available efficiency by fifty per cent.

A successful organization is a delicate mechanism in which each part does its work the better for familiarity with the strength and weaknesses of every other part.

Business organization is the American talent,— our chief asset at the outset of the war.

The ideal thing, therefore, would be to *conscript organizations, instead of individuals*, and to compensate the owners and the workers by some such equable plan as the President has worked out for the railroads. And why not?

ALL over the country so-called non-essential business organizations are disintegrating because of the war — not so much manufacturing concerns, for these are mostly engaged in government works already — but selling organizations, purchasing organizations, jobbers and merchandisers — just the kind of organizations that the government must have to do its work.

These organizations, with their equipment and facilities, are available wherever they may be, for it is a silly government tradition, and nothing more, that all government work must be done in Washington, when most of it, especially the war work, can be done better anywhere than in the overcrowded capital city.

Some of these organizations were handling non-essential commodities, others were engaged in foreign trade, still others are victims of the rising cost of raw material — altogether they represent a tremendous investment of time and thought and money.

Why, when the government's work is suffering for lack of organization, should these carefully constructed, smoothly running commercial machines be allowed to stop, their parts to be scattered, their splendid potentiality wasted?

They start at a point of efficiency that a government-made organization, no matter how well it is managed, cannot hope to reach within the duration of the war.

FOR example, the Secretary of the Treasury or the Food Administrator, or the Quartermaster General is confronted with a new problem demanding a new bureau or department. What does he do?

Under the present government procedure he must pick the best man he can find to head it, and that man must look around for assistants, for floor space, for furniture and fixtures, for clerks and stenographers, for efficiency men and auditors, for janitors and wash-ladies, office boys and ink-wells — in the course of months he forms an organization of a kind, and is ready for work.

It takes a powerful lot of saving sugar and coal to pay for such wastefulness, when any man of sound business experience could find at least three organizations in Omaha, or Detroit, or Baltimore, which could handle the job at once and infinitely better.

And it is fair to assume that at least one of these organizations in each city is on the verge of disruption from causes growing directly out of the war; that if it is not used to help win the war, will not be used at all and will be forever lost to American industry.

For not the least important advantage in using the organizations we already have, and maintaining their integrity and efficiency during the war, is the value they will have in the mighty task of running those industries.

THE man in Washington who first has the nerve to clear the city of unorganized volunteers so that the work which must be done in that city can be done with efficiency and despatch; who has the common sense to value and use, instead of allowing to decay, the magnificent organizations of this country which happen to be engaged in non-essential industries; who has the economic foresight to conscript organizations instead of individuals — that man will take the most important and vital step toward winning the war. He will deserve to be, and will be, the next President of the United States.

A Song of Service

by **Theodosia Garrison**

FOLLY and Complacency went singing through the dark,
They paused before a window that showed a candle's spark.
"Come forth, come forth and join us or bid us entrance win!"
"Nay, I've a wheel a-turning and I have wool to spin;
Unless your hands may aid me ye shall not enter in."

Folly and Complacency went singing through the night;
They paused before a casement that showed a shining light.
"Now bid us in, old Comrade, to revel until day!"
"Nay, I've a sword to sharpen to keep a foe at bay;
Unless your hands may aid me I speed you on your way."

Oh, there are swords to sharpen and there is wool to spin,
And woe betide the foolish ones who let these wastrels in!
At the cost of a dulled sword a people may be sold;
For lack of warmth a nation may perish in the cold,
And unto us the reckoning and price thereof be told.

Folly and Complacency — on our heads be the sin
If once our hands should slacken, our voices bid you in.
While there's a sword to sharpen, while there's a wheel to turn,
A word to say, a prayer to pray, a signal light to burn,
God give us strength and wakefulness to match the wage we earn.

"It's the Huns!"—*by* H. C. Witwer

This Has Happened in London; It Might Happen in New York

THE young attaché of the American Embassy had just given a very thrilling description of his visit to the French front. He had been fortunate, in that he had actually had experiences — red-blooded experiences, pulsating with the gripping tang of hairbreadth 'scapes, bursting shrapnel, bullets that whined and killed and men that whined and died. He was a good story-teller, and that particular segment of the Great War lost none of its fascinating frightfulness in the telling.

For perhaps a half-hour, even the most blasé of us, I think, saw flashing steel, great guns belching a fiendish hell fire, deeds of super-heroism and deeds of super-cowardice, acres littered with the putrefying bodies of the dead, the lumbering tanks, trenches lost and regained in an hour at the cost of a regiment of men, and, well — he gave us a vivid picture, skilfully etched and one that doubtless convinced many a skeptic that there is a hell.

There was an appreciative hush when he had finished. The elderly barrister at my right shuddered over his demi-tasse and the young American girl opposite said, "Ima—gine!!" and began asking questions. As I had some letters in my pocket which alluded to me as a war correspondent, I congratulated the young man and suggested that I write his story for my paper. Facts about the war these days are apparently accessible to all but correspondents. I considered his tale "good copy."

Maybe it was. I don't know — I've never written it. Within twenty minutes I'd forgotten whether he'd been to France or Paterson, N. J. You see, a bigger story "broke" right outside the windows of the hotel in Pall Mall where we were dining. I stood on the margin of the page and watched it write itself!

It was my first visit to London, and, on the eve of my departure for France in the latter part of September, I was a guest at a dinner party at the Hotel ——. It was formal only as to dress. There was the young attaché of the Embassy, a vaudeville comedienne of the first magnitude, a lawyer who is quite prominent and a first lieutenant who is quite a raconteur. With myself, these were the only Americans. There were a dozen in the party — the others were English.

The Swiss waiters — there seemed to be a pair for each guest — were fussing about the table, as is the custom in English hotels — these days it is not only customary for the waiter to fuss, it is also customary for him to be Swiss. His British predecessor has long since abandoned the apron for the bayonet. The first lieutenant and some others were discussing the closing of some of the London theatres at night and, interested, I was about to inquire the reason, when the unasked question was answered in a startling manner.

There was a tremendous explosion, apparently right beneath our windows. It was as though a charge of dynamite sufficient to blow the Woolworth Building to atoms had been set off. There came another and another — and then a veritable Wagnerian chorus of thunderous blasts. I distinctly felt the room vibrate, and as if to settle any doubts, a huge, cut-glass vase containing flowers toppled from the table and atomized itself with a tinkling crash.

I half rose from my chair involuntarily and then, catching a curious glance from a languid English beauty opposite, sat down flushing at my alarm.

"I wonder what *that* is?" I asked inanely.

She turned an indulgent smile in my direction.

"It's the Huns, I suppose!" came the answer, part yawn. "Will you be good enough to pass the sugar?"

The bursting bombs gave me a mild thrill, but as I grasped the significance of her answer, her manner sent the blood tingling through my veins! It was absolutely unaffected. There was not the slightest suggestion of pose. To present at all times, under all conditions, the unemotional, dispassionate air of super-boredom of the English, requires birth in England.

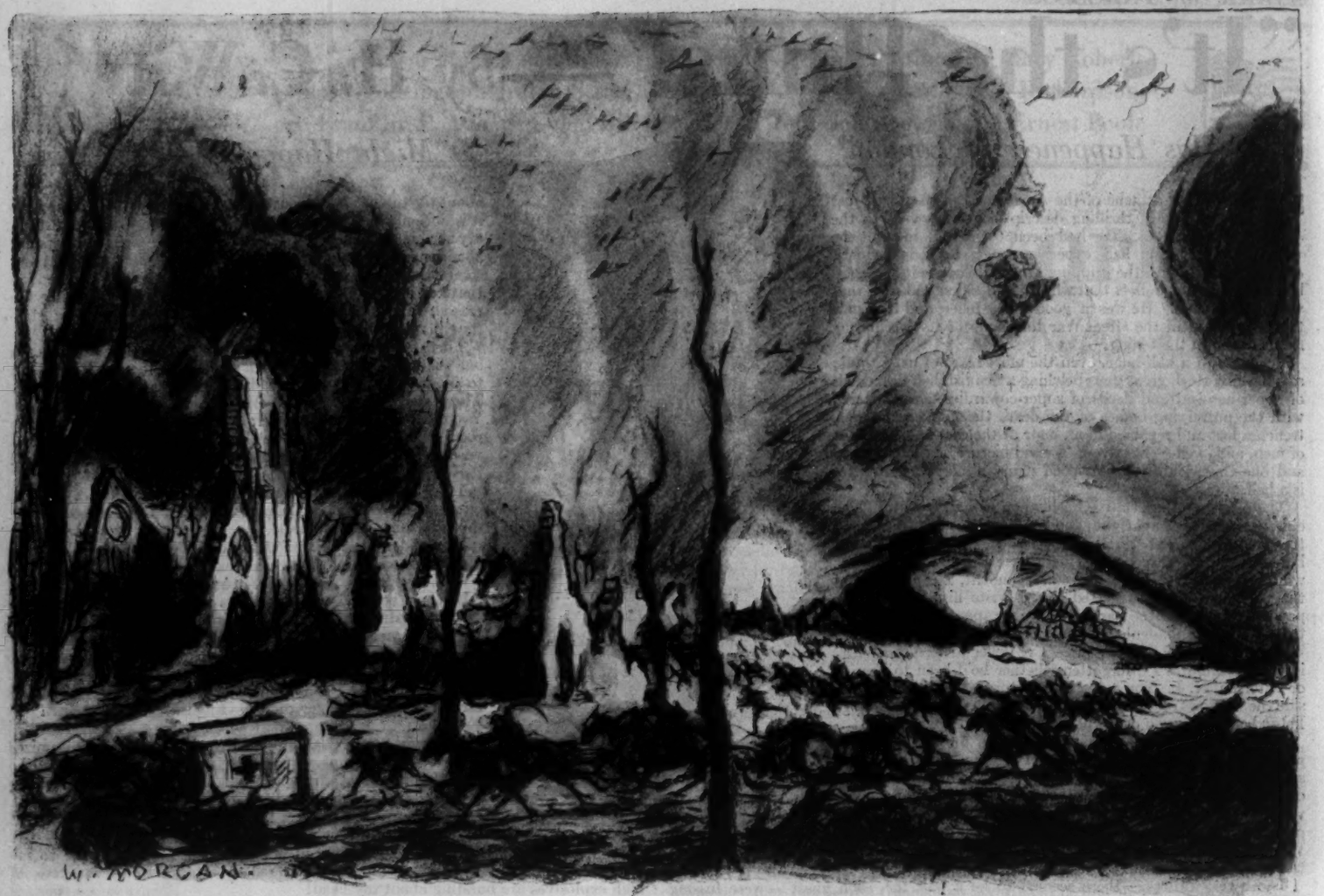
But most of all, the lady's answer to my question epitomizes the attitude of England toward Germany's attempt to strike terror to her breast through the medium of the ghastly airplane raids at night.

"It's the Huns, I suppose — will you be good enough to pass the sugar?"

Well, I was born in America. I am not unemotional. Being young, life to me is still a fascinating movie and I'm seldom bored — certainly not when tons of high explosives are bursting about my head!

[*Continued on page 46*]

B-a-n-g!! The windows rattle and the hail of shrapnel is distinctly audible. "The King!" exclaims the dark-haired beauty, raising her glass — and standing with heads high in air, they drink



A new war-monster, a super-tank, strong enough to ride over a village and crush out the life of it! These swift-crawling steel fortresses can be con-

The Super-War

HERE the author of "The Conquest of America," who proved himself a prophet three brief years ago in the pages of this magazine, again sounds a warning to his countrymen. There is but one answer to Mr. Moffett's ringing words. This is a war against war; and it will end only when Prussian militarism is ground in the dust; when the forces which arrogantly began this desperate struggle are hurled forever into the deepest abyss of the world. Read this thrilling record.

SUPER-WAR! Great God! Can there be such a thing?

Is it possible there are war-horrors greater than the world knows already? Are there yet more infernal agencies of evil, of slaughter, of human misery that the devil is holding back? Must we prepare for a still greater efficiency of iron and blood and tears?

Look at the picture on this page. A new war-monster, a super-tank, strong enough to ride over a village and crush out the life of it! These swift-crawling steel fortresses can be constructed today, (it is merely a matter of factories and money); they certainly will be constructed by hundreds and thousands, in all lands where freedom and love are supposed to prevail, unless ——

Wait! Think first of those other steel fortresses, deep-lurking, swift and silently gliding under the seas with death in their wake, always death — the super-submarines! Bigger and bigger they grow, a hundred tons, a thousand tons, two thousand tons! Experts tell us there is no limit to their size in sight. Five thousand tons! With guns and torpedoes in proportion! An underwater man-of-war! A whole fleet of these! Germany will have them, England will have them, France will have them, America will have them, *must* have them. Again it is only a question of factories and money.

Then super-war! Vessels by thousands swept from the surface of the ocean! Seas reddened with blood! All commerce ended! Cargoes of inestimable value, representing the toil of tens of thousands of factories, sunk uselessly in the depths! Food that would have relieved the famine of continents sunk uselessly in the depths! Coast cities bombarded and burned. And murderous strife in shadowy engagements between underwater fleets, following the rapidly developing principles of underwater strategy. All this inevitably will happen, unless ——

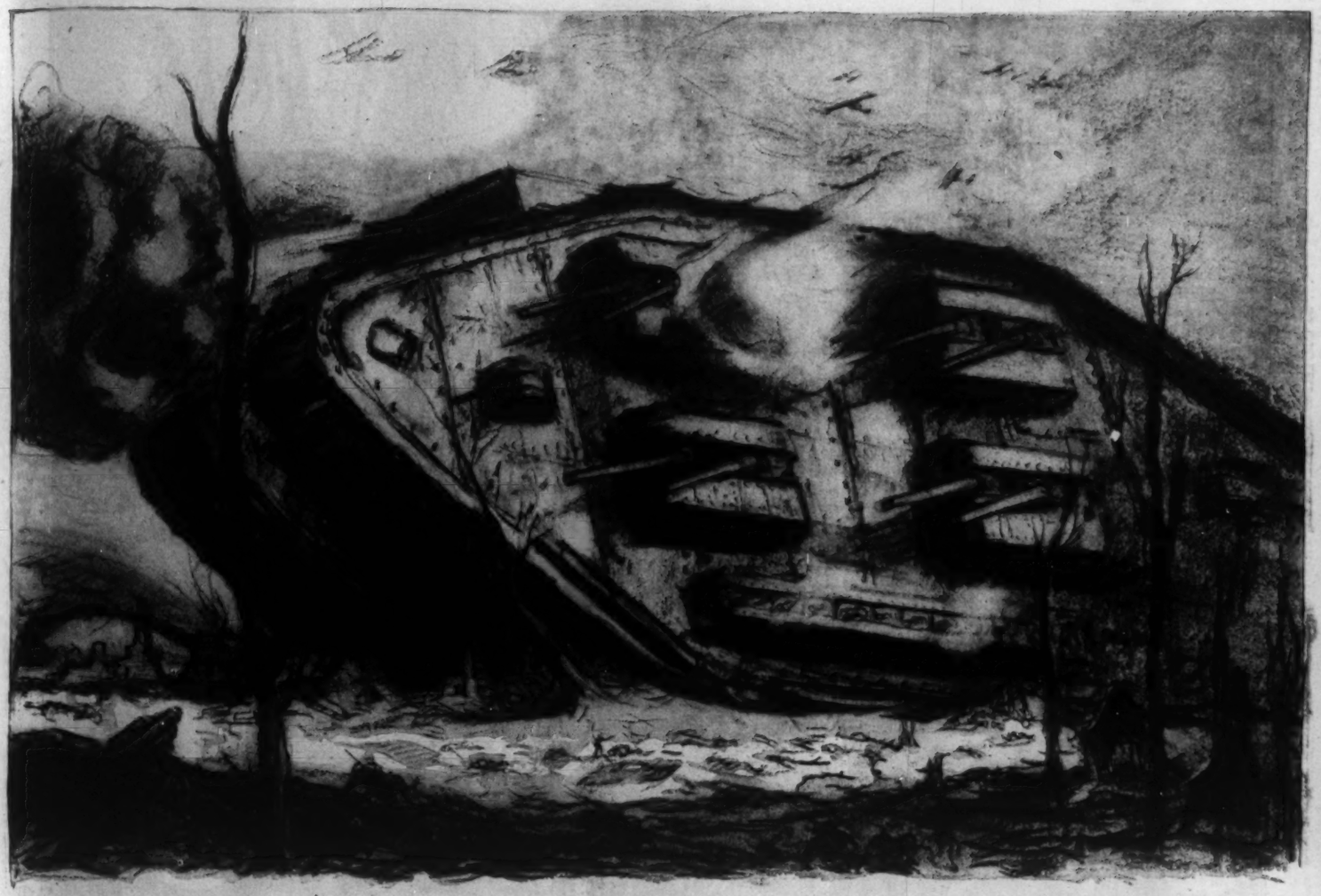
Hark! Look up at the heavens, free Americans! Think of London and those Zeppelin explosion-holes torn in Piccadilly Circus, as big as half a house! Quicken your senses with the power of fancy. Do you hear the snarl of angry propellers hovering, reconnoitering far above your enlightened and undefended cities? Far above your cherished homes? Then descending, nearer and nearer? Do you discern sinister shapes rising swiftly from the horizon, scores of them, hundreds of them, sweeping towards you like evil birds of prey, darting hither and thither as they choose a point to strike?

It is hard to speak with restraint of these super-war horrors — how *can* one speak with restraint, knowing that there is still a long list of them to enumerate — guns that will sprinkle tons of liquid fire over distant cities and burn them up, guns that will hurl deadly gases and deadlier bacteria and inoculate the air, the earth, the water with slow creeping sickness and death. Alas! There is no limit to these abominations; yet there is one sure way of salvation for the imperiled human race — only one.

Before considering this let me answer a practical question that thrusts itself insistently forward here, namely, is there immediate danger that one of our Atlantic cities, say New York, will be attacked by German aircraft? We need no longer fear the invasion of our shores by German fleets and German armies. That peril is probably past, by reason of what we have done since we declared war on Germany; but is it possible for Germany to strike us where we are still weak — I mean through the air?

In the present development of aviation there is no probability that military airplanes will attempt to fly across the Atlantic. A powerful machine with special equipment might get across, just as a Zeppelin might get across, but the enormous weight of gasoline and oil necessary for this 3000 mile flight would make impossible the carrying of any formidable amount of explosives. If a Zeppelin came to these shores, it must come to some secret base, say in Maine or North Carolina, where it could take in fresh supplies, and this is too difficult an arrangement to justify serious apprehension. We may, therefore, leave Zeppelins out of our calculations, also trans-Atlantic airplanes.

There remains the possibility of attack by German airplanes brought to America in submarines and launched against New York City, (or any coast city)



structed today; they certainly will be constructed by hundreds and thousands, in all lands where freedom and love are supposed to prevail, unless——

by Cleveland Moffett

from the decks of these vessels. This, experts insist, is quite within the bounds of present possibility.

A recent cablegram from London says: "Many people of expert judgment believe that not only will London and other English cities be subjected to large-scale air raids in 1918, but that *New York will not escape similar experiences!*"

I had a talk the other day with Allan R. Hawley, President of the Aero Club of America, who takes this view emphatically.

"We may assume," he said, "that Germany leads the world in submarine construction, and, inasmuch as the United States is already building submarines of 1200 tons, it is probable that Germany is building them twice as large, or soon will be. She will not tell us of her plans to strike at America until the blow falls, and if we wake up some morning and find half a dozen giant submarines (say of 2400 tons each) lying off Sandy Hook, we need not be surprised. It is already two years since the U-53 of 800 tons' capacity, lay off our coast, a gentle object lesson from Prussia of what the future holds in store for us."

"Could airplanes," I asked, "be assembled on the decks of these super-submarines?"

"Yes, I have that on the authority of experienced airplane constructors. The chief engineer of a Canadian airplane company gave me some details the other day. Each submarine would carry about half a dozen planes, light built with no landing gear, and a low factor of safety. The fuselage would be stowed away in two parts, hinged together, the engine intact in the forward part, the rudder and tail mechanism in the rear part, the gasoline tank and controls fitted in place — all ready to work. The biplane wings would be made in two left and right folding panels."

He described various other assembling and demountable devices of astounding ingenuity which would accomplish a great saving of time, space and labor.

"How long would it take to assemble such a machine on the deck of a submarine?" I asked.

"How long do you think?"

"Twenty-four hours?"

He smiled. "That's about what I thought, but this Canadian engineer tells me that, with six men working, *one hour would be sufficient* from the opening of the submarine's hatches to the launching of the bomb-loaded airplane from the catapult car."

"And each of these flyers would carry enough high explosives to — what?"

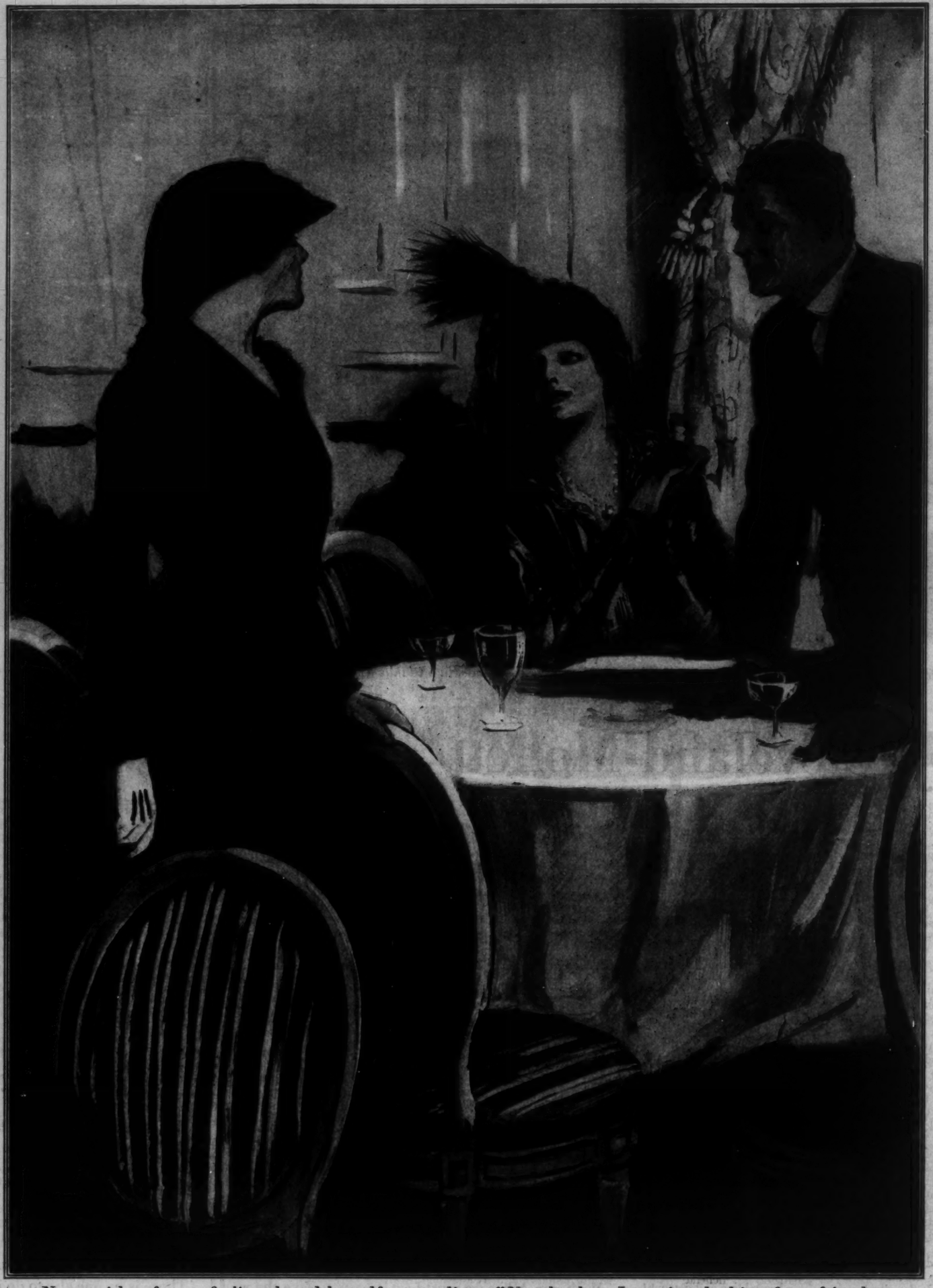
"To wreck the Brooklyn Bridge, to shatter the Woolworth building, to blow up a munition factory, to put out of business a lighting plant or a railway terminal or an aqueduct."

If it be argued that Germany will not be foolish enough thus to bombard New York City, knowing that such a course would be worse than useless from a military point of view, the answer is that Germany is foolish enough to do anything, as her London record shows. Besides this bombardment might not be as useless as at first appears. It would cause a money loss of hundreds of millions at a time when every dollar counts. It would detain in America large coast defense and aerial defense forces at a time when every soldier and every airplane counts. It would spread terror through the city and might unloose elements of local disorder and disloyalty, riotous elements.

We must conclude, then, that the safety of New York city and other coast cities, as this war goes on and approaches the condition of super-war, depends upon the elimination or suppression of the German submarine. And the truth is that, in spite of reassuring statements, in spite of desperate efforts by the Allies to check submarine ravages, in spite of vigilant destroyers and hovering airplanes, in spite of depth bombs, electrical "ears," smoke screens and all manner of guarding and convoying devices, the wastage of allied ships has gone on and is still going on, steadily and relentlessly, week by week, at a dreadful rate.

It is a ghastly state of affairs, when the *best* that can be expected from the united efforts of half the world is to build ships as fast as the other half can sink them! We must do better than this. We must solve the submarine problem in some other way than by rushing to completion endless ships for the mere purpose of having them sent to the bottom of the ocean. We must deal with the cause of this evil [*Continued on page 34*]

WE must win this war! And we can win it if we will stand together with all our overwhelming strength behind the President of the United States! If a hundred thousand American airplanes are needed to beat Prussia, we must have them. If ten million American soldiers are needed to beat Prussia, we must have them. If fifty billion American dollars are needed to beat Prussia, we must have them. With our Allies we must beat Prussia to save the world. There is no one else to do it.



Nora, with a frozen feeling, heard herself responding: "No, thanks. I was just looking for a friend — I must hurry on." She must get away — get away

New York Stuff

by Dana Gatlin

WHILE the Great War is going on in Europe, this is going on in New York. But one of these light, frivolous people, whom Miss Gatlin makes so real, hears and feels the vibration of the conflict. A remarkable story. More stories by this brilliant McClure writer are under way — great stuff

ON the eastern edge of our sprawling, hobbledehoy country sits New York, a golden-clad siren, ever luring with her promises of opportunity, of splendor and of pleasure supreme. From east and west and south and north they hear the call and come, the eager-eyed youth of the land. They dream of themselves quaffing deep draughts of that opulence which she outpours; of snatching fragments of the gold-brocade which is her covering, to make for themselves a cloak; of securing a glorious share of the success and delight which lies heaped-up in her inexhaustible treasure-house. Then, they think, they will be happy. . . . Ah, happiness! They must learn, each from his own experience, that happiness is the one thing the metropolis does not guarantee to supply, not even to her own. New York does not so much as stop to reckon what happiness truly is; she is too engrossed with her materialistic provender, the things which can be judged in terms of dollars and cents, which can be bought and sold; the things which, in the destroyed or partially destroyed cities of Europe, the very hand of distraction has proved to be but ephemeral baubles after all. But resplendent New York has not as yet undergone any such spiritual awakening; her brilliant eyes still are engrossed with the gleaming treasures she flashes before her creatures. And, perhaps, she deems her creatures *are* happy; for does she not show them unstintingly the glitter which they seek? And do they not clutch at it? — and sometimes get it? And are not those who get it happy?

But it is only he who possesses or acquires wisdom who may know that happiness is no inherent part of this dazzling scheme; that it may filter through a window of the treasure-house like a ray of sunlight unseen.

To Nora Starr the City of Promise beckoned as dazzlingly as to the thousand-thousand ardent young souls who preceded and who will succeed her. She was born and reared in Cherryvale, studied at an art-school in Chicago and, when her magazine-covers began first to sell, flew on her new-grown wings to New York. She was then as a taut violin-string is, an instrument upon which aspiration, enthusiasm, and every mood under heaven might draw the bow. She was a slim young thing with dusky hair and great gray eyes which lay at the mercy of her moods as, in her own prairie home, did smiling sun and sudden cloud and ceaseless wind never leave the landscape the same. She was like some fragile, adventurous windflower of chilly Spring which, in the Cherryvale woods, reach quiveringly up to the first warm air, all unwitting of Summer's blasts or Autumn's sadness. She peered at the world with eager, shining eyes, searching for loveliness in every new experience — "and shall not loveliness be loved forever?"

Perhaps it was the very shade-and-shine of those eyes, the candor, the freshness, and the vibrant lilt of her, which made art-editors kind to Nora even when they didn't take her drawings. That kindness itself was intoxicating to her. She had fancied herself, in a sort of premonitory nightmare, suffering tortures in these hostile editorial presences; and, when she began to find herself feeling really at home as she passed through the swinging glass doors, those earlier hopes and fears seemed very unreal and far-away. You see, Nora was tremendously impressionable.

She was tremendously impressed, too, when she was taken up by Mrs. Bob Gentry — a woman who owned two motor cars and a pearl necklace, and who exhibited her Pekingese at dog-shows. She chanced to meet Fanny Gentry at a War Charity Bazaar where both were working in the same booth. Mrs. Gentry had that chic, superlatively-groomed look which, in the metropolis, passes for beauty; her hair may have been just a shade too copperish, her eyebrows a bit too delicately arched, her complexion a trifle too unebbingly perfect, but to Nora's Cherryvale eyes these artificial perfections held fascinating novelty. She was enchanted that the fashionable New Yorker chose to make much of her — Mrs. Gentry called her "quaint," and, one day, invited her to luncheon.

There she met her new friend's husband. Bob Gentry was handsome in the dark, dissipated-looking fashion frequently seen in New York's handsome men. His indifferent, blasé manner at first made Nora a little ill at ease, but she swiftly told herself it was her own rusticity which was at fault. He was connected with a brokerage firm in "the Street," though his work did not seem to interfere with his hours for repose and pleasure. Nora judged his business must yield him a good income, for the Gentrys lived in an expensive apartment in a fashionable district of the East Side.

It was at that luncheon that Nora first met Dick Siddons. She was to see a great deal of him later, both at the Gentrys' and other places where Fanny went; for in those days Dick Siddons was Fanny Gentry's shadow. The flirtation bothered Nora a little, especially the quizzing though amicable references which Fanny's husband himself made to the situation — but she told herself that this was the New York way. Bob evidently was on very friendly terms with Siddons and, as did Fanny, called him "Dicky." Dicky belonged to a good old family, Fanny had informed Nora, and was "criminally rich." He was as suave in his manners as Fanny's husband, though not so handsome. Nora liked him better, though. He was fair-complexioned with a "nice" face and kindly blue eyes, though they had a somewhat tired and cynical expression as if they had looked at the world too much.

However, when they looked at Nora, they seemed to say, deferentially, that she was very beautiful. But she noticed they looked at Fanny in the same way. Dicky's eyes generally regarded women with that expression. Dicky was popular with women.

SEATED amongst these people, "real society people" such as she had read about much as one would read of the inhabitants of the moon, Nora felt as if she were living in a marvelous dream. How wonderful it was! — she, Nora Starr, of Cherryvale! What could they possibly see in her? She couldn't help fearing they might suddenly realize what a rustic nouentity she was, and wish to drop her. She must strive to live up to them, to talk their talk, to adopt for herself their superior standards.

But Mrs. Gentry kept up her interest in her "quaint" new friend. She came to visit Nora at her boarding-house. She said it was exceptionally nice — for a boarding-house — but she advised Nora to move. In New York, according to Fanny, one is judged by where one lives, and Nora, making her own way up, would profit by residing in a more attractive place. People would consider her prosperous, would value her talents more highly, and be nicer to her. Besides, the better atmosphere would react upon Nora herself; one always gets a feeling of assurance, and is inspired to more ambitious achievement, if one's surroundings are bright and affluent.

Whatever Fanny advised, Nora thought must be right; so she let Fanny select for her a small suite in an apartment hotel which overlooked the park on the West Side. The rental of it was more than had been her entire cost of living in the boarding-house; but she was now making more a year than did a bank cashier in Cherryvale.

Fanny, to whose amazing kindness there seemed no end, also took her protégée to her own favorite shops, and helped her choose some new clothes.

"You're really lovely, my dear," she said, "but you don't know your style at all."

They were considering a dress and coat of mouse-colored velvet and moleskin.

"You're a regular picture, Nora!" exclaimed Fanny, her eyes brilliant; Fanny's eyes always got brilliant with the pleasing excitement of buying new clothes.

Nora loved being a "regular picture."

"I wish I could afford it," she sighed.

"Nonsense!" and Fanny laughed. "No one can afford the clothes they buy. That's what makes buying so delightful."

"But I haven't the money to pay for it," explained Nora, a little embarrassed.

"Charge it, then," answered Fanny readily.

"But I haven't a charge account."

"Oh, they'll be glad to open one for you. I'll stand sponsor."

"I don't know —" hesitated Nora.

"Everybody charges, you nice little simpleton! The shops don't respect you if you don't. They'll take twice as much pains with you if you charge."

Nora meditated.

"I've a cover at *Brown's*. They've kept it a week — I think they must be going to take it."

"Of course they will," said Fanny with easy optimism.

Nora caught the optimism. She opened the charge account, and bought the charming mouse-colored velvet.

And she was looking like a "regular picture" in it one Sunday afternoon, not long after, when she went over to Fanny's to play poker with a gay crowd. Nora, as she grew closer into her new circle, was playing more and more poker and bridge. The crowd played for high stakes. Nora would sometimes lose a considerable amount, and then would have a moment of fright, and ask herself if she really had a right to play. Once she'd even had to borrow from Fanny to pay a poker debt. Fanny was sweet about it, but Nora felt worried. The money she was making, which had seemed such a big amount to her previously, now, somehow, disappeared like magic: matinées (of course Fanny's friends did not sit up high in the balcony); silk lingerie (Pierre's fitters would have been horrified to touch the sort she wore last year); taxicabs (Fanny's friends never seemed to think of walking, even a few blocks on a fine day). She decided she really must cut out this insidious taxicab habit for a while. For, as her expenses increased her drawings, for some reason, seemed to make less sure sales. *Brown's* hadn't taken that cover after all, and she'd had to try it at a half-dozen places before selling it. And just the forenoon before this Sunday at Fanny's she'd carried some new drawings round to several places in vain. It was disheartening. She was glad she was going over to Fanny's. It was not easy to feel depressed with Fanny chattering and laughing in that carefree way of hers. That was why you couldn't help liking Fanny; there was something magnetic in her cheer, her expansive friendliness, even if she did grow a little boisterous at times, and use language freer than you'd ever hear on the lips of a Cherryvale "lady;" but Cherryvale, of course, could not know what the ladies of real society were like. And the very nonchalance of Fanny's daring, which seemed a sort of badge of superior estate, held a fascination for Nora.

The crowd at Fanny's that Sunday was characteristic. Here was no hint that, anywhere in the world, could be want or suffering or sorrow; that events were happening, at the minute, which called for a whole world's mourning. No; here was nothing but abundance—much more than abundance; and hilarious cheer; and bejeweled freedom from care. All the women wore velvet or silk dresses, with diamond lavalieres and brooches, and with marvelously marcelled hair and beautifully manicured hands flashing with rings. Nora loved to watch those expensive-looking hands playing with the cards.

Everybody laughed and gossiped, and drank highballs and passed round boxes of candy till Bob was moved caustically to ask a conundrum of his own, "When is a poker game not a poker game?"

He himself answered it with deep meaning: "When women are playing." But none of the women was abashed. One of them went straight ahead, while holding up the deal, to describe an acquaintance's new gown.

"Oh, that black velvet," commented Fanny. "Awfully smart. She had it on in Pierre's the other day. And a perfectly stunning paradise hat."

"Oh, *that* woman!" said Nora with sudden interest. "I remember her — she said such a funny thing."

"What was it?" asked Fanny indulgently.

"She was talking to the woman with her — I just caught a sentence: 'But you know, my dear, one *can* wear pearls with mourning.'"

"Well, one can," commented Fanny. "I don't see anything funny in that."

"It wasn't so much what she said," Nora tried to explain, "as the way she said it. Her emphasis, her intensity — just as if she'd discovered a vital, basic truth of the universe — what one *can* or *cannot* wear. It struck me as funny."

Fanny smiled a tolerant smile at her protégée. "Isn't she quaint?" the smile seemed to say.

Dicky Siddons smiled at Nora, too, but his smile was different: she felt that he understood what she had meant.

About five o'clock two of the women, whose husbands were not with them, broke up the game by saying they must leave. Fanny urged; but it seemed that each had promised her husband to let cards alone, and feared being found out. They both laughed over their little deception, but Nora was now too acclimated to New York to be surprised.

She said that she, too, must go home. Fanny asked her to stay to dinner; Dicky could stay also, and they might have some bridge later.

"I'd better not," replied Nora. "I'm behind with work, and want to get to bed early and feel fresh in the morning."

Then Dicky Siddons, who was standing by, joined in.

"You're right; a little sleep won't hurt any of us. Think I'll stroll across the park with you — may I? — and get some air in my smoky lungs."

Fanny moved over swiftly and put her hand on his arm.

"I want you to stay," she said.

Dicky put his hand over hers, and smiled down at her.

"I'm coming to dinner tomorrow night," he said.

"But I'm lonesome tonight. Please!"

But Dicky, still smiling, wouldn't be coaxed.

"Oh, very well!" said Fanny petulantly. She was distrait, almost cross when she said good-by. Nora felt awkward; Fanny had never been that way with her before.

Out in the park it was very beautiful. The chill, gray day was just coming to its close, the sun sinking invisibly behind a pinkish haze in the west. There were few loiterers in the park, now, and silence but for the softened sound of far-off traffic and of the wind in the leafless trees.

There was silence, too, between them for a time; then Siddons looked at her.

"You're not talkative," he said.

Nora flashed him a little smile.

"Don't you feel like that sometimes — not talking? It seemed pleasant just walking along, saying nothing. It's all so peaceful — it seems impossible that, anywhere in the world, there can be anything but peace."

"Oh, you were thinking about the war?"

Nora shook her head.

"I'm afraid not. That's too terrible to think about — I'm a coward about unpleasant things. I wasn't thinking of anything especially. Just listening to the wind — playing such a pleasantly sad tune today. It seems like a sort of orchestra, with leaves and boughs for instruments. When I was a little girl, I remember, I used to fancy there was an organ in our elms, and a harp in the maples, and zithers in the two big pines each side of the gate."

"You must have been an imaginative little girl," he said.

"Well, you need imagination in a place like Cherryvale!" and Nora laughed. "Nothing ever happens there."

"But here in New York — " Siddons prompted her.

"Oh, here everything's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "And such wonderful people! — I can't realize I actually know them! I sometimes feel I'm living in a fairy-land come true!"

Siddons did not answer at once, but walked on, gazing ahead at the ghostly-flushed sunset and cutting at imaginary objects with his stick.

When he spoke at last, it was to say, rather abruptly,

"How'd you and Fanny Gentry get to be such friends?"

"Oh, Fanny's been wonderful to me! I can't tell you how flattered I feel at her taking me up. I can never understand it." Nora's voice held a little tremulous note. "Why should *she*, with all her friends and wealth and resources, waste time on an unsophisticated rustic like me?"

"Well, she'll cure you of being an 'unsophisticated rustic,'" observed Siddons drily. "And it's not so strange that that bunch should like you — they're so stupid they must admire a girl who's smart enough to go on her own. They're flattered to be able to tote you around. Women like Fanny like to have an attractive girl around — the fact that you're 'queer' from her point of view, only makes you the more interesting."

If Nora wondered at this strange characterization of "that bunch" — Siddons's own friends — she made no comment. But she rushed with eager loyalty to champion her friend:

"There's no end to her kindness. Why, she's paid me the most friendly tribute one woman can give another."

She laughed mischievously, and Siddons asked: "What's that?"

"Taking me to her own dressmaker and helping select my clothes."

"Did she select that?" He indicated the expensive costume which was to make of her a "regular picture."

"Yes; don't you like it?" Her tone was a little anxious.

"Very much," he replied sincerely. "I suppose she suggested the earrings, too."

Now Nora was excessively proud of the long, swinging pendants of black enamel and pearls which had been a birthday gift from Fanny; she fondly fancied they lent her a "sophisticated" look.

"Yes; don't you like them?" she asked again, a little anxious. Siddons gazed at her a moment before replying.

"Perhaps. I'm not sure. They look odd, dangling each side of your Cherryvale face."

Nora smiled a smile that was half a sigh. "I can't get that Cherryvale look off, it seems."

"Don't try," advised Siddons earnestly.

There fell another silence between them. Nora glanced at him, almost timidly, as if she were going to ask something, but looked away without speaking.

They emerged from the park and came to the hotel which made a huge bulwark against the western attempt at sunset. Siddons loitered a little over saying good-by.

"You're not offended with me?" he asked.

"Why should I be offended?"

"Oh, I don't know — thought maybe I sounded too preachy."

"Oh, did you mean to be preachy? Glad I didn't realize it — I refuse to be preached at!" And Nora laughed gaily.

But, though she didn't admit it, he left her with a vague shadow of disturbance. What had he intended to "preach" about? She'd felt, at the time she was talking with him there in the park, that he was thinking something which, for some reason he didn't say aloud. Was it something, perhaps, not favorable to her intimacy with Fanny and these new friends? It seemed almost that way — but such a notion was ridiculous! They were all so splendid, the "real thing," and compared to them she was just a little jay. Besides, he was one of them himself; he couldn't very well disapprove of them.

The question lurked in her mind, and she resolved to reopen the subject the next chance she had to talk with Dicky alone. But, though she saw him often enough, opportunities for tête-à-tête were not frequent. For Fanny, in that funny, assured way of hers, simply took possession of Dicky; Nora was just a sort of bewildered little duenna.

One day, when she and Fanny were to meet Dicky at a restaurant for tea, Fanny was ill with one of her severe headaches, and could not go. Nora, of course, thought that ended the party, but Dicky telephoned and urged her to come anyway. She agreed, in her heart welcoming a chance for diversion. For it was the first of the month, and her pile of bills had alarmed her. Living in the hotel was more expensive than she had expected, and then there were all the other things to which her new mode of life had introduced her. So she was glad to get out; already she had absorbed Fanny's philosophy, "never let yourself get blue." And the way to accomplish that was to go somewhere and play or dance or drink.

Inadvertently she let something of this out when, across a table at tea, she was thanking Dicky for insistence on her coming. [*Continued on page 55*]

On Winning the War

by Franklin P. Adams

ACCEPT it from Mr. Hoover, food will win the war. Of course, I know what he means. He means "Don't waste it." But there are other interpretations.

The rumor persists that the Germans are getting food from neutral countries. All right. Let these neutral countries supply the German army with food — with neutral food, obviously. Neutral food, to my notion, would be weakfish, parsnips, and rice pudding. Let the German army feed on these things for a month. If the German soldier is half a man, peace, on the Allies' own terms, will result.

There is another construction of "Food will win the war." Take the English muffin. As far as I am concerned, take three or four. Take, I say, the English muffin, and use it for ammunition. If the Boche helmet withstands a creeping barrage of English muffins, the Germans are as great as George Sylvester Viereck [Cries of "Treason!"] thinks they are. If this be treason, jump in the river.

"FUEL," observes Mr. Garfield, who has a pretty gift for epigram, "will win the war." Maybe it will. If a large amount of fuel, liberally spattered with creosote, could be distributed in various parts of the enemy's country, fuel, as Mr. Garfield so pithily puts it, will win the war. But what a dreadful thought! We have, I have heard it said on high authority, no quarrel with the German people. I withdraw that suggestion. Perhaps I shouldn't have made it. But I am writing this not because I love to write, but because I find it hard to buy food and fuel, and other possible war-winners, on my army pay. How long I shall be able to support my car in the style to which it has been accustomed, I cannot tell.

SOMEBODY the other day asked the Freight Priority Board to put carbon inks back on the list. Carbon inks are printing inks, essential to newspapers, magazines, posters — to nearly all kinds of printing. "Publicity will win the war," said the ink man. "Please don't hold up the ink shipments!"

"MAN power will win the war," says the army. And though I am still a freshman, I cannot help walking even straighter when I read that. It makes me feel just a little self-conscious.

"SHIPS will win the war," says Lieutenant Henry Sydnor Harrison, U. S. N. Lieutenant Harrison, by the way, has just dedicated this poem to his boss, Secretary Daniels, having written it on the flyleaf of a presentation copy of "Queed:"

When I was a lad I used my thatch
As paragrapher on the *Times-Dispatch;*
I wrote impressions of the passing show,
And I polished up the meter of a verse or so.
I polished it up with so fine a pen
That now I'm a Lieutenant in the U. S. N.

As the gifted and hardy seafarer sets forth, ships may win the war. And, as to things that "will win the war," though I'm anything but clever, I could keep this up forever. A thousand things will win the war; and each man thinks that the arm, or branch, he is attached to is the one essential thing to the carrying on and winning of the war. And it is well that this is so. When a man believes that about his work, the work is going to benefit by that man's estimate of its importance. But when that man gets to thinking that no other branch is important, he is going too far in his fervor.

Many things will win the war. If I were in charge of such things, I should cause to be issued, for wide dissemination in every government building, factory, garage, hotel, restaurant, store — this placard:

CO-OPERATION
WILL WIN THE WAR
Have a little.

In the busy districts you see batteries of huge flour mills that throb with energy night and day

Uncle Sam's Flour Barrel

How Minneapolis Is Helping to Win the War

by Edward Mott Woolley

The Middle West is peppered with fine cities; Minneapolis is up and doing. Next month, "Washington in War-time," by Franklin P. Adams, with pictures drawn on the spot by Seddie Aspell

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

On Nicollet Avenue they beautify the lamp-posts

I REACHED Minneapolis after a journey from the East, early in the morning, when the giant concrete wheat elevators loomed white and vague out of the frosty dawn. From the sleeping-car windows these towering cylindrical groups made a skyline dwarfing the industrial roofs that still lay in the gloom of night, and I felt a strange awe at what seemed to be an omen of food for a world at war.

As I rode to my hotel, however, I had occasion to reflect that even though flour dominated the city's industries it was inconspicuous in the larger life of the place. Minneapolis is paradoxical. Her biggest business is the one least in evidence, except in the districts where it holds sway. Flour milling is not spectacular like steel or gunpowder. It does not exhale banks of smoke to shut in the city, nor does it wear a halo of fire at night. There was a time when a flour mill might blow up of its own accord, like a dynamite factory, but not now. Nor do these Minneapolis mills discharge into the streets at closing time the tens of thousands of workers you might expect from this industry up there that feeds a big part of the world. The modern flour mill is almost weirdly automatic and manless.

Naturally, my thoughts turned first to flour, despite the fact that I saw no evidences of the industry in the business district, and as soon as I had breakfasted, in a hotel that might well have adorned the fringes of Central Park, I set out to try my luck at getting into one of these mills.

Incidentally, in the West I have found many of the most elaborate and beautiful hotels in the country, and almost always they were filled to capacity, so that to get a room was quite an adventure. In one city I slept for two nights, along with four other men, in the ladies' dressing-room off the ballroom. It is always a tolerably safe wager that you will run into a convention, as I did at Minneapolis. I had neglected to make a reservation, and when I arrived the genial clerk placed at my disposal a shelf and hook in the coat-room. In the barber-shop I found two guests changing their linen, in lieu of a better place for the ceremony.

It was quite late in the evening before I was able to prove up on the claim I had filed on a bed. At any rate, this was an evidence of our American prosperity. We are a traveling nation, and we demand the best. We've got the money to pay for it.

My first undertaking, then, was to find a certain man who had the influence to get me into the mills despite the line of military pickets. But for a time I forgot my objective point. Nicollet Avenue, which is the Fifth Avenue of Minneapolis, absorbed my attention. It is the show street of the down-town section, and, as I found later, the center of the afternoon "parade" of fashion. I got over to Hennepin Avenue, too, and cruised around in a metropolitan area of huge stores and sky-scrapers, and felt very much at home there.

In Minneapolis good pavements are considered a worth-while investment, and municipal adornment more than a luxury. On Nicollet Avenue, for instance, you see the exterior window ledges fitted with flower boxes, and likewise the lamp-posts. The "hanging gardens" of the down-town region give it a touch of sentiment.

The more you travel the less surprised you are to find a metropolis at the end of almost every journey. I sometimes wonder what the final result will be, when this remarkable era of city building has reached its full development, if we can imagine such a thing. Cities grow more wonderful every year, and their allurements draw men and women like great magnets. What will they be like in a century, and what will the other parts of the country be like? Minneapolis has shown an increase of fifty per cent. in population in the last ten years, and now numbers close to 400,000 inhabitants. Yet she has only attained the age of fifty, and was celebrating her golden jubilee when I was there.

In that span of years she has risen out of the sawdust of her early lumbering industry into a city that is beautiful, cultured and polished. I heard Minneapolis spoken of as the Boston of the northwest, and presently I am going to tell you why. I might also tell you how St. Paul has come near keeping the pace until to-day she has some 300,000 people, but I must make it clear that in this article I am not attempting to write the story of St. Paul. It has a story of its own that ought to be told separately. St. Paul is beautiful and picturesque in quite a different way from Minneapolis. Its very industries are different. Yet the centers of the Twin Cities are only some ten miles apart, so that here you find a composite community, including suburbs, of more than three-quarters of a million people.

When finally I found my man of influence he promised to get me into one of the big mills on condition that I go with him first for a ride through other sections of the city. He was afraid I might get away, and lay undue stress on flour. Minneapolis, he said, was a wonderland of lakes, boulevards, parks and homes.

So we got around to the milling district, lying close to the famous St. Anthony [*Continued on page 32*]

The giant concrete wheat elevators loomed white and vague out of the frosty dawn. I felt a strange awe at what seemed to be an omen of good for a world at war

Where Our Boys Are Going —

Flash-Lights of the Land of Barbed Wire

I HAVE just returned from a trip of three days into the French war-zone.

Ever since I entered the countries of the Great War, a year and a half ago, I have wanted to go into that area. I knew it vaguely as a hinterland of war which feeds and clothes the *poilu*, takes care of him on his *repos*, swallows him up the instant he's wounded, keeps him as well and happy as possible by ministering to the hundred tiny needs that hang on these greater ones. I wanted to see what that miniature but highly-specialized world, which keeps the fighting man in perfect order, was like.

The activities of war are, I think, much more easily imaginable than many activities of peace. And so now when I look back on that interval, my major impression is the number and variety of the activities rather than any difference from what I expected. If I were to file a moving-picture impression of them as they passed through my mind the night I got home, it would run something like this:

Beautiful stretches of untouched soft French country-side — great mounds of barbed wire coiled in neat, round, compact coils — devastated villages — horizon-blue *poilus* marching — heavy drab-colored army-camions slipping with a noiseless ponderosity along the road — poppies boiling red out of the fresh green of the grass — piles of twisted poles — German prisoners — *camouflage* — graves covered with tin tricolor *cocardes* — Dr. Carrel's face — barbed wire strung on poles stretching in great rust-colored mats across the fields — groups of horizon-blue *poilus* eating at long benches under the trees — street on street on street of broken houses — artillery — wayside shrines heaped in flowers — Red Cross ambulances — the tired, white, worried faces of the civil population — flying-machines — dugouts — gas-masks — barbed wire spread out in rust-colored plots here, there, everywhere — horizon-blue *poilus* on guard at every corner — farms flattened like pan-cakes — dogs — old deserted trenches — shattered churches — tiny car-tracks running up to old trenches — officers on horseback at cross-roads, studying maps — bullet-specked walls — soft, twilight-hung forests — barbed wire striding in swift, straight rust-brown lines across green marshes — horizon-blue *poilus* peering in stupefaction out of windows at us — fields of yellow mustard — shell-holes — beautiful *allées*, like green Gothic arches, of old high-branched trees — big wooden barracks built under the trees — military maps — barbed wire in sudden little checkerboard squares here, there, everywhere — horizon-blue *poilus* snapping salutes off their trench-helmets — trees on their sides dead — horses splashing in a stream — American aviators — barbed wire slashing the landscape in rust-red lines, or dotting it in brown-red squares, or piling unused in great gray-red mounds, neatly coiled.

And if I were given but two words in which to sum up all these impressions, those two words would be — barbed wire. Barbed wire and barbed wire and barbed wire. It seems to me that I have seen all the barbed wire in the world. When I consider all the labor that went into the making of those thousands of miles of barbed wire and all the labor — and life — that went to tangling it about posts and in and out, around and about itself, and all the labor — and life — that went to cutting it before attacks, it seems as though half the energy of this war-world must be tied in some way to barbed wire.

The region which I visited was the vicinity between Noyon and the line from which, in March, the Germans made their biggest retreat on the western front. Up till that time, the long line of trenches extending from Switzerland to the sea dipped toward Paris in a big loop of which the most southern point was Noyon. This loop, therefore, preserves a perfect epitome of what we may term the geological construction of the Great War.

To my woman's eye, the whole forbidden war-area stretching from Paris to the new front seemed to divide into countries. Those countries lay one against the other, as close and yet as separate as the layers in an onion. There came first just out of Paris the Silent Country, then the Busy Country, then the Resurrected Country, then the Dead Country, then the Trench Country. Beyond that new Trench Country, French and German, lies all unredeemed France. How dead that may all be before the war ends is something that the mind refuses to dwell on.

There were five in the party who left Paris that brilliant Saturday afternoon; Madame, who is the officer assigned by the Maison de la Presse to arrange trips for women-correspondents, the Bride (an American girl) the Jeune Fille (a French girl) the War-Correspondent and myself. We women were all more or less under a sense of thrill at the prospect of invading this new world, even Madame; although of course she has invaded it many times. The War-Correspondent admitted to thrill, too. And yet back of the thrill gloomed a deeper sense. Not of danger — we were all informed enough to know that we should not have the luck to get where it was dangerous — but of tragedy. It was that, I think, which kept us all so quiet as we drove through Paris, kept us quiet long after we had reached the French country.

It was wonderful country — the most beautiful French country-side that I had ever seen. When we passed through forest-country, the vista, though filled with tree-trunks, was never crowded, and it was always free of underbrush. Little silent villages put themselves in our way, but we sped through them like lightning; all alike, those villages; with narrow curving main highways and cream-colored house-walls.

I recognized this country at once. This

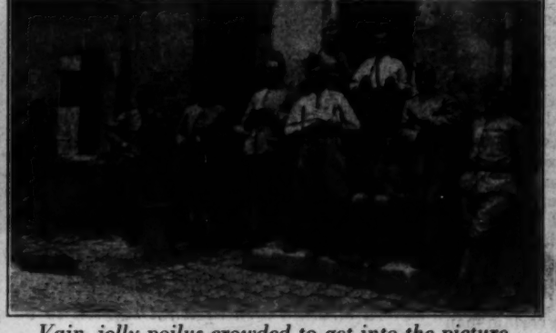
THIS might be happening in Connecticut, or Kansas, or Georgia. Only by the grace of God has it not happened yet in this country of ours. If Americans are ever to realize what War means, they must read this description, and then demand Universal Military Service. In April, "A Rainy Night in the Trenches" by a Princess Pat soldier.

When the war correspondent suggested that he snap some poilus with the ladies, they fought for places before the camera

Once it had been a house, a home, happy family life had flooded it,— now it spoke of the most cruel outrage

Somebody rushed back for a spahi, an Algerian horseman, whose picturesque draperies demanded to be immortalized in our note-books

Towns stand silent, waiting for their resurrection



Vain, jolly poilus crowded to get into the picture

Roads have been mended quickly

—Where They May Be Now

by Inez Haynes Irwin

was the Silent Country. It lay in the torpor of war-light. It was like a wonderful clock that has stopped. Of beautiful materials and an exquisite design, it shows an unflawed face — but the hands do not move. Those hands stopped on August 3, 1914, and they will not move until peace comes. We rode for miles and miles through this torpor. Nobody worked in the fields. The villages were so silent that it was like looking into a moving-picture show. It was eerie. We might have been riding through that enchanted country of the Sleeping Princess. But this spell held a touch of something sinister — the great, chill shadow of war.

It was not long after this that there suddenly flashed into the smooth dun-colored road ahead of us a grizzled territorial sentinel. Madame hastened to hand him the elaborate blue passes. He examined them carefully, approved them, and we found ourselves in the war-zone.

The war-zone! Suddenly that atmosphere of torpor and war-blight vanished as completely as though the enchantment had been lifted. We were in a new world, a very active one, and hence, almost inevitably, a lighter-spirited one. We had scarcely time to realize this before a more sinister proof of our privilege confronted us — a group of German prisoners returning under armed escort to their quarters.

MRS. WILL IRWIN, the wife of the famous war correspondent, is better known, perhaps, under the name of Inez Haynes Gillmore. She is the author of much delightful fiction, notably the "Phoebe and Ernest" stories; but now, like every thinking American, she is far more interested in the cold facts of War.

After this, the signs of the Busy Country came thick and fast; cheerful, bronzed, bright-eyed *poilus* splashing with horizon-blue every town we passed; army-camions slipping by with a surprising speed and quiet, considering their bulk. Almost before we knew it — carefully investigated by a sentry first — we were in a headquarters town, settled at the hotel and ready for dinner.

It was a beautiful, soft, old town, so soft in the lingering French twilight—which daylight saving seems to make even longer — that not the presence of many horizon-blue *poilus* could infect it with too strenuous an appearance of war. My sense of thrill, for a moment quiescent, began to tingle again. For French headquarters, where Petain is working out his gigantic problems of war, is not many miles from here; and the hospital where Dr. Carrel works out his no less gigantic problems of peace is in the town itself.

The next morning we started again. It was a good day, particularly good for motoring. The sun was not exactly out; nor was it exactly in. This was both encouraging and discouraging. That weather meant that there would not be much war activity and that, in consequence, we could go exactly as close to the front as our passes permitted. On the other hand, it meant that there would be no aerial activity and that we should not hear many guns.

I think of the job of trying to describe that day's experiences as one of the most difficult literary feats I have ever attempted. For this strange war-world did not range its activities categorically and in systematic order for us. It presented all of them at once in a great hurly-burly of action, sound and color. Everything was happening everywhere every instant. How I am going to give that impression of multiple detail, seething movement, constant noise, I don't know. But I shall ask you to bear in mind that every turn of the road seemed to uncover some new phase of horizon-blue. Once, for instance, a group of big army-camions herded together under the trees gave us our first glimpse of the *camouflage* we had been for many months reading about. The tops of these camions were painted in brown-and-green patches to simulate the ground. Great green branches had been caught in their sides. To an enemy aviator poised above they would blend perfectly with the green country.

From the town we plunged first into woods so calmly beautiful and so unprofaned by the necessities of war that it seemed impossible that we were in a war-country. Yet so near were we to new history that it seemed a very short interval, indeed, before Madame exclaimed "The trenches!" And there we were, in the very midst of that skeleton of war which the German retreat in the spring left bared to the world's gaze. We stopped for a few moments and explored.

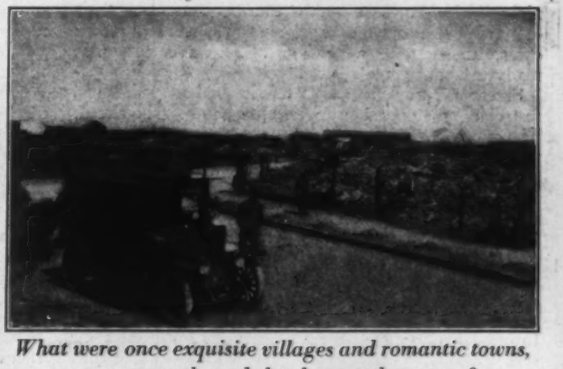
Nature, who will not be party to the preservation of ugliness of any kind, had done her best to obliterate the ghastliness of all those trenches. The softest of green is gradually closing over the war-bones; poppies do their crimson best; birds whirl above, dropping music.

We penetrated one of the back trenches and walked — hurried breathlessly rather, a little awed at the thought of treading on history while still it bled — a brief distance from the road and then by means of a communicating trench, back to it. The trenches were exactly the wet brown ditches that my imagination pictured; only these, being back trenches, were not so deep as my idea of safety demanded. And the barbed wire of No Man's Land — of whose splaying multiplicity and inextricability I was getting my first glimpse — was not as I expected, shoulder high. It comes about to the knee. The War-Correspondent explained that it is after all only necessary to tangle a man's legs. Once they are inextricably caught, the rest of him is likely to remain with them — unless eccentrically disposed at varying distances by a stray shell or two.

We could have stayed here all day, of course. But further along we explored a war memorial of a different sort — one of those little enclosures which have transformed that sad France just back of the lines into one big graveyard. Always now, we are coming across these graveyards, the tricolor *cocardes* marking the French graves, plain crosses the [*Continued on page 40*]

At Roye we came across a half-timbered house of great beauty — a French version of the famous one at Stratford

The frank, alert features of the American boy aviators harmonized well with the intelligent French faces we admired so much



What were once exquisite villages and romantic towns, are now only sad, level monochromes of stone, rubble and plaster-dust

A crumpled tea-cake of a bridge

Invaders opened the graves, ripping the lead away

In many towns, windows and doors boiled with poilus

Wild Apples

by the author of "The Straight Road"

Chapter XXI — Big Murphy's Dance-Hall

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

IT seemed to Julian about half an hour after Fertig had been driven out that, in a quiet moment, the garage man was heard to come back down the stairs, pass the sitting-room door and let himself out into the street. All eyes fixed themselves on Julian.

"Well — there goes your job," said Goldstein.

"No," Julian shook his head. "I handed in my resignation three days ago."

"Oh-h — that explains! So you were quitting Pete." And Minnie added:

"Su-ure! — That's why he fixed up the deal to get your roadster away from you." But Madeline shoved back, put down her cup, and, watching him, suggested with an air of carelessness:

"Not thinking of going home, are you?"

"No, Mrs. Kaylor."

"You'll still want the room?"

"Certainly."

"Where you going to be, now you've quit Pete?" asked big Bill Ranke. "'Nother garage?"

"At Big Murphy's dance-hall — playing the piano."

"Yes, you are!" cried Madeline, and led the laugh that greeted such an announcement. That ended it for the time. After the refreshments Mrs. Parker suggested:

"What's the matter with cutting out the 'five hundred' this evening? Let's all turn in and fix Mr. McCulloch up in his new room, instead."

So everybody trailed upstairs to the third-floor back to install Julian.

Mrs. Kaylor, ahead of the crowd, opened the door, uttered the one word, "Pig!" then turned to call over her shoulder, "Min, would you please to bring the broom and dust-pan from the hall on your floor? There's none on this."

"Sure, Mike." Minnie Goldstein delayed for the implements; the rest of them followed into the comfortable, good-sized room, clean, except for an amazing litter of torn papers, old shoes, disreputable hats, discarded suspenders, tobacco tins, bottles. . . .

"Where on earth did it all come from?" Madeline Kaylor demanded as she took the broom from Minnie Goldstein and surveyed the mass. "I thought I'd made Pete keep down the trash here; but for heaven's sake, look! An extra load for the garbage man."

In the middle of the floor Fertig's trunk, a box, a valise and suitcase stood packed.

"Why don't you put him in the front room for tonight?" Mrs. Parker asked. "She's out on a case."

"Nuh. Run down and get me the sheets and pillow cases, Em — that's a good girl. I'll have this place ready in about three shakes."

She worked as vigorously as she had played. The rest of them stood about, lending a hand as she asked. The room began to look tidy, except for the luggage piled there unhandsomely.

"Not afraid to leave your stuff down at Fertig's over night, eh?" Parker asked.

"He needn't be," Madeline shrugged. She and Mrs. Parker were changing the bed. Parker glanced at Fertig's trunks.

"Oh, I see — you've got as much of his as he's got of yours."

Julian smiled a little; since the Fertig gang had been through his trunks there wasn't much left that their sort would have cared to loot. He said nothing of this, but Madeline Kaylor gave a final pat and swish to a pillow she had freshly cased, and laughed:

"Pete won't lay a finger on anything of Mr. McCulloch's that's been left down at the garage tonight — not tonight."

Next day a van came early to move out Fertig's stuff, and Julian gave the driver an order to bring back his own luggage. When the things came Madeline was in the rooms, windows all open, curtains blowing, using her vacuum-cleaner.

"Plenty of bureau and closet room here," she said, helping him put away his clothes. In high spirits, at first, talking fast as usual, after this work had gone on for a while she began to get very silent. She had sorted out a little packet of socks that needed mending, some ties that she said could be turned.

"Things like that, that cost what those did, are worth it," fingering one of the scarfs. "The brocade's only faded; the wrong side's as handsome as the right; properly turned they'd be as good as new." Then straightening up and looking at the bureau which contained the underwear and stuff that was not in need of mending, the closet where the suits hung on their forms, "For goodness' sake!" she burst out at last. "Where are the rest of your clothes?"

Julian — unwillingly, and in as few words as possible — told her what had happened.

"Oh, Mr. McCulloch!" she cried, sitting down in a chair, and staring at him.

He tried to say something to pacify her, but she interrupted: "If you'd only told me at the time — if you'd only told me — I'd have got 'em back for you! Pete Fertig's scared of the very word police."

"So am I," said Julian. "You know how I'm situated, Mrs. Kaylor. I'm not twenty-one till the middle of next September. After that ——"

Madeline nodded.

"We-ell — all right," she agreed reluctantly, "but I'll make him sweat for this. Dirty thief!"

A dozen times during that day while he was getting settled, Julian thought to mention again his job at Murphy's, and tell Madeline that it was not a joke. Somehow he rather dreaded the explanation. Even when she asked him if he wouldn't go out with the bunch that evening to the movies, and he had to plead another engagement, he shirked telling her what this engagement was.

ABOUT six o'clock, he got into his evening clothes and went very quietly down through the hall, admitting in his own mind that he rather hoped to let himself out without being noticed. But no such luck. The door of Mrs. Kaylor's sitting-room opened, and there she was.

"Off now?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kaylor."

"Oh! Well, come in a minute before you leave."

She made way and Julian walked past her, realizing that she had taken a good deal to heart his refusal of her invitation for the movies.

"My Lord, but you sure are one man that can wear evening dress right! *You* don't look like any head waiter." She stood and looked him up and down for quite a while in silence. "Of course I understand — money in your pocket — plenty of good clothes — and you can't be young but once. Where you going tonight?" she demanded in a kind of half whisper.

"Where I told you, Mrs. Kaylor; to get my dinner at the Gianduja, then to work."

"I wish you wouldn't string me that way. It ain't friendly." She looked at him with a flash of resentment, yet he thought her voice trembled a little. "Of course I know we're not your kind here at One-thirty-nine Branch. I understand that. If you want to go out with your swell friends — you don't have to fix up a story for me. And I've really got no business asking questions. But where is it tonight?"

"I tell you, Mrs. Kaylor, I'm going to work."

"In them clothes?" She stood looking at him with that little air of being about to put out her hand to touch him, and sighed: "Aw — go along to the St. Francis, or the Fairmont, or the Palace — or wherever it is — those are the kind of places you belong!" She laughed a little, catchily. "Well — even among the swells, you'll sure have 'em all faded."

"Think so?" his inquiry was dry and cool. "Well, maybe — in Big Murphy's Centralia dance-hall, playing the piano."

"I believe you're in earnest!" she drew back a little to stare at him the better.

"I certainly am. That's where the pay envelope's coming from for the room, Mrs. Kaylor."

"Why — I — I supposed of course it was a joke. Oh, Mr. McCulloch, that'll never do in the world! It's awful! What are the hours?"

"Half-past eight till — well, till quitting time."

"All — night — long!" She took hold of his arm and shook it, crying, "For goodness' sake, I'm not going to let you! You don't know what you're doing, boy. Night work — You've got the wrong build to fool too much with — with night work."

"What's the matter with my build for any kind of work?" Julian laughed at her impatiently. "I'm built so I have to eat."

"Well," she seemed to be a little afraid of what she had to say, and put it in the form of a compliment. "Of course you're a great big tall, broad-chested fellow, and you've got a great big deep voice, but you — Well, you don't want to run any risks. Your — your friends oughtn't to let you."

"I've got my living to earn," said Julian. "This job at the Centralia is what I could get — in this part of town. I'll have to go now."

From the first Julian found a fascination in Pacific Street. Fertig's with its surly, unpleasant criminals, had been merely a thieves' hangout; there his grief gnawed him unrestrained. But in the blackguard license of a dance-hall — the desperation, the abandonment, he got something that was welcome to him. Strange how he fitted into that place at Murphy's! Within a week all the regulars knew him. Barkeepers, waiters, tipsy soldiers, young bloods from the big hotels and the fashionable part of town, slumming; girls like Rose — most of them fearfully unlike Rose, with their old, hard, painted faces, short dresses, schoolgirl braids or cropped heads, and shrill voices: they said he carried a lot of side, but they showed they liked him by giving him a nickname — the Millionaire Kid; it was the only name he ever went by on the Coast.

Rose Daggett herself, having got the place for him, displayed a barbarian's good manners, making no attempt to play the patroness, or hang about him. She was just as she had always been, humbly anxious to please, behaving a good deal like a small boy admiring from a respectful distance the big boy. It was queer — in a dance-hall girl. She never again mentioned Lynnie's name to him; yet he could not see her without seeing Lynnie at her shoulder. It hurt intolerably; he alternately winced away from it, and sought it.

Madeline Kaylor, after the first outburst, said no more against his job at Murphy's; Julian guessed that she was finding it impossible to get him anything in this quarter of town that would pay a living wage. She continued to show a feverish interest in what he was doing; questioned him with an appearance of distaste — but still she questioned, and kept on questioning about the Centralia. Once she found a badly slashed coat in his closet and came to him with it darned and pressed carefully.

"Thank you very much," he said as he took the garment from her hands. "I didn't think it was worth while going to a tailor with it. I supposed it was past praying for." He would have let it go at that, but she hung on and had to be told how the cut came about.

When a fight broke down at the Centralia, it was usually guns for soldiers of any sort, knives with Italians and Spaniards, fists generally for the others, with a smuggled "knuckle" or slingshot among the crooks and yeggmen. The history of his damaged coat was that a girl, pursued by a drunken, jealous partner, took refuge behind him as he sat at the piano, and when her assailant was pulled off the shoulder of the coat had got the stab intended for her.

Queer to see how furious Madeline was (she had asked him to call her Madeline, now, and used his first name always) about that girl. He couldn't convince her that it was someone he had never spoken to.

"You've no business to be in a vile place where creatures like that hang around you!" she cried. "You'll be killed for one of 'em yet. I don't see why you refuse to let Thatcher Dye get some money from your folks for you. He could do it — some way — without really letting them know. Anyhow, I thought you said he was going to take you in as mechanician for a race or something. Why don't you write him and let him advance you some money on that?"

Julian let her talk. He couldn't snub a woman who had just mended his coat so beautifully. But he had no idea of writing to Thatch. He found later, however, that she must have done so herself, for he got a letter from Thatch, stating that there wasn't much prospect of pulling off those Steadfast stunts any time soon, and offering to lend him money.

Mail was shoved under the door in the morning; he usually read it before he dressed — he

[*Continued on page 35*]

There was an outburst of cries and shots and then a stinging, burning pang in his side

The Touch on His Shoulder

The Thrilling Story of a Spy — and What He Got

by **Frederick Irving Anderson**

THIS is the first of three spy stories, all based on fact. You have never read anything quite so thrilling. Next month, a rousing article by Hermann Hagedorn, called "Where Do You Stand?" — an appeal to Americans of German origin

ONE day when he was walking along Broadway, he came on a half-tone picture stuck in a window. It was a photograph of No-Man's land, and he joined the handful of foot-passengers before it and stood silent with them. It was horrible in its detail — the torn earth, the shattered stumps of trees, the grotesque heaps of dead under the rains, the sleet and the torrid suns, denied even the decency of turning to clay. Over them bullets searched endlessly; a pall of suffocating gas was wafted by the wind in greenish blighting vapors; now the troubled earth would be rent with some fresh cataclysm, churning the inert mass as if these were denied peace even in their long sleep, as if some greedy monster feared they were not yet sufficiently dead. But they were dead. Some for weeks, or months, lying out there under the sky. To some it had come swiftly, the transition of an instant across the dividing line; to others, slowly, helplessly, while they groaned for succor that could not come, or cursed their stubborn blood for prolonging life.

"Lucky dogs!" said von Egger. In the despairing envy of the moment, he spoke aloud, unknowing. Those about him turned suddenly and stared at him. Coming to his senses with a start, he hurried off.

"Lucky dogs!" he repeated, again and again as he walked rapidly northward. The picture burned itself into his brain. In the beginning they had been youths, earnest, clean-cut, following their star, as he himself had been — in the beginning. They had gone out bravely, with bands playing, flags flying, their women weeping, but with tears of pride and tenderness. They had paid the last full measure of devotion; and their names would be forever sounded with honor. On the Field of Honor — as the French so eloquently write it.

"Lucky dogs!"

In his abstraction, he did not notice, until he had gone by, that he was passing what had been his own door in better days. His sign hung on the window — "Ethelbert von Egger, Attorney and Counsellor at Law." At the end of the block he remembered, and looked back. So might a lost soul look back on paradise. For six beautiful years he had practised honor and pursued ambition there. He had held happiness in the bowl of his hand. Here in this new world, with his young bride, he was to carve a career. He had chosen deliberately, spurning the life of vainglorious idleness and luxury which was his by right of caste at Home. At home all privilege accrued to a long line of blue blood; the nod of a bureaucrat who happened to be a relation provided a fortune to fit a lifetime. Here, a man stood on his own feet, an individual to rise or fall according to his deserts. It had been rounding out perfectly. And just as the goal was in sight, a long arm had reached out and touched him on the shoulder. Von Egger shivered.

His thoughts went back to the shoes — the first link in the chain. It had happened early in the summer of 1914 when he and his wife were preparing to return, after a visit among the great houses at Home. They had called him their little Yankee, and old *Graf* and the rest — not even secretly, but openly amused at the philosophy he had brought back from the Land of the Dollar where for six years he had been standing on his own feet. Why a man should elect to maintain his own balance so precariously when there were specialists, trained by the State, to do it for him, was beyond them. Yet among his people, even in the entourage of the All Highest himself, he encountered men who secretly envied him his freedom as an individual. When the little Yankee was about to depart, a relative, a pompous person with medals on his chest, associated with the Navy Office, came to bid him adieu. And in leave-taking, this person put down a package, saying:

"You will want some good German shoes in America. I have brought you a pair to take back with you."

And he unwrapped the package, which, sure enough, contained a neat pair of shoes.

"Wear them," said the official. He added: "They contain delicate material, which should be protected from long fingers and other nonsense."

Ethelbert von Egger, attorney and counsellor at law in the land that sported much better shoes than these, looked at them amused, but dutifully humored his ponderous relative by putting them on.

"If my good friend, von G., should by any chance admire them," cautioned the donor, "give them to him; otherwise keep them as souvenirs."

I will arrange passage for you and the children back home

Back in America, which this time seemed to him the dearer home, and the other Home merely the recollections of a nestling, the little Yankee went about his business; until one day (after the field-gray army without warning had begun to pour through Belgium) he chanced to be taking lunch with his friend, von G., at Delmonico's. Von G. extravagantly admired von Egger's shoes; and, in accordance with his all-but-forgotten instructions, von Egger offered them, Indian fashion, to their admirer. They repaired to von G.'s rooms near by to effect the exchange. Von G., with a knife, slit the soles and from one he extracted a piece of oiled silk covered with close writing. For an hour he pored over this document, forgetting his friend sitting there alone. At the end of that time, he looked up, saying:

"You have acquitted yourself admirably in this matter. Now I have a post of honor to offer you. It is a delicate assignment that will require tact and finesse; it involves personal danger. But we all have no doubt you have courage to match your loyalty."

In saying this, the legation attaché bestowed on the young lawyer a smile glowing with warmth and friendliness. It was as though, with one great boon, he was about to repay all the favors that von Egger's influential family had heaped upon him. Von G. explained briefly what was desired.

"It requires a man of action, intelligence and breeding," he said. "You will readily comprehend that I cannot appear in this matter personally. Should you be so unfortunate as to come to grief — which God forbid! — you are to rely on your own resources."

Von Egger said:

"Von G., I have a wife — and I have two children. And I have a career. I have been working hard for six years to establish myself in a future. Now you ask me to give up everything — my happiness, my wife's happiness — my future. Yes, and my honor! For this is a dirty business, von G., no matter what fine words you clothe it in. I say No!"

Just then the Geheimrath — a great man at home and abroad, providentially here at the moment — came in. He was here as

an exchange professor and had given one great lecture on World Politics.

"Ho!" boomed the Geheimrath. "The little Yankee von Egger! The *damner schwein* did not get you, then?"

"No," said von Egger. "I came back early in July, when the sea was still free."

"And how did you leave my friend, the old Count?"

The young lawyer, whom the Geheimrath with just a shade of sarcasm had addressed as the little Yankee, was launched in an account of the state of health of his august relative, an under-secretary of something at Home; in the midst of it, von G. handed the Geheimrath the silken manuscript. The privy counsellor instantly lost himself in it. At the end, he looked at von Egger with smiling eyes.

"It will mean a medal for you," he said. He tapped von Egger on his chest. "A fine place to hang a decoration!" he added playfully.

"He refuses!" put in von G. in a metallic voice. "He says he has a wife — and children — and a practise. By any chance have you a wife — and children — and a career, Geheimrath?"

"But surely the practise is nothing to talk about," said the Geheimrath, with an air of pleasant incredulity.

"It suffices for my needs," said von Egger stoutly. "And the future is very bright for me here in America. By my own efforts, Geheimrath! Over here it is not a question of one's family. One stands alone. I have worked hard, and we have cause for happiness over my prospects. You ask me to give it all up. I say No!"

A dark flush had mounted to the young man's brow. The privy counsellor, pulling at his great beard, fixed his moody eyes on von Egger.

"The old Count will be proud of his nephew," he commented softly.

"He may keep his pride for himself," retorted von Egger. "This summer when we were at Home, he asked me why I work for myself, when there are others who can give me orders so much better. It is a difference in our point of view."

The two functionaries exchanged glances.

"These idiotic Yankees!" sneered the great man.

Von Egger advanced a pace. "*Oberst!*" he said, for the first time giving von G. his military title, "I am not subject to you! Geheimrath!" he cried hotly, "I am not subject to you! I am my own man. I say No!"

The Geheimrath said sharply: "I will speak with His Excellency concerning the matter. Leave us now. We are busy men."

"My answer to His Excellency will be the same," flung back the young lawyer as he took his departure. This brought no retort from the two; they were again deep in the silken manuscript.

When he stepped into the street that day, von Egger had a feeling of lightness and satisfaction. He had behaved well — stood his ground in the face of the sneering attack of these two, who assumed they had the right to give him orders. It was a difference in point of view. He looked up to the blue sky, one of those rare perfect skies that sometimes come to appease the jaded nerves of New York; he breathed deeply.

"Thank God all that is behind me!"

"All that" belonged to the Home of rich ease and fine gradations of caste he had renounced — to the Home where the State trains bureaucrats to direct the individual, and the individual has no right to take orders from himself. A thrill of resentment ran through him afresh, that now after what he had achieved, managed to stand erect, walk alone, use his brains without the interferences of his caste, the long arm had reached out and touched him on the shoulder, bade him cast aside the useless fruits of his ambition — they promised to pin a decoration on his breast! And von Egger laughed grimly.

"So the Geheimrath will speak to His Excellency!" he repeated airily. "Well, let him speak to His Excellency. His Excellency, in his time, has asked favors enough of my family, to be refused for once."

Two weeks later there had come a cable. It came through His Excellency himself. It was a devious round-the-bush message which seemed to refer to some fiscal report: when it was translated it commanded Herr Ethelbert von Egger to put himself at the disposal of the *Oberst* and the Geheimrath.

It was signed by the old Count himself.

The *Graf*, who in these two momentous weeks had become a Secretary, instead of an Under-secretary, was the apex of one of those innumerable pyramids of the empire at Home. In his palsied grasp he held the fortunes of his family and his retinue, for the service of his liege. The whole thing was a survival of feudal times. No vassal dare disobey. The little Yankee von Egger had made his struggle. But the instinct of submission was too strong. He was true to his fathers. He said to his wife:

"I will arrange passage for you and the children back Home. Then no matter what happens, you will be cared for."

This was three months gone by. At one stroke he had destroyed his fireside. In that period he had not visited his office a dozen times; and then only to moon about the dusty place where for six fatuous years he had played he was his own master, an individual who could manage his own affairs as well as others could manage them for him.

Three months in the mire! Three months of whisperings with beery scoundrels who set themselves on a plane with him — even dared, now and again, to threaten him.

They had made him pay through the nose. There was only one avenue along which to pursue his ignominious task to which others, trained by the State, had assigned him; that avenue led among the back streets of humanity — among the sordid, the mean, and the base. His task was to purchase merchandise of a nature that only a renegade would sell.

"Lucky dogs!" he thought again, as he strode along. Someone reached out and seized him by an arm, from the passing crowd. He cowered in sudden terror. Lately he had lost control of his nerves; he flinched at every moving shadow. With a gasp of relief he recognized the kindly Jovian countenance of venerable Judge Henry of the Court of Appeals, a man who in his own person idealized for young von Egger the majesty, the sanctity, and the mercy, of the law. It was this same Judge Henry, then in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, who had assigned young von Egger, fresh from Columbia and a clerk apprenticeship, to his first case. It was this Judge, kindly and understanding, who had eased him through many a tight place, where otherwise, till he found his feet, he would have been lost.

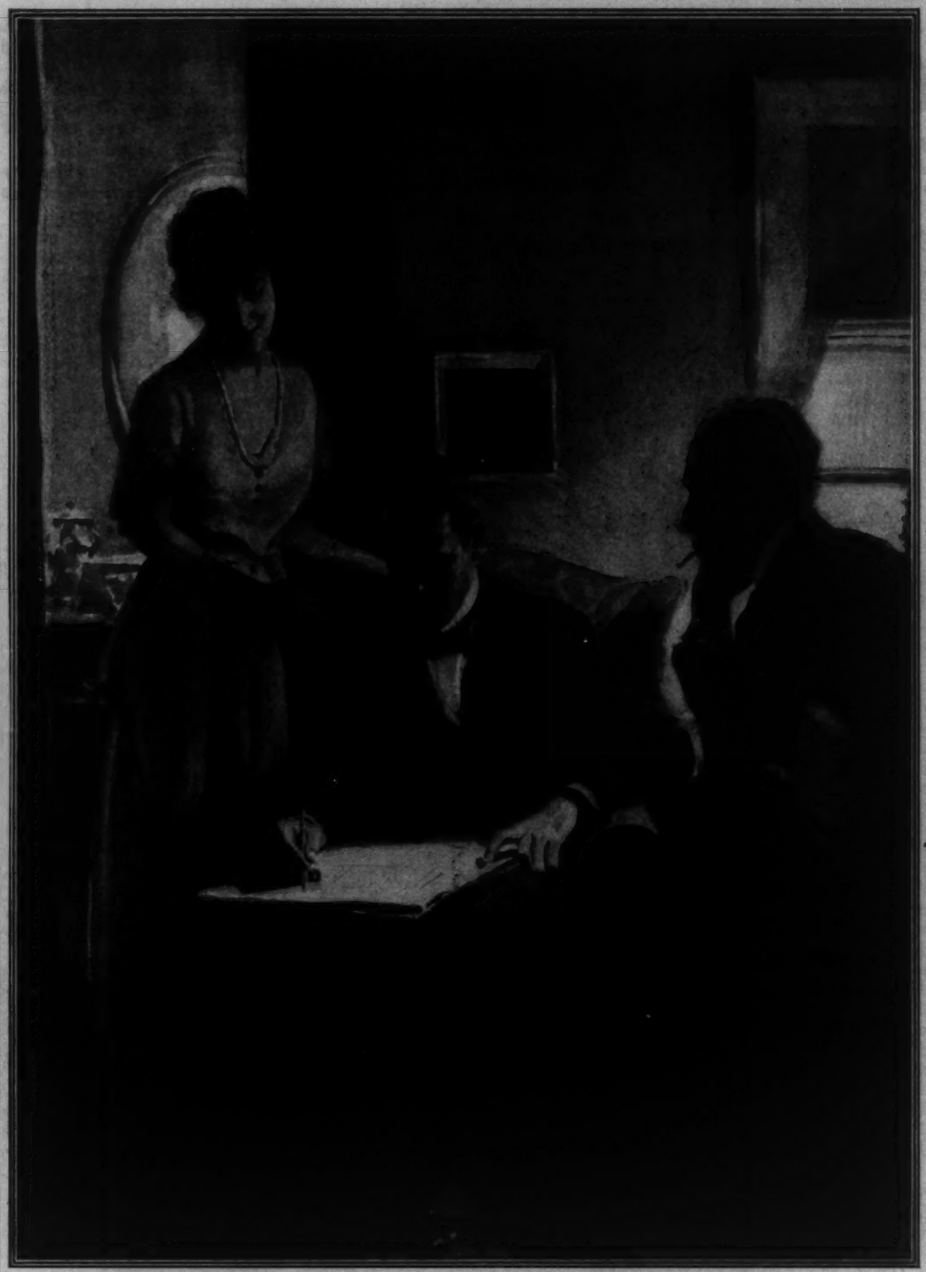
"You haven't been with us Tuesday nights lately," said Judge Henry when the usual greetings had been passed. Judge Henry kept open house Tuesdays for the cubs of the Bar; they smoked and talked, mostly of random and intricate points of the law, the old judge interpreting with a wealth of instances.

Von Egger could say nothing; he shook his head. He could not trust himself to speak, to lie, to this man, whom he admired more than anyone else in the world.

The Judge still held his hand.

"The war weighs upon you. [*Continued on page 36*]

The passport, the birth certificate, and the fat envelope



As he sketched more and more rapidly, she saw the thing take hold of him

Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

Two Wives

The Continuation of Ernest Poole's *Vivid Novel of Marriage*

Chapter XVII

WHAT impression had she made? How far had she overcome the heavy weight of dislike and suspicion Amy had rolled up in Nourse's mind? As Ethel's thoughts went rapidly back over the things he had told her, again and again with excitement she felt what a help he could be if he would. Here lay the gate to her husband's youth.

"If only he'll believe in me! Shall I send for him? No," she decided. "If there's any hope, he'll come again."

She waited three days. Then he telephoned, "Can I see you today at four o'clock?" And she answered, "Yes, I'll be very glad." And she felt a little faint with relief as she hung up the receiver.

When he came in, that afternoon, one glance at him made her exclaim to herself, "He *half* believes! He's puzzled!"

"Well, Mrs. Lanier," he began at once, with more friendliness in his heavy voice, "if I have been too hard on you, or made any mistake, I'm sorry. But you've got to show me first. If you're real about this, you look to me like a woman who would have thought it all out in the last few days and formed a plan. What is it?"

His abruptness rather took her breath for a moment. Then she said, "Yes, I have a plan, but so have you. What is it?" At her quick retort she saw a smile of grim relish come over his large features.

"My plan is simple," he replied. "Leave Joe to me. Keep him quiet at night so he can work, and I'll show you another husband." She shook her head.

"He'd only make more money."

"Tell him you don't want it, then!" She smiled at him.

"Too simple," she said. He looked at her.

"I *thought* it would be too simple for a woman," was his answer.

"It's worse than that," she replied. "It's blind. You've never been a married man."

"Thank God!"

She smiled: "And to you a man's life is all in his office. But Joe's, you see, is half in his home — and you'll have to change that half of him, too. I told you *her* friends are about — and they have her memory on their side — and so I can't get rid of them until I get some friends of my own."

"Then get them."

"How? Go out on any street and call up, 'Heigh there' at the windows?" She leaned forward quickly and sternly. "The friends I want are the people he knew — the ones you told me of. *That's* my plan. Put me in touch with some of them, and let me bring them in touch with Joe. And I'll show you a different partner." He looked at her.

"Well, that's too simple too," he said.

"Why is it?" she demanded.

"Because in those first years of his marriage I went to them so often, in just the way you're thinking of. I got some of the men he used to know to come to his office and take him to lunch. And it did so little good they quit. They all got sick of it — and they're through."

Ethel leaned forward intensely:

"But it will be so different now!

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Before, they had Amy here working against them! I'm here now, and I'll be on their side!" He frowned, and she cried impatiently, "You don't believe me, do you? You don't believe I can do anything — or even that I want to!"

He looked at her for a moment.

"Yes," he said, "I almost do."

"Then please give me a chance," she said, very low. And by her eager questions she began to draw out of Nourse the information she wanted. It did not come easy, for the past seemed buried deep in his memory. As one by one he spoke of Joe's friends he would add, "But he's dead," or, "He's gone West." He had kept track of them, after a fashion, but he had seen them little of late. "What a lonely life he has been leading," she thought. "I wonder if he has grown too old and hopeless to be of any help?" She fought down his discouragement.

"There was Crothers," he was saying. "He's an architect, and he's doing good work. He never had Joe's boldness, but he always had a fine sense of things, and at least he has stuck to his ideals. He could do more to bring Joe back than any other man I know."

"Then we must get him!"

"That will be hard."

"Why will it?"

"Because some years ago I tried to get Crothers into our firm. The two of us together might have kept Joe from the mere money jobs and made it a firm to be proud of. Crothers was ready to come in, and I had nearly succeeded in bringing Joe to agree to it."

"Then what was the matter?"

"Your sister. Joe had told her he was thinking of some move in his business which would keep him poor a while. And she flew into quite a rage. That was *another* time she sent for me." Nourse leaned grimly back in his chair. "She told me that if I ruined her husband's 'career' as she called it, she'd break us apart once and for all. She wouldn't have Crothers in the firm — not only because it meant money lost, but because Crothers's wife had turned her down."

Ethel looked at him sharply.

"Oh — he has a wife," she said.

"Yes, and she wasn't your sister's kind. She was a college woman who wanted to be a great painter — and when the painting petered out she shut her jaws and said, 'Never mind. If I can't *paint* landscapes I can *make* them.' And she took up landscape gardening. She married Burt Crothers soon after that, but she stuck to her work and in course of time it fitted in with her husband's. He and Sally have struggled along up-hill, and though they've never made much money they've had a lot of fun out of life."

"She sounds so nice," Ethel hungrily murmured.

Oh, yes, she's nice enough," he said, "until you go against her. Then Sally gets mad and stays that way. And she got that way," he added, "when we turned her husband down. She hadn't liked your sister. In fact, when Joe married and brought his wife and the Crotherses together it wasn't a go. She called your sister 'hopeless.' And when Joe's wife came back at her by keeping Crothers out of our firm, then war was declared."

Nourse broke off and looked at Ethel.

"So you see what you're up against," he said.

"Yes, I see," said Ethel. She felt a dull weight of discouragement. At every door to her husband's youth, Amy seemed to be barring the way. She gave an impatient little shrug. "If I could only show them!"

"What?"

"That I'm different! And the hole I'm in! And what it is I want in Joe! . . . Can't *you* go and talk to them?" There was impatience again in her eyes. He saw it and smiled wearily.

"You think I'm mighty weak," he said, "with not much fight left in me. You're right, I guess. But you don't know what I've been through in the last seven years. I stuck to Joe — and they didn't like that. Sally said I had knuckled down to Joe's wife. So she hasn't asked me there in years. And if I were to go to her now, I'm afraid my opinion of you wouldn't count."

There was another silence. Again that dull discouragement fell and again she shook it from her.

"Nevertheless," she said quietly, looking him full in the face, "I mean to have Crothers in our firm." She saw the mingled liking and compassion which came in his eyes, and she bit her lip to keep down the wave of self-pity which arose in her.

"Perhaps you will," she heard him say. His voice sounded a long way off. She brought herself back to him with a jerk.

"Of course I will. *We* will, I mean. You and I are to work together, you know. Now will you please tell me," she continued grimly, "one person who knew my husband and who will be so very kind as not to call for the police the minute I come into view?" A moment later she started forward. "Oh, please!" she cried. "Do that again! You chuckled! Don't deny it! Go on and really laugh with me!" Her voice, unsteady and quivering, broke into a merry laugh, and in this Joe's partner joined. Then she said sternly, "You give me a friend!"

Nourse thought for a moment. "There's only one left on the list," he replied.

"His name, please ——"

"Dwight."

"Business?" Ethel questioned quickly.

"Music. He shows rich girls how to sing." She stared at him.

"But look here," she said emphatically. "I'm a rich girl — I'm very well off — and I certainly propose to sing! I used to, in their choir at home — and I was told I had quite a voice! And I meant to take lessons in New York — of a tall, dark man with curly hair ——"

"Dwight," said Nourse, "is fair and fat."

"Never mind. Then he probably has blue eyes. And they twinkle at you — in the friendliest way ——"

"Young woman, I'm your husband's friend."

"Never mind if you are. You're not enough. I want more of his friends. Now tell me — where did the fat man study? Abroad?"

"In Paris."

"Oh!" she cried. "Were he and Joe together there?"

"They were, for a while ——"

"Oh, how nice!" She laughed at him. "What a dear you've been to me," she said. "You like me, don't you?"

"Yes — I do."

"Quite a good deal!"

"All right," he said. She was watching his face. "This is new to him," she was thinking.

"You believe I don't want money?"

"Yes ——"

"Nor friends like Amy's?"

"You don't seem to."

"And I don't. I want friends like you and this Mr. Dwight — and that odious Sally Crothers who won't even let me in at her door. And her husband — yes, he'll do. Why, how the circle widens!"

"So far," Nourse reminded her, "I'm the only circle you've got."

"Yes, and a very nice one. And now you're going to be a dear, and go to this man Dwight and say what a remarkable voice I have — and tell him all my other points, and the hole I'm in and the money I have. Don't forget that — the money I have — for my acquaintance with Mr. Dwight leads me to believe that wealth is a great inducement with him. It makes his blue eyes twinkle so."

"Very well," Nourse answered grimly. "But when you get them twinkling what are you going to do with him?"

"Sing with him," was her firm reply. "And between songs *talk* with him — of Paris and my husband, and the great ideals I have — and the delicious dinners I have — for he's fat, you know, and he loves his meals — and then ask him to come to dinner, of course." She scowled. "That," she said severely, "is all I can tell you at present. My plans for resurrecting Joe will have to be made as I go along — step by step and friend by friend." All at once she turned on him fiercely. "There's that pity again in your eyes! 'Oh, how young,' you are thinking. Then let me tell you, Mr. Bill Nourse, that you are not to pity me! If you do," she cried, "the time will come when you will be pitying *yourself* — for being cast off like an old leather shoe — from one of the most brilliant and attractive circles in this town! Do you know what you almost do to me — you, the one friend I have in New York? You make me feel you've almost lost your faith and hope in everything — that you're *nearly old!* You make me wonder if I'm too late — whether my *husband* is nearly old, and the dreams he had in him cold and gone! You scare me — and you've got to stop! You've got to be just exactly as young as I am — this very minute! You've got to borrow some youth from me — for I have plenty to go around — and help me make this fight for friends! It may not come to anything — for the soul of this city is hard as nails! This music man may turn me down — or be perfectly fat and useless! Who knows? But how can I tell till I meet the man? And when will you go and see him? Today or tomorrow? I haven't very much time, you know, for any more shilly-shallying! I want some action out of you ——"

She faced him, flushed and menacing, and he took her hand and said:

"You'll get it. Where's your telephone?"

"Right there in the hall!"

"I'll call up Dwight."

"Wait! Is he married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

[*Continued on page 48*]

Keeping Your Balance

A Message to Americans

by Dr. Frank Crane

THE green sailor is of not much use until he has got his sea-legs. A ship, and especially a small sailing-ship, is as full of motion as a squirming child. It not only rolls sidewise and pitches lengthwise, but it has 823 other motions, each operating at precisely the moment you don't expect it.

If you have ever tried to shave in the sleeper while the train is moving, you know that you must plant your feet and adjust yourself to the careening floor. It is possible to shave yourself with an ordinary razor while rolling through the mountains on the Pennsylvania Limited, but you can't do it the same way you shave in your hotel. You must adjust yourself. Or cut yourself.

You also remember when you rode standing up in a farm wagon as it rattled along over the country road, you had to limber your knees and make them take up the jolts of the springless and bumpety wagon floor.

Well, just now the United States of America, as a Ship of State, is having a bit of rough weather, and wallowing wretchedly. And it behooves us to get our sea-legs. Our national Pullman car is whizzing along, we hope "toward democracy," and there are many upsetting curves and surprising halts and jerks, and unless we accommodate ourselves to the motion we are liable to get hurt. Uncle Sam's horses are trotting pretty lively, and unless we learn how to limber our legs we may fall out of the wagon.

All of which means that we must adjust ourselves. We must try to live normally in abnormal times.

For instance:

There is the matter of food. If there is anything the free-born American hates it is to diet. He likes victuals, but loathes diet. And when he is told that Food Conservation is needed to win the war, and that it is not merely a far-away Washington, D. C., affair, but that it lays its regulative hand upon his breakfast table, he is inclined to object. It's well enough for troops to march, and bands to play, and taxes to be levied, and bridges guarded, but when he is told that the triumph of the Allies also depends upon standing guard in the home over the supply of wheat, meat, fats and sugar, he feels as if someone were rocking the boat.

Someone is. It is Destiny. Or the Kaiser. Anyhow, it is upsetting weather, and if we do not adjust ourselves to the unpleasant movement we will not ride safely through.

There are numberless other ways in which we are being discommoded. We are in the midst of an economic revolution the like of which we have never had in this country. Business is deranged. Politics is in a turmoil. Traditions are snapping asunder. The Church is alarmed and groping. Schools and colleges are confronting strange and baffling conditions.

There is hardly a reader of these lines but has had his life-plan altered, his business dislocated, his ideas jumbled, his hopes clouded and perhaps his heart broken.

Hence the word — Steady!

Get your sea-legs! Adjust yourself! Keep your head!

We'll come through all right. Have no fears on that score. We're bound to win. The things we are fighting for are as vital as life and as eternal as God.

Keep your balance!

What Are These Voices?

by

Anna Steese Richardson

Pictures by Herbert Paus

STRANGE things are happening in America today!

A man sitting alone at his desk in a huge sky-scraper feels a hand on his sleeve — turns sharply to see a vague figure in blue or khaki disappearing in a mist.

His wife, leaning back in her limousine, caught in the crush of traffic, stares out at the amethyst twilight. Who is beckoning to her? The figure is dim — but on the arm is a vivid scarlet cross. She picks up the speaking-tube, murmurs a few words, steps from her machine and vanishes in the crowd. The puzzled chauffeur sends the car forward.

His daughter pauses in the middle of a dance. She has lost step with the jazz band. As she draws her partner from the maze of whirling figures, her head is held high, her lips are parted. She is marching to strange, invisible music from "over there."

In his manufacturing plant, a woman employee suddenly stops working and stares beyond the whirring machines and the broad expanse of window glass to a scene set for the eyes of the soul. The forewoman glances sharply at the idle hands but bites back the sharp words.

"I wonder what she sees when she looks like that! Well, it ain't up to me and she is some worker — even if she has taken to seeing things?"

"Seeing things!"

Men asleep in the open, wherever they may fall.

Men creeping across No Man's Land.

Men with crosses on their breasts.

The woman with visions like these drives her hand the fastest.

And strange impulses sweep us from our even way.

A little lady of Dresden fineness came down brownstone steps. Her poise was assured, her voice exquisitely modulated. Every appointment of dress, from her perfectly coifed white hair to the dull buttons on her boots, proclaimed her of the sheltered, leisure class.

The Avenue was lined with spectators. A popular regiment was parading for the last time before entraining. The white-haired lady's car was waiting around the corner, but she stepped toward the curb just as the colors passed. A young man in front of her, an alien who had sought and found liberty, stood, heavy of face, sullen, unmoved, as the flag almost enveloped him in its gracious folds. The aristocrat gasped, and touched his shoulder with a quivering hand.

"Uncover!" The man did not move. Her delicately gloved hand snatched at the brim of his hat.

"Take it off — every time the flag passes — or go back to the country you left."

The man stared first at her, then at the men around him, who were replacing their hats. He touched his hat-brim awkwardly. But the little lady did not see the effect of her words. She was almost running to her machine. Her face was white and she sank back in the seat, lips working. You could see what she was saying — "How could I do such a thing? But I'm glad I did — I'm glad!"

The beautiful young wife of a brilliant lawyer sat in her limousine while her husband hurried into the telegraph office to send a message. Near the door stood a young, clean-skinned sailor, on shore leave. He looked wistfully up and down the glittering street. Obviously he knew no one in the great city, had no place to go. A woman came toward him, swinging her beaded bag, challenging him with eyes which had looked on evil so long that they hated the mere suggestion of good. She stopped and asked him the time. Before he could answer, a vision in orchid velvet and fur slipped from the machine at the curb. A slim, graceful hand was laid on his arm. A cool gentle voice fell on his astonished ear.

"Won't you go to the theater with us? I — I belong to the Navy League — we'd be so glad to have you —"

When her husband came out, he found the boy in the car, listening gravely to the chatter of his hostess. She glanced up alluringly.

"Now you can go to the club, dear, as you wanted; that is, unless you'd prefer to get a seat near us."

What a transparent fib! She knew he could not buy the other seat. The house was sold out.

THEY went down the carpeted aisle of the theater together, the broad-shouldered young sailor and the doll-like wife in shimmering satin, rippling velvet and luxurious furs. No one stared at them. It is such a common sight in the best theatres these nights.

After the play, the boy stood on the curb again. His lovely hostess of a few hours had vanished like the godmother of our fairy-tale days. For the sailor, the streets, its shadows and the women who peer out at him. But you cannot dispose of the wife so simply.

An hour later her husband, enjoying his customary final cigar in the library was startled by the appearance of a small, sober figure at his elbow. This was his hour for a mental résumé of the day's affairs. He was not particularly pleased at the interruption. But a white hand, heavy with platinum and diamonds, crept into his, and the small figure in gray settled down on the arm of his chair.

"Archie, wasn't he a dear boy? Did you notice his hands? So like a gentleman's. Do navy regulations make him keep them like that or do you think it was just born in him?"

The puzzled husband shook his head. The soft voice at his ear rippled on.

"And you wish you had a son, a son to carry your name proudly — in the navy — or the army, don't you?"

The man did not answer, but his teeth bit hard into his cigar.

"A boy — you've always wanted one — but I — Oh, what a lazy, selfish, pleasure-loving little beast I've been!"

The man's cigar fell to the floor, cold dead. The crimson and gold logs in the fireplace faded to gray and white. But in the heart of the woman a cleansing flame burned its trail heavenward.

Molly B —— has long stood among her friends as the perfect pattern of personal selfishness, but we have bowed to her efficiency and a charm which even selflove has never quite destroyed. To Molly the great war has been a personal affront, staged by invisible powers to completely overturn a world adjusted to her entire satisfaction.

First, it took three competent and desirable chauffeurs in succession. Molly said it was most annoying to have new uniforms made or old ones refitted.

Next it reduced the number of servants in her employ, thereby unsettling what to her mind was a perfect household régime. It would have carried Molly from her luxurious duplex apartment to a simpler establishment, but her husband could not dispose of a long-term lease.

Then it unsettled all her calculations by shrinking the value of the stocks which she had purchased with her liberal allowance.

But worst of all, it robbed her of the feminine companionship and admiration which were her very life and breath. All her friends were knitting or canteening or attending meetings. Her tea-table was deserted. Her dinners were spoiled by chatter of relief work. No one in the old crowd danced, and when she motored out to the country club, she found the porches almost empty.

And she would not knit or join in these strange new occupations of her friends. It was the duty of men with the vote and Congress with the power to end the war and restore the nation's social equilibrium. Women who plunged into hysterical relief work merely encouraged the mob spirit.

Nevertheless, when we heard that the regiment, including a hundred or more boys from our old town, was sailing for France, we appealed to her for a motor to carry some last gifts to the boys in khaki.

We were not overjoyed when Molly offered to go with us. We knew she would be annoyed by the parcels piled on our laps and feet. She would probably spoil the whole party — but we just had to have her car.

All the way to camp we talked of the things in which Molly had been interested. We were trying to earn our way. And at camp, while the rest of us bobbed in and out of tents and [*Continued on page 54*]

As to Melting-Pots

With a Few Flaming Words on the Foreign-Language Press

by **Porter Emerson Browne**

Picture by Peter Newell

AMONG the multifarious happenings that are daily contributing to keep one's American Angora in a state of continuous agitation," said my friend, "none is at present more obvious than ——"

"Yes?" I queried, as he held me suspended a moment.

"The foreign-language press."

He was silent a moment.

"Have you quite grasped all that that question of the foreign-language press means?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know," I answered. "I ——"

"Then do it," he said, "and do it now."

"Here are we," he went on, "the so-called Melting-Pot of the world. Yet how do we proceed to melt?

"To an unprejudiced mind, it would seem that the proper way to melt the heterogeneous ingredients in our world melting-pot would be to light beneath that pot the fires of patriotism, of common ideals, of common purpose, of common understanding, of common sympathy and, in the white heat of these glowing flames, fuse beyond disintegration the metal of our peoples. And what wouldn't melt, should be thrown on the slag heap.

"But is this what we do? Not so that you could observe. Instead, when the pot gets nicely full, we take a peek over the edge.

"'Good morning, ingredients,' we say, gently. 'Are you all there?'

"Some of the ingredients answer politely; but half of them eye us in a contemptuous manner that indicates that they have what George Ade would call a Terrible Grouch.

"'Well, now that you are all in the pot,' we say, in a kindly voice, 'just go ahead and melt yourselves. That's a dear!'

"And we hurry down to the Red Cross to knit things for the soldiers. And when, next day, we come back and find instead of the nicely-flowing molten mass that we had expected, that one side of the pot is only simmering, and the other is stone cold, and the small part that is trying to boil is full of rocks, and hunks of scrap iron, we're that surprised it's painful.

"And yet how can we expect anything different? Nothing melts itself — not even your collar. Steel is not made by asking the ore if it would like to be melted. It's by throwing the ore into the pot and melting it, whether or no. Left to itself, the ore would be satisfied to stay ore the rest of its life. It's used to being ore and it hasn't sense enough to want to be anything better. So that under the optional system, your melting pot bogs down right at the jump.

"No, sir. If you're going to run a melting-pot, you've got to get busy and run one. You've got to build the fire, and stoke the coals, and fill the pot, and empty it when it's done. And you can't lay down on the job a minute! You've got to mold the good metal and chuck away the dross. You've got to work away, early and late, and if you fall down on any part of the process, the whole potful is spoiled and not even fit for window weights.

"And then, when comes the crucial test, and you need good true metal to forge to your needs, all you've got is a lot of ninth-rate pig iron, and some skimmings, combined with hunks of stuff that looks like iron but is really dirt. And the gent across the street, who has been running his pot intelligently, can outsell you and undersell you and oversell you and put you out of business in a jiffy, if he feels like it.

"Running a melting pot is like running anything else. It should be done intelligently, or not at all.

"And that is why we, doing our earnest best to throw the weight of our country behind the cause of world democracy, are encountering so many obstacles. Our pot was too full, our fires too low. Beyond this, we had in that pot a lot of ingredients that never should have been allowed there in the first place, such as paving-blocks and dynamite and hyphens, to say nothing of Prussic acid deliberately thrown in by our enemies when we weren't watching, to eat out the bottom of our pot and let the whole business down into the fire.

"We're stoking now. We're raking the coals and fanning the flames. We're trying our gol-darndest to bring the whole mass to the boiling point; and the clean, pure ingredients are already there. But floating around in the pot to choke the heat and poison the contents are the scum, and the acid and the unmeltable ingredients that we allowed to be put there in the moments of our carelessness; pro-German muck and anti-British fossils, pacifist feathers and political rags and bottles, all are there, filthing the clean metal of America, corrupting the soul-heated product of American hearts and American hands.

"A pity it is! A great, grievous pity. . . . Yet it is the truth. The best that the best of us can do is being spoiled and poisoned by the spurious material that we, in our innocence and our ignorance, allowed to be foisted upon us in the guise of honest metal.

"However, it is one thing to make a mistake. . . . But it is something very different to persist in making the same mistake, once that mistake is clear. You can forgive the man whose horse is stolen. You can sympathize with the emotional vagary of the man who locks the stable door after the horse is stolen. But what the Sam Hill are you going to think of the man who, after his horse is stolen, leaves the door open and puts in a new horse?

"For years we have been taking into this country Germans and Swedes and Norwegians and Roumanians and Bulgarians and Fijians and Slovacs and Polanders and Finns and Russians and Samoans and Filipinos and Argentinians and Turks and Arabs and Peruvians and Nicaraguans and Cossacks and Cubans and Spaniards and Slavs and Egyptians and Patagonians and Esquimaux and Mexicans and Guineas and Servians and Danes and Algerians and Austrians and Hungarians and Australasians and Colombians and Ecuadorians and Persians and Croatians — whatever they are.

"This melting-pot of ours has been asked to melt up more different kinds of stuff than the Department of Mineralogy ever heard of. It's got more things in it than a New England Boiled Dinner, or a rummage sale. And to have gotten all these ingredients properly melted would have meant that every second man was a stoker and every first a coal miner.

"But instead of that, every second man has been an automobile manufacturer and every first an open market.

"And the result has been that so far from melting these different ingredients, we haven't done anything with them at all. They have just been dumped in and lain there, here a pile of Armenians, there a bunch of Germans, over yonder a pile of Jews, and beyond that a chunk of Chinese. And New York, which has been our biggest receiving station, has come to take on the appearance of one of those dishes of hors d'oeuvres that you strike in Italian restaurants — sardines in one compartment, olives in another, sausage in a third, anchovies in a fourth, and so on, all separate, distinctive and individual. And as the United States comprises forty-eight states, so does each of our states comprise forty-eight or more cities, and each of our cities forty-eight different colonies of unmixed and often unmixable nationalities.

"The boy that remarked, 'In Union There is Strength,' admittedly remarked an orotund mouthful. But he neglected to observe also that 'In Disunion There is Weakness.' And forty-eight colonies of people in one city, each different colony having separate ideas, separate ideals, separate interests, separate modes of thought and of living, and speaking a separate language, doesn't make much for strength.

"Can you see John McGraw trying to get up a ball team composed of eleven hundred players, not one

If you're going to run a melting-pot, you've got to get busy and run one

of whom knew what the other ten hundred and ninety-nine was talking about? How far would he get toward grabbing the pennant?

"Now in considering the whole matter from the broad basis of life, what is the first and most requisite equipment of the individual for mundane existence?

"It is thinking.

"So far, so good.

"But how do we know that a person does, or does not think?

"By his conversation.

"So that, the first outward and visible manifestation of thought is talking. And this is evidenced by the fact that long before he can navigate the hidden perils that beset the road from the nursery to his mother's room, the incipient citizen has learned to enunciate a handful of more or less well-chosen words that are perfectly understandable to his parents even if they are lost to posterity.

"The desire to eat, it is true, precedes the desire to think and to talk. But eating is an instinct of the stomach. Talking is the first instinct of the brain. Sometimes it is also the last, and only; as evidence certain of our leading pacifists, and one of our most prominently ex ex-secretaries of state.

"Be that as it may, talking and its concomitant, listening, are the first fundamentals of life. And writing is but second-hand conversation, at best.

"Whereby, if you would strike at the fundamentals of the individual and of the race, you must strike first at its talking and its listening. And, failing to be ubiquitous enough to be able to talk, and to listen, to everybody personally, you must of necessity avail yourself of the written or printed medium.

"That which people read affects their brains. Their brains govern their opinions. Their opinions govern their actions. It's a simple mathematical calculation. One and one are two. Two and two are four. Four and four are eight. And so on.

"And yet we, in this country, are entrusting the fundamentals of our country's life to our enemies, to traitors, to criminals and to fools while we ourselves hurry around trying to find a possible impossibility or an impossible possibility with which to do the thing for which the instrument is at our hand for the taking.

"The reading of Slavic papers written by Slavs for Slavs doesn't make a race of Americans. It perpetuates a race of Slavs living in America. The printing of German papers in German by Germans for Germans doesn't make a race of good United States citizens. It puts in our country a German colony, loyal to Germany, believing in Germany, but ready and willing and even eager to stab in the back this strange, outland country of America in which it lives.

"It is all perfectly understandable. Foreign-language papers present to their readers only the sentiment of foreign writers. America is not represented. It is precisely as though in a court there was no counsel for the defense, but only a counsel for the prosecution. What chance, do you think, would the prisoner have under such conditions? And the funny part of it all is that it's our court!

"It can be stated without fear of successful controversion that the first step toward Americanizing America is the abolition of the foreign-language press. 'American news for American citizens' should be our motto. And it should be lived up to.

"There are those fatheaded enough to argue that to abolish the foreign-language press would be in controvention to free speech. I see no such controvention. Free speech is one thing. Free speech that nobody but the free speakers can understand is something entirely different. If I'm going to be insulted, I'd like to know what it's all about. The fact that a couple of red-eyed Teutons with no head behind the ears can stand around and gargle things behind my back that I can't understand has no more bearing on free speech than a bunch of children talking hog Latin behind the North Center school. If speech is going to be free, why not let us all in on it?

"The main idea that I hear about freedom of speech, is like Germany's idea of the freedom of the seas. They want it free for Germany, and closed up tighter than a drum otherwise.

"Foreign-language speech never has been, and never can be free. It's for the select few, of necessity. They are the only ones that can talk, and understand. To be free, speech should be universal. And the more universal it is, the freer it becomes. So that the argument for the freedom of foreign-language speech defeats itself at the outset.

"And were there any argument there in the first place, which there isn't, consider this: [*Continued on page 45*]

McCLURE'S means to help to win the Great War. It has sent a rallying call to the authors and artists of the country to mobilize for the battle of pen and brush. They are in line now—such men and women as Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Julian Street, Wallace Morgan, Porter Emerson Browne, Anna Steese Richardson, Waldemar Kaempffert, James Montgomery Flagg, Frederick Irving Anderson, Edward Mott Woolley, Franklin P. Adams, Dana Gatlin, Cleveland Moffett, H. C. Witwer, Theodosia Garrison, Edwin Markham, Gelett Burgess, Ellis Parker Butler, and a battalion of other famous people. They will fight the good fight in the pages of McClure's.

The Man Who Knew His Place

by

James C. Young

Illustration by P. V. E. Ivory

WE had been talking about courage. Ferguson, who was in the Black Watch, stretched all of his six-feet-two between an easy-chair and a divan, twisting his head to look at me with proper condescension. For he was one of the men who has been there and knows.

Across the table sat Sawyer of the artillery. They were on their way home from a recruiting trip in America, and it was a hurried order to join our London embassy's staff that had thrown me into their company.

Sawyer nodded from time to time in agreement with Ferguson, his gray eyes lighting up as the other made a point. But for my part I contended that courage, like genius, may spring in any soil.

"No, no, my lad," contended Ferguson. "Men are much the same as dogs, and run to breeds. Some are born to be led at the end of a woman's leash, others are content to lie in the sun and eat what scraps come their way. But the fighting breed—you never have any doubt about them. Why, you and I both know a fighting dog as far as we can see him. There is courage in his jaw and defiance in his eye."

"Maybe, maybe," I answered. "But I don't believe that you can tell the quality of a man by his appearance. The clerk at his books may be making a harder fight than the soldier at his gun. And the clerk's agony is everlasting, the soldier's soon over. He wins or loses. The clerk must go on endlessly."

"That may be a kind of courage," replied Ferguson, "but it is the courage of the slave, afraid to die and afraid to fight. Don't tell me, sir, that a sordid struggle for the crumbs of life has anything to do with the stuff that sends a man over the top. No, no, it takes courage—a man's courage."

Saying which, the Scot pushed a button in the wall of the *Caledonia's* cabin. That button had been pretty busy during our trip from New York, and we still were three days out of Liverpool. I remember wondering if the supply would last. Evidently it had not given out, for the cabin door was opened and a steward entered, bearing glasses and bottle.

This steward was a pasty-faced young fellow with waxed mustache, a thin, sharp countenance and skull of no definable shape. I had noticed him before. He had an unhealthy look, his blue eyes were watery and a little too knowing. There wasn't a thing about him to please the observer. Unmistakably he was Cockney, and even salt air had not brought color into a face made pale by London tenements. If you had been the judge and he had been the prisoner, you would have given him six months on general appearance.

"Hi brought the sime as before, sir," he said to Ferguson. "Was that right?"

The Scot nodded and the steward went out again with a "Thank you, sir," leaving his burden. Ferguson looked after him, and then at me.

"There's a rat," he said, "a typical London rat, conceived in sin and raised in degradation. You could not by any possible means make a man of him. I'll wager five quid he'd run at the first shot."

"I'll take the bet!"

"But how can you prove it?" cut in Sawyer, who was a silent man and had kept clear of the discussion.

"Oh, we'll find a way," Ferguson quickly agreed. "It won't take much to scare that chap."

Soon after this parley on dogs and men there came a shift in the wind that made the big ship careen as she mounted from one watery height to the next. The three of us went forward to get a taste of the gale that came sweeping down the gray Atlantic. It was a wild day and the storm seemed bent upon whipping away the rubber coats that we had borrowed for our walk on deck. But this was to be no pleasant promenade. We pushed toward the bow step by step, clinging to whatever offered.

Finally we arrived. As though angered by our petty defiance the sea reached up its thousand arms and tried to drag us down. We laid hold of the deck railing and held firm, watching the liner plunge through the swirling water.

Ferguson was wearing one of those little caps which mark the Highlander. He raised a hand to plaster that precious but insufficient cap on his head. The same instant a man came sprawling around the corner of the deckhouse, collided with him, and Ferguson dropped his hand.

Away went the cap. The wind blew it ten feet, then a cross current swept the thing backward and it was pinned by force of the storm to a piece of woodwork on the deck below.

Ferguson turned upon the man who had stumbled into him, the steward of the white face. I saw delight flash in the eyes of Ferguson. He seized the Cockney and screamed into his ear:

"Crawl over there and get my cap!"

The man hung back, but the Scot's big hand dragged him to the railing. The cap was out of reach for one standing on deck, although a man bold enough might climb down and get it. The wind still pinned it to the ship.

"Over you go," said Ferguson, hoisting the steward to the top of the railing.

"Let him alone," I cried above the storm, and Sawyer laid a hand upon the Scot's shoulder. But Ferguson meant to have the cap and intended that the steward should get it. So he grabbed the wriggling chap by the coat collar and lifted him over the railing, suspended for a moment in the very teeth of the storm. Then he started lowering him to a point where the cap might be reached. In that instant the unexpected happened. The cap was blown to sea.

Ferguson swore deeply, though the gale drowned his sin. I took his arm and made him restore the steward to the deck. He was in no hurry about it and got full enjoyment out of the man's struggles. But he placed him on deck again.

I looked closely at the steward. His face, colorless before, was now ashen. He trembled in every limb, despite a glare in his eye that promised ugly things. Ferguson saw it, too, and smiled hugely; then stepped back a pace, holding to the railing with one hand and beckoned the steward to pitch in. That would have been nothing less than abuse of the little fellow. I shouted in the steward's ear:

"Run along and forget about this trouble. Here is something for you," and slid a bill into his hand. He saluted, and began to work his way back.

I glanced about to find Ferguson standing bare-headed in the welter of the storm, grinning at me mockingly. With a common impulse we returned to the cabin. And there the Scot spoke:

"Well, lad, I win your five quid. He was scared within an inch of his worthless life."

"Not at all," I answered. "You took advantage of him. It was no fair test."

"No fair test?" he repeated stiffly. "What the devil would you call a fair test?"

"Simply this: There was no real demand for courage. Your test was artificial. No man should risk his life for a cap. Why, you were like the lady of old who threw her glove into the lion's den and commanded her gallant to retrieve it. And like the gallant, our steward has treated the order as unworthy."

"Ay," put in Sawyer, "but the gallant got the glove and then rebuked his mistress."

"It doesn't matter," I insisted. "That was no fair test. I commend the man for not risking his skin to get your cap, Ferguson. You can't collect upon any such grounds. Besides, I think he'd have fought you in another minute."

"Fought!" exclaimed Ferguson, scornfully. "I'd have killed him."

"Exactly," I answered, "and that wouldn't have been a fair test either, because you are twice the man's size."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," answered the soldier. "Of course I couldn't smash a little chap."

"I know you wouldn't, too, but you can't win from me on any pretext."

The discussion ended there, with a good deal of grumbling from Ferguson, who went back to his old diversion of ringing that button in the cabin wall. Presently the steward entered, bringing the now familiar tray with its well-known burden.

The man gave no sign, set the tray down, turned about and went out, raising a finger to his cap. When the door had closed behind him Ferguson laughed in the way that scornful men have.

"The man knows his place," he said, and grinned once more.

"Maybe," I answered, "but you haven't won. What about it, Sawyer? How does he strike you?"

The artilleryman moved heavily in his chair. "I'm afraid," was his slow reply, "that he is just plain blighter." Whereupon Ferguson roared until the cabin rang.

Every throb of the ship's engines brought us nearer to the war zone, and brought with it, too, an under-current of anxiety. There still was a long run ahead of us before we were due in Liverpool. More than one passenger slept that night with a lifebelt on his stateroom chair.

The ship's officers encouraged card-playing, dancing, anything that would keep the minds of their charges off the danger ahead. The next day, in this uneasy situation, the Captain hit upon an idea that promised well. One of the stokers was matched to box a sailor, and the bout set for evening. Instantly the plan caught favor, and by the appointed time we were anxiously waiting to see the fun begin.

Many women were present in the little throng that gathered on a lower deck after dinner. A length of rope had been stretched about four supports to form a temporary ring. All the usual litter of a boxing match lay scattered around. The sailor came first, and seated himself swaggeringly in his chair, surrounded by a half-dozen seconds.

This sailor was a muscled chap, broad of shoulder and heavy of hand. He looked defiantly at the circle of faces and breathed deeply, so that the onlookers might admire the swell of his chest, on which a ship was tattooed. Immediately I thought of a certain bulldog breed that had been described for my benefit.

The three of us — Ferguson, Sawyer and I — dropped something into the cap that was passed to make up a purse. It was beginning to fill with money, and when the Captain announced that the winner would take all, I foresaw that there would be a real shindy.

A moment more and the fireman slid into his chair, opposite the sailor. He was a smiling Irishman, with a red head and a mouth so big that it cut his face in two. He looked good-humoredly at the sailor and nodded. But there was no humor in the sailor, who regarded the man he was to fight with an English stare.

The Captain gave the word and the men squared off. That Irishman was all for action. He made a lunge at the sailor. The blow went true and snapped the sailor's head back. This advantage was momentary. The bulldog charged and sent his opponent flying. Back came the Irishman. Again he was flung away. The bell sounded. The round was even.

That was a pretty fight. With speed and some show of science on the side of the fireman, the sailor had the brute power. Every time his man came within reach he landed a blow that left its mark. The Irishman began to scowl and fight hard. His face lost its smile, his brows drew together, and he tore into the sailor like the plucky Irishman he was. And the other changed too, losing the heavy look about his face, where set resolution took sway. Never wasting a movement, calmly taking a rain of jabs, he drove home blows that told.

So it went for eight rounds before the Captain stepped in and ruled the sailor victor. The fireman started to protest, then his old smile came back and he shook hands with the winner. The bulldog was not easily appeased. He was the bulldog still, and scarcely acknowledged this friendliness. I personally would have liked to see him beaten into a jelly, and said as much.

[*Continued on page 29*]

"Get back, you lout," the steward ordered, "trying to crowd in afore the women!"

The "My America" League

This League, organized some time ago in the other McClure publication — The Ladies' World — is already fifty thousand members strong. In taking over into McClure's the headquarters of this League, we hope to make it one hundred thousand strong in a little while. It is not a separate war relief organization in any sense. It simply aims to put its members, scattered throughout the entire country, in touch with the war relief work best suited to their efforts and opportunities. It is a round table for ideas on patriotism and war work, and a clearing house for all the other splendid organizations with which this League is working in close co-operation. There are no dues and no obligations.

For further information, and our new war-work bulletin, write to the "My America" Editor, McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Slogan Clubs

DO you know your next door neighbor?

Perhaps you do; perhaps you're sure of him.

Do you know anything about the man who lives next door to *him?*

You may know his name and his business and some of his family history, but have you ever seen into his heart and gaged the intensity of his patriotism?

In these days, loyalty to one's country must come before everything. We do not wish to become a distrustful people, especially we do not wish to become distrustful of our fellow-citizens, but still — **we must be careful.**

AT the beginning of the war, the French people discovered that they must guard every word they said, for much ill use was made of innocent remarks by people who were aliens, enemies at heart, pacifists and the like. In the French cars and subways and on the 'buses this sign was displayed:

"*Taisez-vous.*"

This is the succinct, Gallic way of saying:

"Hold your tongue."

The French had discovered that a careless word dropped here and there about the movement of troops, the sending of supplies, the criticizing of the Government, the gossiping about war plans, all led to mischief.

We are facing a greater danger from alien enemies than the French did. It is useless to deny the fact that this country is spy riddled! These creatures go about amongst us as friends, but they infest the country with a danger, the importance of which is just coming home to us. We realize it a little when we read in our newspapers that munition plants are blown up, that knitting wool has been poisoned, that an attempt to sink our transports has been made, and so forth.

A chance word heard by a passer-by, who is not a patriot, may be enough to incite an enemy act.

And where are these words heard for the greater part? On the street; in tramways; in trains and 'buses; on ferryboats and all other modes of transportation. Perhaps if every American realized that he holds the safety of his country locked between his lips, he would be careful these days of every word he utters.

A high-spirited, patriotic, New York woman, Mrs. Newbold L. R. Edgar, was so impressed with the terse "*Taisez-vous*" signs that she saw in Paris, that she has been instrumental in warning us against the usual careless flow of American speech. A committee in New York has undertaken to write war slogans, and by the time this magazine appears in print, the conveyances of the great metropolis will carry these timely reminders.

What do you think will be the effect of such a sign as this, for instance:

"*A word to the spies is sufficient. Don't say it.*"

Get in line with New York. Call on your mayor, and tell him of this crying need. If there are no slogans already on hand here in the Slogan Club Headquarters which will meet the exact needs of your community, write to us and tell us your problem and we will fit a slogan, or a dozen slogans, to your town.

The "My America" League stands ready to help you in this work. All you have to do is to write to us here at the "My America" League, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 West 44th Street, and tell us that you wish to form a Slogan Club.

Any town *can* do it! Every town *should* do it!

A Strange Place-Card

A "MY AMERICA" enthusiast tells this story for the edification of other "My America" members:

"A few nights ago I went to what promised to be a delightful dinner party. My host was famous for his entertainments, and I knew that even if he obeyed all of Mr. Hoover's instructions, still the event would be charming. I had wondered just a little about his patriotism, but I must confess that I was not prepared for the shock that my place-card gave me. On it were these words: 'For God's sake, don't talk about the war!'

"For God's sake, what else is there to talk about? Are we so little-souled that we cannot stand grim facts? Are we so thin-blooded that the great story of chivalry and patriotism does nothing but make us shiver? What a commentary on us!

"For God's sake, *let* us talk about the war!"

A Life vs. a Three-Cent Stamp

THIS, "My America" members, is Mlle. Helène Thibault, the "My America" League's own baby. We have taken her into the League and we want you to take her into your hearts, too, and help us save her from her miserable life, and put her in a kind, comfortable school where she will be taken care of until she is grown and fitted to support herself.

Helène was found just as she stands in the picture, in her ragged little dress (which was only a chemise) and her thin little arms stretched out begging for assistance, not for herself, but for her old grandmother.

They lived in a village behind the firing line in northern France, and one night there came a sudden attack. Everyone fled — mother, father, sisters and brothers. We, here in America, do not know anything about that terrible panic which comes by night and makes people forget those nearest and dearest to them in the wild impulse toward flight. So Helène's family ran away into the darkness — all except the feeble old grandmother who was forgotten in the horror and noise and confusion; forgotten by everyone but one eight-year-old heroine who stayed with her all through the bombardment, and the miserable, hungry days which followed. At eight years old one is only a baby, and we can imagine that she was frightened and starved and cold, just as your baby would be in such a case.

Now if everyone of our fifty-five thousand members will give just one three-cent stamp we will have enough to take care of this brave little girl until she is old enough to take care of herself. Please don't think *your* stamp will not — it will. Let us hear from everyone interested, whether members of the League or not!

Put a new three-cent stamp in an envelope and address it "For Helène Thibault, care of The "My America" Editor, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

The New Isabellas

THERE was once a queen who sold her jewels to make a dream come true.

Columbus had a vision of a new world beyond the seas — but he needed ships and men to help him find it.

That's where the woman came in!

She was Isabella, the Queen of Spain, but the Spanish Court would not give her any assistance. So, like a good sportsman who *will* find a way when all doors seem to be shut, she took her own jewels and pawned them, thinking doubtless that it was a privilege, because she had faith, and nerve, and that great thing that makes the wheels go 'round—*desire for service!*

Well, she sold her jewels, and gave the money to Columbus, and he and his little fleet came over and discovered us ——

Once again a new world is about to be born!

A new dream must be made to come true!

A purifying vision must be brought to earth and made a part of men's lives!

We must win the war!

We must bring safely into port a fleet of the only real things worth having, — democracy — freedom — peace!

We need money just as Columbus needed money.

We need Isabellas to take their precious possessions and convert them through the medium of Liberty Bonds into ships, and food, and uniforms, and hospitals and ammunition and airplanes.

We must have them!

Every woman a queen who makes a dream come true!

The time has come for faith and for sacrifices.

This third Liberty Loan is the most important Loan of all. We're in the thick of the fight now. Everyone *must* help. Buy Liberty Bonds and be a Patriot.

Sharing Our Luxuries

ANOTHER good plan for war relief work has to do with the little banks like the one in the picture. It was a business girl who first thought of the idea because she wanted so much to do her bit. Suddenly she thought: "Suppose that every time I spend money for clothes and pleasures for myself I were to share this with the boys at the front by voluntarily taxing myself just three cents on each dollar!"

The three per cent. Service Bonds are the result. To anyone who wishes to tax herself in this way for our soldiers and sailors on the firing line, a little bank will be sent free upon application, in which you are asked to drop three cents for every dollar spent on luxuries or clothes. When you have saved a dollar send it to the address of the committee which is printed on the bank itself, and you will receive a "bond" made out in your name. This entitles you to membership in the society. And when you have ten of these "bonds" you will receive an honor decoration for your services to what the committee so appropriately styles the "Home Trench Line." Here's a chance for the busy girl to do her bit.

Write to the "My America" Editor for one of these little banks of self-sacrifice, and share your pleasures with men in France who are giving everything for you

Our Membership Button

FOR every "My America" member there is a button. These "My America" buttons are already being worn by thousands. The working forces of whole factories wear them, school children wear them, lonely women on ranches wear them; men whose sons have gone to the war wear them and do their bit through this organization. Send us your name today. Join the League and let us help you find some way in which your services can be made to count.

The Man Who Knew His Place

[*Continued from page 27*]

"Oh, ho," commented Ferguson, "but it's no easy matter. Observe what I told you — he belongs to the bulldog breed."

"Oh, darn your bulldog breed," I replied. "He's ten pounds heavier than the other man, and has an inch and a half better reach."

It did not occur to me that this incident could have connection with our steward. Even the next morning I never thought of the thing in that way, although I saw Ferguson talking to the sailor. The two parted and Ferguson joined me, a glint in his eye that I noted, but failed to understand.

The hour was early and few persons had begun to stir. So we had the deck to ourselves for a before-breakfast saunter. The weather had calmed, and the sea was running in long lazy swells that soothed the eye.

The little steward came out of the cabin and moved over to the railing, stretching his arms like a man who has just awakened. I saw out of the tail of my eye that the sailor was coming down the deck. The steward turned about and started to re-enter the cabin. In that moment the sailor lurched forward and almost threw him from his feet.

"Get out o' the wy, you swab!" he said roughly.

Ferguson and I had turned and stood watching this tableau. The steward recovered himself and demanded:

"Wot the 'ell's the matter with you, Jim?"

In answer Jim extended one arm, caught the steward by the coat and shook him savagely.

"Don't get in me wy," he said, "or I'll smash you!"

With that he sent the steward spinning again, and followed him up ready to land a blow. Then I understood. Plainly it was a trumped up affair. I turned angrily upon Ferguson and cried:

"So that's your idea of trying a man's courage! This sailor shall not manhandle the little fellow."

And I started forward to interfere. The steward was on his feet now and seemed ready to fight or run. Before I could reach the two of them, Ferguson had me by the arm.

"Wait," he pleaded, "the sailor is not going to hurt him. If the steward merely offers to fight, you win."

But the steward did not accept the challenge. He took second thought and darted through the cabin door. We came up to find the sailor grinning for the first time since I had seen his ugly face.

"'E wouldn't make a stand," said this worthy. "Hi told you 'e wouldn't fight."

"Right, my man," answered Ferguson, handing him a bill. "I just wanted my friend here to witness the test. We had a little bet on it."

The sailor eyed me knowingly, as though to say he thought my judgment of fighting men was poor. Then he swung about and lumbered down the deck.

"Pay me," Ferguson said, "and I'll buy dinner in Liverpool tonight."

"Not much," I answered. "You picked out a hundred-and-ten-pound man and expected him to fight a middleweight, one who had just beaten the best boxer on the ship. What sort of a test is that? You might as well have expected the Belgian army to whip the Germans."

"Ay," said Ferguson, even as I saw my mistake, "but the Belgians didn't run."

"Never mind," I replied, "my man wouldn't run either if there was something at stake. But where's the sense in getting half killed for nothing? I approve his good judgment."

"You mean his d—d cowardice!" retorted Ferguson, and walked away, head up and back rigid. I let him go, resolving that he could seek his own company, and rather glad to be rid of the man. Also I determined to see that the steward was not set upon again, the victim of a foolish wager — and one that I did not propose to pay.

But the morning slipped into noon without further incident. At luncheon Ferguson took a seat as far away from our old table as he could get. Sawyer regarded me with questioning eye, and of course I had to explain.

"Never mind," said the officer. "It's only a fit of Scot sulkiness. He'll come around soon enough."

I did not especially care whether Sawyer was a good prophet or a bad one. What did interest me was the ill-concealed apprehension of the other passengers. We were scarcely more than five hours from land, directly in the steamship lane. The lookout had been increased until hardly a chip could move upon the water without being seen. The Captain did not come down to luncheon, and neither were any of his officers present.

After the meal Sawyer and myself went on deck and found the ship's master slowly pacing his bridge, a long telescope under one arm. Every twenty feet lookout men gazed over the slowly rolling Atlantic. We could see a streamer of smoke here and there, far off on the horizon, where vessels were coming and going. But not a sight of hostile craft.

Another hour passed. Uneasiness among the passengers increased. The fact that we were running steadily onward and had met nothing alarming only haunted their doubt. Every person aboard responded to the quickening tension — the fear that foresees disaster.

THE thing came suddenly. Not a wave was bigger than a thousand others, to mark its coming. Just a cry from one of the watchers of, "Torpedo on the port bow, sir," a streak of white ten feet ahead of us, and a trail of foam as it cut a harmless swath across the ocean.

"Man the guns!" cried the Captain, ringing for full speed ahead. I watched him almost idly, wondering how he felt in the crisis. He stood with mouth pressed to the engine-room speaking-tube, as if he were breathing a dynamic force into the *Caledonia* that sent her forward in a headlong course.

But our vessel was a big one, the day clear and the water calm. It would have been difficult for a U-boat gun pointer to miss the mark. Just as we tacked away from the danger point and were getting a fair headway, the blow landed. There was a jar amidships, and a crushing sound. Splinters, bits of wood and glass showered around us. Immediately the ship began to list.

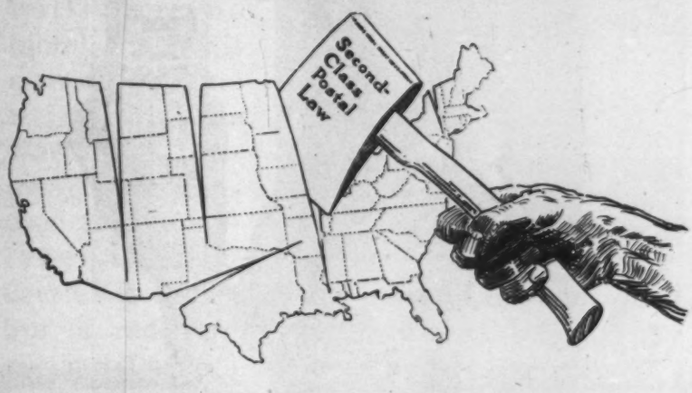
I looked again at the Captain. Now he had his ear to the tube and was listening to someone below in the fashion of a man whose life depends upon the next word. A shell burst directly above his head and he disappeared in the wreckage of the bridge.

Before our gun crew got into action, two more shells struck. One disabled the forward gun, and the second went screaming somewhere aft.

"Come," said Sawyer in my ear,

America Must Be United

IN this time of unprecedented national peril and world peril, America must be strong with the strength of unity—one nation. America must be bound together, as it is to-day, not so much by the machinery of Government, as by Ideas, held in common by all and fully exchanged, so that all the people throughout the country may understand and sympathize with one another. This is what has brought this great nation together and holds it together. This result has been accomplished primarily by the Press—particularly the weekly and monthly periodicals and business papers. These periodicals have not local or sectional bias; they go to all parts of America, and serve all parts alike; their great service is in helping to bring all sections close together into one great nation, through a common understanding.



America must not be Split into a half-dozen Sections

Weak with the ILLS and EVILS of Sectionalism

But such a disastrous result is not only possible, but probable, unless the present law pertaining to second-class postage is repealed before it goes into effect. Postal legislation was enacted in the present Revenue Bill, which divides the country up into "zones" and increases the average carrying charge upon magazines and periodicals from 50 to 900 per cent.

These nation-binding periodicals are confronted with certain injury and destruction—which means loss to you personally, and loss to your country. It will destroy a large part of the periodicals. You will be deprived of the magazines that have kept you informed on your country's problems, that have helped you in your work. Your children will lose the clean publications that have entertained and helped educate them. And eventually, such magazines as do survive, will cost you much more.

The Post Office Department has never been considered a money-making institution. It was established, as was the Department of Agriculture, for the benefit of the people. There is no deficit to make up as last year the Post Office Department earned a surplus of nearly $10,000,000.

An Increase Would Be a Great Injustice to the American People

The Post Office was never intended as a tax-gathering institution. It was basically designed to give service to the people—to all the people at the same rate. The Publishers are not trying to evade taxation. They will gladly accept any rate of tax upon their profits that may be levied. Most of them have gone on record as being willing to turn over to the Government their entire net profits for the period of the war. They already pay proportionately more taxes than most businesses. This advertisement is designed to awaken your interest in the danger permitting the destruction or obstruction of the channels of national intelligence.

This is the time of all times when America must be a united America—one nation strong with the strength of unity. Let your influence be used to that end.

The Authors' League of America, Inc.

REX BEACH, *President*

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So many Women now use

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND **Cream** *for their Hands and Arms*

as well as for their complexions, and find it so wonderfully helpful that it seems as if *everybody* should know about it,—particularly when household duties and industrial work tend to roughen or irritate the skin and make it almost impossible to keep the hands clean.

The usual bottle will last a long time, for only a few drops—or just enough to moisten the skin—will keep the surface soft and smooth. You'll never have "catchy fingers" if you do this. The cream *is not* sticky or greasy; it *will not* soil any fabric; it *will not* cause hair to grow.

Hinds Cre-mis Talcum, like the scent of old-time gardens, soothes with its delicious fragrance and velvety fineness. Its pleasures and benefits are now shared by a legion of mothers and babies.

Hinds Cream Soap has *three points of excellence:* It *always* develops a rich, creamy foam, in hard or soft water, that quickly cleanses the skin; it *always* refreshes and softens, but never dries the skin; it is *always* economical, for it wears slowly and never crumbles.

Many women are writing for SAMPLES. Be sure to enclose stamps with your request; 2c for samples of Cream, 6c for trial cake of Soap, 3c for miniature can of Talcum Powder.

Hinds Cream Specialties are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

Hinds Cream in bottles
Hinds Cold Cream in tubes and jars
Hinds Cream Soap
Hinds Cre-mis Talcum Powder

A. S. HINDS
223 West St., Portland, Maine

"we'll get on the other side and the Huns can't hit us."

Through the cabin we went, to find a half-dozen officers rallying the passengers there. Reaching the deck, we came upon other officers lowering the first lifeboat.

The submarine was firing from the side where we had been hit, and it was there that the *Caledonia* had begun to take water. Now the opposite side, still free from shells, rose higher every minute. The vessel threatened to turn over. But the ship's officers were handling their passengers as though this had been a practise drill instead of the thing that all had dreaded. It was a queer company that stood about, struggling with lifebelts. A couple of boats got away, carrying women and children. Halfway down the deck I saw Ferguson assisting the work.

Suddenly a new volley of shells found us out. The U-boat commander had circled the ship and concentrated his fire where it would do the most harm. His first shells almost swept the deck clear. Men went down on every hand, and the woodwork caught fire.

Now the aft gun was replying. The U-boat turned attention to that gun, and we had a chance to look about us. Sawyer grasped me by the arm and pointed. Ferguson was seated on the deck, leaning against the cabin, with one hand pressed to his head. Blood trickled through his fingers. Two or three officers were trying to collect the remaining women and children. The U-boat and the aft gun kept up their duel.

Then I saw the steward. He came out of the cabin, a child under either arm, and half supporting a young woman. Tears were streaming down her face and she laughed shrilly.

"Tike your time, tike your time," cautioned the steward; "here's a seat waiting for you," and he led her to the deck railing. A boat hung on the davits, ready to be lowered.

Jim, the big sailor of my earlier acquaintance, pushed past the woman and thrust her aside. "You cawn't get in 'ere," said the middleweight, and started to take the remaining seat.

The steward handed one youngster to its mother and with his free hand seized the man's collar. A kick judiciously placed sent him flying.

"Get back, you lout," he ordered; "trying to crowd in afore the women!"

This was the only boat left. Panic laid hold of the sailor. I saw that, even as Sawyer and myself bent over Ferguson. Another second and I would have gone to the steward's aid, but there was no need. He had given the other child to its mother and she was crowding into the boat. Again he floored the sailor, then turned to help the woman, and wheeled once more to meet his man. The boat was slipping toward the water. Sailor and steward grappled. Out came the steward's pistol and the butt crashed full into the sailor's face.

The boat had been safely launched now. The steward leaned over the ship's side and waved his cap, calling to the crew: "Pull, you beggars; get some beef into your stroke!"

Another shell hit the *Caledonia*, then another, a third, four, five, six, seven —I lost count. She was afire at both ends and half out of the water on our side. The U-boat commander let the life boats go and shelled the sinking steamer. There was almost no one on deck. Apparently the young woman had been the last person to leave the vessel. No more life-boats remained. There was nothing to do but await the end.

Ferguson had swooned, and was bleeding badly from the wound in his skull. Sawyer and I tied up the injury in some way, although I thought at the time that it didn't really matter.

Then I observed the steward again. He came sweeping down the deck, ordering a couple of sailors to do this and do that "jolly quick." There was not an officer in sight! The steward had taken command.

"Wot's the matter 'ere?" he asked in jerky fashion, recognizing Ferguson and the other two of us. "Oh," he added. "Poor blighter!" and looked at Ferguson.

In another instant the steward was his new self again. "Get 'im across the cabin to the other side," he directed, "and Hi'll try to find a raft for you."

We carried the groaning Ferguson through the cabin, and out upon the deck, now almost awash. There the steward had his two men ready with a raft.

"This is for you and the hofficers, mates," he told the men. "We've got to save them."

They nodded and helped us to lay Ferguson on the raft. I looked about. We were the only living men upon the hulk. Then I turned to the steward and said: "Come on, there's room for all."

"Hofficers first," replied the steward. "Get aboard there, quick. We're going down in a minute."

"But it will hold six," I protested, and let myself be forced upon the raft.

"Five at the most," said the steward.

The raft was ready. The two sailors had gotten upon it and were supporting Ferguson. Sawyer stepped aboard. One of the sailors held up an oar and waited the word to shove off. The steward touched his cap, smiling. Sawyer reached up and pulled him down on top of us, to the accompaniment of Cockney oaths.

This added weight made the raft a perilous place indeed. Already it had been overladen. But Sawyer held the steward fast.

"Shut up," he said. "You aren't going to drown today if I can help it."

WE pulled away from the ship. The action of the waves, aided by the single oar, had gotten us perhaps five hundred yards when we saw for the first time a pair of destroyers bearing down on us from the West. They came toward the wreck at a thirty-knot clip, raced past the lifeboats bobbing in the distance, and within a few minutes had gone tearing by our raft to the sinking hulk.

Quickly they circled about, seeking the U-boat. It had submerged. Other work remained to be done. Boats were put off by the destroyers and such victims as could be found brought from the wreck.

Then the two craft came back. The nearest of the pair ran alongside. We peered up into the inquiring faces of the crew, and gave thanks. Ferguson was lifted aboard, where we followed. I looked back to the *Caledonia*. One end stood high in the air, and the great ship was slipping quietly beneath the waves.

The crew crowded around with a thousand questions to ask. Then the circle opened and the Captain reached us. Sawyer told as best he could our simple story, laid a hand on the steward's shoulder and brought the man face to face with the Captain.

"Here," said Sawyer, "is the bravest man I ever met."

The Captain saluted, and looked hard at the steward, who turned red and stammered: "No, no, 'e's wrong, Captain. We 'ad learned what to do hiff a U-boat got us. I honly knew my place, thank you, sir."

Mr. Young is a new writer. Next month, he will have another story, "The Kamerad," that's a corker

The World on a Diet

What Food Control Really Means

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

FOOD — that is the future of freedom and peace!* Those who are making history at the moment know that this is so. They know that some satisfactory solution of the world's food and feeding problem is the trembling issue on which all the hopes of liberty for the world now rest. They know that it is only the combined force of every individual will in an unromantic army of food producers, controllers, and conservers that can mend our broken world, and hopefully restore it to a higher plane of civilized order than it occupied before. They know that the work of the Food Administration is only a few months old, is only just begun, in fact. They know that it must still go on, and on, and on — and that it must have the loyal support of every patriotic citizen in the country.

Very briefly, the food situation as it now stands, with the special work to be done by the Food Administration, has been summed up as follows:

"Bluntly, the world is short of food, and must go on rations, and the peace-time machinery adapted to abundance will not do. Therefore we have Food Control, which in the United States consists of several things:

First: The world's larder being undersupplied, it is necessary to know just what stocks of food are available in every country. So the Food Administration has an organization of statisticians and investigators to gather information from all countries, and in the United States a food survey is being made to ascertain what supplies are on hand.

Second: The world's appetite must be accurately gauged, each country revealing how much it needs until the next harvest.

Third: The supply must be rationed out to the demand, not only in quantity but in kind. We are short of shipping to send food to Europe. Therefore, only the most concentrated staples can be exported to the Allies, such as wheat, flour, meats, sugar, fats. But we ourselves have an abundance of substitute foods, such as corn, barley and oats to replace wheat; fish and beans to replace meat; various syrups to replace sugar; vegetable oils and cheese to replace butter, lard and other animal fats. There is really an abundance of food in the United States if we use substitutes wisely. But this calls for changes in our national diet, and these changes call for accurate dietetic information, so the Food Administration has experts investigating diet and domestic economy, so that practical counsel can be given.

Fourth: This war scheme of adjusting supply and demand must have a balance wheel; and so, to prevent wildly fluctuating prices, speculation must be eliminated from trade, and the manufacturer and merchant prohibited from buying supplies beyond their current needs. A very large part of the Food Administration work consists in solving commodity problems by business men who have volunteered from different trades to serve during the period of the war.

Last: There is a Conservation Division, a large organization which works through the press to bring about food economies that will enable us to pass through this critical period. In Germany, where autocracy reigns, food conservation is a matter of rule. But our country is a democracy, and we are meeting the problem of conservation through the creation of a patriotic spirit — working from the bottom up, not from the top down. To reach and inform and enlist 110,000,000, the American people, is no easy matter. Food conservation is a long, hard pull every day, at every meal, for months at a time, perhaps for years."

And it requires the consistent, cheerful, loyal help of every one of our 110,000,000 citizens. Another summary may make the situation still more clear:

Mr. Hoover has said that, whether we like it or not, we must deal with the food problem of war in one of two ways. There is not enough food to go around if we stick to the lavish methods of peace times. Rising prices, coupled with depreciation of money, due to issues of war bonds in every country which make the purchasing power of money shrink, compel us to adjust the food supply to the world's appetite, either by controlling that supply in ways that lead to economy and make it suffice, or by letting wages rise as prices rise, to keep pace roughly with fluctuations. Even an amateur economist can see at a glance that food control is better than wage increase, because wage increase is a crude force operating with injustice to millions of workers. Russia tried the experiment of letting wages adjust themselves to the diminishing food supply, and it did not work. Whether we like it or not, we must meet the food situation in one way or the other, and food control seems to be the lesser of two evils.*

This is what the Food Administration is doing. It is trying to adjust the food supply to the world's appetite. As far as the 110,000,000 of the United States are themselves concerned, however, each must adjust his appetite to the world's food supply, or the other adjustment will not work. Food control in its very broadest sense means individual appetite control. This means living up to the requests of the Food Administration day by day, meal by meal, "whether we like it or not." It means going without meat, and wheat, and sugar consistently and faithfully on the days we are asked to do this service. If we do not do this, we are not fighting on the side of the United States in this war. Every one who refuses to control his appetite, as requested, is disloyal to the country that is giving him protection.

In those twelve or fifteen million homes where the food pledge cards have been signed, little trouble is reported. It is the restaurants and hotels, however, that prove whether there are slackers or not.

Loyal to the Food Administration, eating places are serving food as directed. They even make food control dishes and menus particularly attractive. They suggest, in addition, that certain dishes be chosen rather than others.

But the patrons, themselves, cannot be controlled. A restaurant in New York reports a falling off of two thousand or more of its regular patrons on each beefless Tuesday. Because a restaurant is loyal to the United States, must it lose its trade simply because two thousand grown men refuse to control their appetites? With appetite control once effected, Food Control would have little difficulty in showing results. In Nebraska, where not less than one thousand, three hundred restaurants, out of a total of one thousand, five hundred and sixty-four, have signed the pledge cards, the following returns have been reported:

Savings for one month are as follows:

Wheat flour	1502 barrels
Meat	211 tons
Sugar	198441 pounds

If we do not control our appetites, we cannot feed our Allies. If they are not fed, "we shall be left alone in the fight, and the western line will move to the Atlantic seaboard."

**Cf. "The Food Problem," Kellogg and Taylor, page xi.*

**James H. Collins.*

For details or further information on food conservation address Editorial Department of McClure's. This service is free to our readers

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Uncle Sam's Flour Barrel — *Continued from page 15*

Falls, in the afternoon. On due consideration, I am going to get the mills off my conscience first — not because they best typify the city itself, but because the big question-mark, bread, looms in the nation to-day.

Before we got into the mill we had to pass muster with more than one armed sentinel. The government and the industry itself are taking no chances, for world contingencies lie in the continued safe operation of these plants.

At the time I was there four hundred carloads of wheat came into Minneapolis every day, with more than a thousand bushels in a car. These days rolling stock is heavily overloaded. You can picture in your mind a train of four hundred cars. What a marvelous country this is to produce such a ceaseless inpouring of wheat! How few of us realize what we have in America, and what we are fighting to keep!

They unload twelve cars at a time in the elevators. One man goes into each car with a power shovel, and the wheat passes out through a chute in the bottom. Weighing is done automatically and the grain is carried up to the bins by endless conveyors.

Minneapolis mills have a capacity of 90,000 barrels of flour a day, and actually produce about twenty million barrels a year. This would mean a barrel for every five persons in the United States. To make one barrel takes five bushels of wheat. If you could identify any one bushel of this, from the time it started through the mill until it found itself packed in a barrel of flour, you would discover that only one hour had elapsed; and if you could record the daring adventures of this bushel of grain, they would make a queer story.

There are some twenty-five mills in Minneapolis, and in the country tributary are fifty other mills. Some forty-four hundred elevators market their grain in this city. The total storage capacity of grain in Minneapolis is more than fifty million bushels.

WE went first to the top of a mill and looked across to a group of massive elevators towering in the sky. The old-fashioned elevator with its galvanized iron exterior has gone out, and clusters of cylindrical concrete bins have come in. If you fell into one of these bins you would sink a hundred feet and drown in this quicksand of grain. One of the largest of these elevators holds 3,750,000 bushels.

Our guide took us down from the roof to the top story, and here I got my first real glimpse of the milling operations. For ten minutes I stood and watched a river of wheat that passed rapidly on a broad belt conveyor. It looked like a great yellow ribbon, and they said it flowed day and night. This wheat had come from the adjacent elevators, passing under ground in a tunnel and up to the top floor of the mill in automatic carriers. Millions of soldiers over the seas are waiting for bread, and at home a hundred million people are in the bread line. I wondered what would happen if these golden ribbons up in Minneapolis were suddenly to cease running.

It is a mystifying experience to go through one of these mills, because you see endless reaches of machinery but hardly ever a man. We walked among acres of floor space filled closely with the milling devices, shut inside box-like containers but running with a monotonous roar that made talking difficult; and apparently they were running without human help. The wheat passes through machine after machine in its journey from the top floor to the bottom. It is cleaned, tempered, and milled through many operations. The bran is separated, and the different grades are worked out. And all this with scarcely a touch of men's hands!

THE milling brains of Minneapolis certainly have been busy. Our guide showed us a series of grotesque machines, which he called the hoochy-koochy, remarking that this was the only place in Minneapolis where a dance of such evil repute was allowed. This piece of apparatus resembled a monstrous barrel hung above the floor, with perhaps a dozen pairs of canvas trouserettes at the bottom dancing like so many pairs of legs. The only thing lacking was the doubtful habiliment of straw.

In the laboratories and experimental bakery we saw aproned chemists kneading dough or working among a mysterious array of bottles holding vari-colored liquids. They told me that all this was done to maintain the standards of flour, which I do not pretend to understand. Here they bake several hundred loaves a day for test purposes, and, after cutting each loaf for examination, they give the whole batch to charity.

At present the United States, to all intents, is controlling both the wheat and the mills. The war measures provide that the government can dictate both the output and distribution, When I was there practically nothing was doing in wheat trading at Minneapolis' great Chamber of Commerce, where, in 1916, 234,000,000 bushels of grain were bought. To Minneapolis comes not only the wheat, but seventy-five per cent. of the rye produced in the northwestern states, and sixty per cent. of the flax. Probably you never heard that some 16,000,000 barrels of linseed oil are also made in Minneapolis annually, as a little side issue.

My friends in this Minnesota metropolis gave me a year of Minneapolis life in a few days. Of the many automobile rides, the one that clings most persistently to my memory was through the lake district. Most city people have to go far for lakes, but Minneapolis has half a dozen within her confines, and most of these are connected with a boulevard and park system that takes in the lofty shores of the Mississippi River. You can ride forty miles in a continuous tour of these splendid parkways.

Then there are a hundred lakes within twenty-five miles of Minneapolis, mostly to the westward, and chief of them all is the renowned Minnetonka, with a shore line of a hundred miles and innumerable bays and arms. It is a summer resort where people from the Middle West, especially, have mansions as well as cottages. In winter it is an ice-yachting resort.

But one of the great charms of Minneapolis lies in its own city lakes. As I rode through the maze of boulevards that encircle Cedar Lake, Lake of the Isles, and Lakes Calhoun and Harriet, I felt a deep admiration for the far-sighted men who, long ago, took over these districts for future generations.

Bordering these shores and parkways you now find some of the most palatial and artistic residences in America, not built on the street line as you commonly find such places in New York or Chicago, but half buried in trees, and showing through vistas of lawns. Nor are they suburban homes; they are close to the heart of Minneapolis.

AFTERWARD I met the "father of Minneapolis parks," C. M. Loring, at his home. It is worth while to contemplate how great an influence even one man may have on the development of a city. Mr. Loring is over eighty, but he has lived to see his fondest dreams come true.

When a young man he was disturbed over the unkempt appearance of a little tract of public land in front of his store in the centre of old Minneapolis, so he leveled it off with his shovel and rake, and then seeded and maintained it. People called it Loring's goose pasture.

But he didn't stop here. He was an intense lover of trees, and he talked trees and parks to everybody. When the town declared itself too poor to buy shade trees he went into the woods himself, dug up the finest specimens he could find, and planted them along city streets. His example and power of persuasion ultimately induced other men to take hold of this work, and out of it grew a park and tree system as wonderful as any you can find. In fact, it would be hard to duplicate the settings in which Minneapolis has created her many beauty spots. Some of the lakes were once dismal swamps, but Loring was another of those dreamers I have found in various cities.

ON the triangular plot where Loring's "goose pasture" was located is now Gateway Park, and tourists coming uptown from some of the railway stations see a great colonnade and a fountain. On the arch is the inscription: "More than her gates, the city opens her heart to you." Within the stonework is an information bureau, and visitors are invited to stop and ask questions.

The parks are emphasized in Minneapolis as in few cities, and the people use them, too. Nowhere did I see the familiar warning, "Keep Off the Grass."

The park authorities own hundreds of canoes, and there are many thousands of private canoes in and around the city. Along the shores I saw racks that held up a couple of thousand. One young man told me that at least ten thousand girls in Minneapolis knew how to paddle, and that thousands could run a power boat or navigate an ice-yacht. A girl in Minneapolis who doesn't know how to swim loses caste. The lakes are only a few minutes away from the offices, and the beaches are quite as much of a habit as dinner.

Swimming is taught by the Board's teachers, free. There is a roof-garden for three thousand people if they don't care to swim. Not only are boating and fishing allowed on all the lakes, but the city stocks the waters, rents boats and tackle, and sells bait. Individual boat owners can have the use of racks at four dollars a year.

In proportion to the population, the parks of Minneapolis are said to exceed in acreage those of any other city in America. There is an acre of park for every one hundred persons, and one acre out of every ten in Minneapolis is park land. The playground idea has been developed also.

BESIDES, the Park Commissioners operate several launches on three of the lakes that lie so close to the heart of the city, and you can make a tround trip of eleven miles for twenty-five cents, passing close to shores lined with fine homes.

Here in Minneapolis the girls join in fishing and hunting more than they do in most sections, and they aren't prudish about wearing khaki trousers and hunters' jackets. On the outskirts of town I encountered a dozen young women on horseback, riding astride and taking the fences and ditches.

The girls out there don't stay indoors winters because of the cold, but join in the skating, skiing, tobogganing, curling, motoring and horse racing on the

Minneapolis has risen out of the sawdust of her early lumbering industry into a city that is beautiful, cultured and polished

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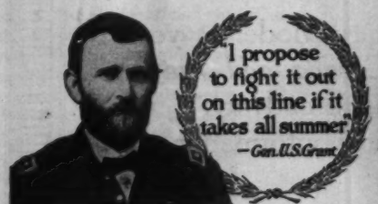

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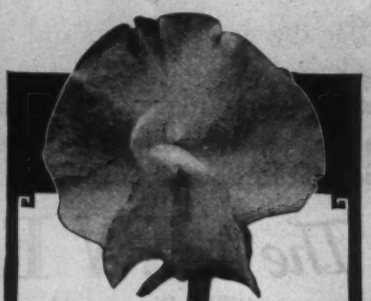

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ice. There are regular weekly matinées of this sort. Here is one great city, at least, where the cutter is still largely in evidence, for usually there are three months of sleighing.

And here I ought to mention St. Paul's ice carnival and winter sports, for this is the time when perhaps the two cities mix as they seldom do otherwise. All St. Paul goes over to Minneapolis and parades in carnival costume, and Minneapolis goes to St. Paul. Each city roots for its own community.

And certainly there were evidences that this city had become a great centre of culture. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra gives fifty concerts a winter in the Twin Cities. This orchestra, which stands among the best of American musical organizations, is the product of a typical kind of public spirit you find out there. It was promoted and is maintained through the efforts of E. L. Carpenter, a prominent lumber man who, like many another Minneapolis resident, is inclined to use his money along altruistic lines. He promoted and guaranteed a fund of $75,000 a year.

His brother, E. J. Carpenter, stands quite as conspicuously in connection with the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts, with its notable gallery. These influences have brought schools of art and music, so that the northwest farmer or business man very often doesn't care to look beyond Minneapolis when his son or daughter reaches the age for advanced training.

Half a dozen men were pointed out to me as examples of those who had made fortunes in the northwestern states and had come to Minneapolis to build new homes and put their children in school, and to avail themselves of the social opportunities, theatrical attractions, and the highly developed cosmopolitan life.

As I drove about the city various beautiful houses were shown me as indicative of what this class of people means to a city. Several hundred families of this sort come to Minneapolis every year. The prairie towns of Montana, the forests of Wisconsin, the wheat fields of the Dakotas, and the cornfields of Nebraska are represented in the splendid homes I saw.

Some cities are swallowed by the floodtide of their industrialism, so that civic thinking plays small part and individual materialism runs riot. These are the unlovely cities, where there is no joy of life except in the grime of greed. But Minneapolis has shown us that a city may be both industrial and esthetic—may hold a commanding place in business and still be altruistic; may be quiet and calm, and still be helping to win the great war.

No city in the country is more interesting just now than Washington. Franklin P. Adams has written an illuminating article on the Capitol city, full of humor and common sense

The Super-War — *Continued from page 11*

and destroy the submarines themselves at their bases. Military authorities say we can do this by building immense fleets of airplanes, which means that the decisive victory in this war may not be a land victory or a sea victory, but a victory in the air; and it is fitting that America (where the airplane was invented) shall win such a victory.

Unless America can win this decisive air victory within the next twelve months, it may be too late to save the world from an appalling climax of super-war!

This is true even if the present struggle ends in a stalemate, for, in that event, the evil day will be only postponed for a generation and our children will have to face the horrors of a super-war that we will have passed on to them. Which means a Prussian victory, inasmuch as the whole world will then be forced to adopt Prussian military methods, to devote its best energies and resources to creating Prussian super-cannon, Prussian super-aircraft, Prussian super-submarines, Prussian super-devilishness of every kind in preparation for the inevitably impending Prussian super-war; for one thing is certain, that *the issue between Prussianism and democracy must be fought out to a finish either now or later!*

Consider these facts: Men must get along with what this earth provides. If they waste or destroy its food supply, its fuel supply, its metal supply, it is evident they cannot get any more from the moon or from the planets, when these are gone. If thirty or forty million men devote all their energies, year after year, to killing and mutilating one another, to blotting out their most precious possessions, their cities and homes, their schools and churches, their farms and vineyards, their mines, forests and ships — in short, the bulwarks of their progress and prosperity — it will be a poor satisfaction, when these are gone and they face the ultimate problem of race survival, for them to say: "We only killed and mutilated our enemies, we only destroyed our enemies' possessions, we only wrecked our enemies' civilization."

Oh, my fellow Americans, is it not plain that all other issues sink into insignificance beside this one supreme issue: Shall the earth henceforth be peopled by free men or by slaves? Shall the struggles and aspirations of our honored ancestors have been in vain? Shall the activities of earth-dwellers for centuries to come be held under Prussian domination? Pacifists, socialists, is that what you desire? Seditious editors, school teachers, senators (only a few, thank God!) is that what you desire? Irish agitators, soap-box orators, is that what you desire? I. W. W. conspirators and wreckers, is that what you desire? No! You have not reflected, you have not realized *why*, in this hour of world agony, we Americans must stand together, all of us, and putting forth every ounce of our strength, giving all we have, forgetting for the present all lesser differences, all grievances and conflicting ambitions, we must end this war by winning it before it grows into super-war; for, just as war is hell, so super-war is super-hell, and as surely as God Almighty lets His sunshine fall upon us, it is within the power of the American people to save the world from this inconceivable disaster. Other questions we will settle later on and settle them right — labor questions, socialist questions, Irish questions, rich and poor questions, general disarmament questions; but now we must win this War!

Mr. Moffett is investigating famous spy stories for McClure's, and almost immediately his first great work will appear

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 18*

breakfasted at noon these days. When he came to Thatch's embarrassed, carefully worded excuses, he was hot all over. That meddling fool of a woman — why couldn't she let his affairs alone? Then, as the last words and the last explanations on the page met his eye, he forgot everything else. He laid the sheet down, and stared blindly through the window. Thatch was going to be married.

Queer that that should make him feel so awful. He had always known that Thatch was a man — that he could earn his living and marry his girl. Yet he hadn't any idea how he got through his dressing and downstairs. It was Sunday. Madeline called him in and asked him to have coffee with her, in the room with its usual litter of Sunday papers. She hardly let him get settled in his chair before she stuck a San Vicente *Messenger* at him with a notice of Thatch's coming marriage.

"Yes, I know." He pushed it away.

"Well, here — I bet you didn't know about this!" She dived down to fish up a *Call*, and gave it to him folded to show the pictures of Zoe Haslett and Pretty Consadine side by side. Sensational headlines announced their elopement. Details of the fury of both families were dragged out and played up for all they were worth.

He sat in Madeline Kaylor's overfurnished little sitting-room, with the Sunday papers fluttering around his knees like dry leaves, and Madeline running into the kitchenette to get his coffee, coming back to serve it, looking into his face to demand, laughing "Penny for your thoughts," and defended himself with, "I wasn't thinking about anything."

Pret and Zoe, Thatch and Alma Bruckner, himself and Lynnie!

"I believe you were in love with that girl," Madeline pouted as she set the tray down.

"What girl? Zoe?"

Madeline's face cleared at his tone. Julian drank his coffee, taking refuge in the war news from her and her insistence.

"My goodness!" looking over his shoulder as she filled his cup afresh, "I get enough of that in real life, without reading about it in the papers. French reservists called to the colors yesterday."

She carried the coffee-pot back to the stove, talking all the time. Julian heard, without noting. French reservists called to the colors — yes, and again came that suggestion, they needed chauffeurs over there, to drive ambulances. They weren't allowed to enlist men openly in the United States — but — As always, when he got so far, the thought broke off. He couldn't leave the country where Lynnie was.

WHEN the Exposition opened in February they got the reverberation from it down on Pacific Street in an increased flow of tourist slumming parties. Julian more than once picked out of the crowd visitors from San Vicente or Las Reudas: young fellows he had known personally, sometimes men whom he had seen with his father, or about town. Yet the pianist is not a prominent feature in a dance-hall.

So he sat one night toward the small hours, looking out over the big, noisy, clamorous place, hardly seeing it any more, barely noticing the girls who hovered along the railing near the big entrance, when finally those swinging doors parted to let in a figure that gave him a shock. Middle-aged, loosely-built, superbly dressed, he was a distinguished, ugly-looking customer. This was Cass Hardwick, from San Vicente, his father's legal man.

At first Julian was in a panic; he could scarcely go on playing. The man lounged about in the Centralia for hours, buying drinks for the girls, dancing occasionally, jollying them, looking anything but the keen, efficient lawyer he was. Julian's hands got over their first chill; but he was on a strain as long as Hardwick was in the room.

It was about a month later that he glanced out across the room one night, well into the small hours, to see Pret Consadine and three or four of the crowd he trailed with come in. Pret was pallid drunk, the odd, dancing light of madness in his blue eyes that the right amount of drink always brought there. The girls swarmed to them. Julian slammed ahead with his one-step; he lost sight of Pret and his bunch. Nearly fifteen minutes later he was aware of someone stopping at the end of the instrument, holding to it, staring; there was Pret, a girl hanging to each arm. He shook them both off, leaned a little closer to the piano, plainly getting his eyes to focus.

"By God — I know who you are!" he said unsteadily. Then, "Come a-along and have a drink. Take one-a these girls — I got too many girls."

"Thank you," Julian answered without intermitting a beat, "I have to play now, Pret. I'm hired here."

Pret threw back his head and laughed wildly. "Hired!" he screeched. "If that ain't the best joke! You — hired to play the piano in Big Murphy's! What does he give you, Mac? Come on — I'll buy you out — and we'll make a night of it — what?"

The girls, standing by, stared.

"That's all right, Pret," Julian thumped steadily. "Nobody here just now to take my place. Some other time —— But don't use my name," Julian cautioned.

"What? Wha —? Oh, all right. Traveling incog — " his voice lurched, " — nito. All right. Jus' 's you say!"

The girls closed in on Pret again; he went wavering on with them. Julian sat at the piano and slugged mechanically. Good thing his hands were trained to act of themselves. The thinking part of him continually escaped to another time — another place. . . . Turning in at the Loma Prieta gate, Lynnie beside him in the roadster; Pret's white speedster sheering past so close it seemed he must take off a mudguard; smell of beach apple; treble and bass of surf. Thump — slam — shrill cries and lights — Big Murphy's dance-hall sounded and shone vaguely on the edge of an inner consciousness that was taking him up to the Forest Lodge, that sat down with Lynnie at a table outside its window and heard the others inside there talking. . . . Zoe and Pret holding apart from the crowd — really in love. . . . Well, they'd married. . . . He glanced far down the room at that grimacing, screeching, wild-eyed, shameful apparition — a bridegroom of a month. Poor Zoe!

"Don't tear it off so fast, kid," a soft voice admonished from Murphy's recess. "You'll have 'em winded."

Rose Daggett — meeting no success it seemed — had come and leaned on the piano across from Julian, jeering:

"Look at 'em! See Anita hanging onto that little rotter. Just you wait till Danish Sam gets in here — there'll be doings! His boat's in; Anita knows it well enough; she just can't bear to let easy money get away from her."

Anita, a dance-hall girl, and Danish Sam who was frenziedly jealous of her — Pretty, who had been married a month ago, and now came down to stir up that jealousy — Julian shrugged it off. It was no concern of his.

Tinketty-tunk — play the piano — that was what he was hired for — not to think! Sometimes, on nights like this, the noise and the lights and the smells all hummed and blazed and reeked together till it was like the numbing of an anesthetic. He invoked that now. It held him — and his hands kept up the dance measure — even through an outburst of cries, shots, the herding of the dancers to one end of the room. The thing that broke through was a stinging, burning pang in his side. After it a discordant crash of the piano keys as his head hit them — or did the keyboard fly up and strike his forehead? Nothing more for a time.

DOWN on the floor — a vague feeling of hands pulling at him — the shrill, yapping cries of the girls. The room seemed to open and shut like a concertina. Why was he on the floor? How did he get there? When the room opened and shut that way the noise opened and shut, too — loud and low, loud and low. Something hurt him somewhere — oh, it was in his side. Rose Daggett squalled at them to get away and let him have air. Yes — they crowded in like animals — he was afraid they'd step on him.

He looked straight up past them all to the ceiling of redwood beams and paneling. Little spirals of smoke curled about up there. The lights made queer lanes through it. And straight down one of those lanes came a little blue gingham girl. He watched her walking there in the air down to him, over the heads of the others, as she'd walked toward him through the field of wild-flowers.

Suddenly Pret's face out of all the others, bending over him, white, sober, Pret's voice, shaking, whispering, but sober, too: "God, Mac — has that fool killed you?"

There were policemen over yonder making an arrest. He saw a man with a smoking pistol in his hand — Danish Sam. But the way that heavy lock of hair fell across his forehead — the lift of his lip that showed a gleam of white teeth, though — who was he like? Oh, Tony De Vega!

Then it didn't seem to be Murphy's dance-hall, quite. It was partly the Portugee dance in Siloam Valley, and De Vega with a gun. He closed his eyes for a moment; when he opened them again, there in the middle of the place, pushing through the crowd, were white-jacketed men with a stretcher. He was being lifted to it. Wow, they hurt him!

The jarring of the ambulance, the lifting out, a white-capped nurse in a corridor. He was on a bed or a table or something; there was the familiar smell of ether, then a great sea of ease and release, out of which he was dragged by the doctor probing for the bullet. He fought with that, and it seemed quite a time till he was in a cot somewhere, and a nurse was hanging up a card over it.

[*To be continued*]

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By no other process are whole grains so fitted for food as by this.

With Fruit

In Milk

The Touch on His Shoulder

[*Continued from page 21*]

I understand," said the old man, shaking his head. "It is hard for you. Remember, you are the captain of your soul! There is a good deal in that, son!"

And he was off through the crowd. Von Egger laughed bitterly. "I am the master of my fate — I am the captain of my soul." He ran over the familiar lines:

> "Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods there be
> For my unconquerable soul."

"Lucky dogs!"

Von Egger looked at his watch and hurried on. He had telephoned he would meet Number 7836 at the northwest corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway. That meant Fifty-second Street, five blocks south — what they called their "safety-block" system of telephoning; there was no telling who might be "listening in" while they talked.

As he approached the Fifty-second Street corner he sought Number 7836, who should be in view. They synchronized their watches, so there would be no waiting, which would invite disaster. He caught sight of Number 7836 in the crowd ahead of him, and quickened his pace. So did Number 7836. Number 7836 passed the corner of their tryst, continued on, and soon was lost to sight.

"What does he see? Does someone watch?" thought von Egger. He looked furtively about. All the faces seemed friendly. Yet undoubtedly Number 7836 had seen something to alarm him, to hasten his flight. Von Egger kept straight on. Orders were explicit on that point. He had made the orders himself. One must never wait — because one must never be late. He made his way back to his headquarters.

The sign on his door told the world that this was an employment agency. As a matter of fact, he shared the suite with a Hungarian and a renegade Pole, whose business was to find employment for such of their countrymen as they could induce to give up positions in American munitions plants.

Affairs were humming in his own corner. In a little room at one side sat a tawdry looking mess of men, young, old, slick and slouchy. Ill at ease, they examined each other beneath their lowered lids suspiciously; they were impatient to be off. But they had come there with merchandise to sell, and they would drive a hard bargain.

Von Egger stood in the doorway, critically appraising the catch of the last twenty-four hours. There were Spaniards, Swedes, Dutch, Italians, Danes, Mexicans — all with citizenship papers they were willing to part with, at a price. And at a price, too, they would take out a passport, and sell the finished article along with their identity. When it came to the passports, von Egger managed the fine points. He suggested that they go abroad to sell hay, to close an estate, to buy noodles — any excuse that would go down with the dunderheads at Washington. The fixed price for citizenship papers in good order was twenty dollars in hand paid; for passports, from twenty dollars to fifty dollars, on the nail. That is, these figures were the first price. It had been von Egger's experience on going home nights to have some one of these worthies step out of a dark shadow, to first entreat, then threaten darkly. Every mother's son of these scoundrels could send him to jail with a word, and they made the most of it. He was paying through the nose. Among them, the first payment was but a drop in the bucket; if they were skilled, it looked like an annuity. Yet through these, and such as these, he had accumulated hundreds, thousands of passports.

He stepped across the hall. Here was another room, with a separate exit to the street. This was filled with another class of men. Von Egger called them his "aspirants." They came from the ends of the earth — Valparaiso, Chihuahua, Singapore, Samoa, Sydney — passed on through one Teuton consul to another, until finally they were here — aspiring. They were reservists, to whom the high seas were closed. They must borrow an identity before they could crawl through the close net of the *damner Englischer schwein* and join the colors. So rightly were the passport regulations drawn these days that an aspirant must find his double in a neutral willing to submit his honor to trade and barter. That was von Egger's task.

There were perhaps a score of aspirants in the second room — not a very pleasing sight, not very flattering to God's idea of man — but they were of the stuff that the Imperial German Empire was made of — and that was sufficient.

Von Egger crooked his finger six times, and six men stepped forward. He examined each in turn from all angles — the color of his eyes, the number of his teeth, his height, weight, everything. From time to time he slipped away and peered into the other room. He finally fitted these six, at least to his own satisfaction, with passable doubles from the other group. Occasionally he ordered the elision of a mustache, a change in dress; here it was a hair-cut, the embellishment of a scar, which effected the likeness. Then each of the six aspirants was given opportunity to study the manner of his double. In due course, with his borrowed identity and passports, he would take passage on some neutral boat, and be smuggled through the blockade to report for duty at Home. Six was a fair average, a good day.

When for the twentieth time von Egger peered through the crack in the door on his renegades, his eyes suddenly riveted themselves on one figure. It was that of a man about twenty-eight, fair, with blue eyes, a slight mustache, and erect carriage of the head and body; he had a certain air in the wearing of his clothes. Von Egger had a vague though disturbing sense of recognition. What was this unfamiliar familiarity in the lines of that face and form? He studied the man for an instant longer before he turned away. Later, as if by accident, he passed in front of this person.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Martin," answered the other without hesitation. "Silas P. Martin."

"English?"

"Native American."

"So? What brought you here?"

"The devil drives," replied the native American, with a wry smile.

A clerk came in, looking frightened. He whispered to von Egger that von G., the attaché, was in the inner office waiting for him.

"You dream!" gasped von Egger, incredulous.

"Yes, I dream — a nightmare! Of flesh and blood. Himself, in person."

It was true. The attaché sat in the inner room, impatiently drumming on a table. "Well! And how goes it with the little Yankee von Egger?" in a strange tone.

"It goes well!" said von Egger ner-

vously. He wondered why the attaché had come here, against all rules and understanding. It must be something vital, or the *Oberst* would not risk himself. "It goes well!" repeated von Egger. "Six on the *Espagne* Tuesday; thirteen on the *Noordam* for Rotterdam Wednesday; twenty-four on the *Pompeii* Friday. That brings the total to six seventy-three. And six more today that fit as neatly as a dovetail."

"You didn't keep your appointment at Fifty-Second street this noon," said the attaché, eyeing the young lawyer coldly.

"No."

"Another did. I with my own eyes saw him."

"Who was it?" asked the young man breathlessly. "I looked about but could see nothing."

"That is because you are blind in both eyes. It was Facey, himself."

"Facey?" repeated von Egger dully. "Who is he?"

Von G. stared hard at the corner of the room, and repeated as if calling for witness of the idiocy of the question: "Who is he? He is one of 'them.' Even the greatest among them. It is a compliment to our little Yankee von Egger if this one deigns to look at him."

One of "them"! "They" were the mysterious enemies of this business; all the time they could be felt, but not seen, watching. Von Egger lived in mortal terror of "them." And this was even the greatest.

"But it goes well!" he said, stoutly, seeking courage.

"Yes," said von G., yawning. "It goes well!" He laughed shortly. "Doctor Stark has been taken by the English."

"Good God!"

"You bungled there," went on the attaché with sneering deliberation. "Stark is a gabby. He will talk. It is bad! You bungle everywhere! I will be so good as to show you the a-b-c of your business, which you do not know."

Von G. took from a package an instrument of brass and mahogany. While he was attaching it to the telephone he said over his shoulder: "This is a Wheatstone Bridge — a tester. Now, telephone to somebody," he ordered. "Anybody. Your wife's cousin in Brooklyn. She is harmless enough. Ask her how go the babies. Listen, von Egger. Watch this needle. If there is no eavesdropper when you ask how go the babies, this needle stays at zero. It is so calibrated. If there is an eavesdropper, if someone is listening in on your wire, the needle goes to point five. Proceed."

"I am so lonesome," said von Egger in the telephone. "How goes it with you and the babies?"

The needle was standing at point five. Von G. was smiling maliciously.

"So-so," said the girl, at the other end of the wire. "I have a letter from Elsa. I am afraid she is not happy. You should not have let her go away."

Von Egger, very pale, hung up the receiver.

"You see," said von G., fixing his cold eye upon von Egger. "They listen to you; they dog your steps; when you say Brooklyn Bridge they know you mean the Grand Central, and they wait there for you. And you do not know it! You have no eyes; you have no sense. What is six hundred and seventy-three aspirants? One hundred thousand are still to go, and still you bungle."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked the young lawyer desperately.

"Do? What do I wish you to do?" The voice of von G., a family friend, a fireside friend, had grown steely. "Von Egger, you take the matter altogether too lightly. You ought — for God's sake!— to disappear."

"But why? Things go well!" he pleaded wildly.

"If you should disappear," went on von G., "it would put a stop to all investigation in this direction."

"It would be a great convenience to him if I would kill myself," von Egger was thinking. "After he and his people have robbed me of all I possess,— my career,— and my happiness — after they have contrived to break my wife's heart — they come to me and tell me that I am a bungler — about to be caught — that if I am caught alive, it will injure a worthy undertaking! Therefore I am to kill myself! It is preposterous!"

Aloud he said: "You have authority to give me my *congé*?"

"Yes; your connection with the work ceases now."

"And my successor? Am I to instruct him in nothing?"

"Nothing. You will come out with me now," said the attaché rising, hat in hand. "If there are any trifles here you value, gather them together in a small bundle, and be quick about it." He looked at his watch. "I have an appointment at four, and I must see this through first."

Von Egger, overcome by a strange stupor of inaction, was fumbling among the things on his desk.

"You will want this," said von G., picking up an automatic from a drawer open in front of him. "And this — and this — and this." He studiously avoided looking at von Egger. "Is there anything else? Come. I have no time for idling."

Together they passed into the hall. At the door stood a blond giant with dustpan and broom. He appeared to be a janitor, but he was more than that. Von G. turned to him.

"This man," he said, indicating von Egger, with a jerk of his thumb, "is not to enter here again. You will see to that personally."

In the street the attaché entered his cab and drove off without a word of adieu.

"LUCKY dogs!" muttered the unhorsed conspirator, as he started ahead. Von Egger was snatching at some vague notion, out of the air. Something led his feet back to that show-window where the newspaper halftone of No-Man's Land hung, to attract the eyes of the curious. He stared at it vacantly, for minutes on end. These at least had something to die for — glory, for whatever that might be worth. And forevermore they would be wept, honored, and sung. Gradually an incoherent rage overcame him. These inanimate shapes whose spent souls had won everlasting peace — what had they done to deserve so rare a sanctification in the hearts of men! What had they sacrificed? Life, yes. A cheap thing. Why, just now, von G., an old and tried friend, a fireside friend, had casually intimated that von Egger toss his life away, as an inexpensive means of preserving a worthy undertaking. In Armageddon, man's life is the cheapest of his possessions. He laughed outright, a harsh laugh that frightened him.

"And I —" he said. "I — I have broken my wife's heart!"

This was the greatest of his crimes. He had destroyed his own honor. He had blasted the future of his children. His career as an indiviudal — that was a remote, unreal thing of the past, now. A foolish dream that had at one time stirred him until he had almost believed it real. The poor wight had essayed to direct his own destiny, when the State trained others to do just that thing so much better. Well, they had done it. Von G., and the Geheimrath, and His Excellency — and his own private feudal lord, the old Count who was now a full secretary no doubt plastered

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all over with decorations. They had reduced him to the very depths of ignominy; taught him to school his wits in untold infamy; given him for associates renegades, cut-throats and blackmailers. He had been born noble; his instincts were noble, both in his strength and his weakness. They had burned him out — no doubt some other clean decent chap, with ideals and ambitions, would be occupying his desk in a day or two; and, in the end, this one too would be tossed aside, swept out, after they had stripped him — to save the worthy undertaking — with no tears to mourn him, nothing left except the cheapest of his possessions.

The gorge rose in him. These feudal lords and gentlemen! His fathers! With their decorations, their vaunted impious fellowship with God, and their bloody hands! Were they not glutted with the misery and desolation they had wreaked on the world, but they must profane the souls of their own children?

Yet he was one of them — else he would not now be a mote in the wastage of the horrible mediæval system his fathers sought to chain on the world.

Von Egger came to himself with a start. His mind adjusted itself slowly. But now he was calm, with that strange tranquillity of one who has nothing left to hope. Little remained to be done. He would go through the form of making a last appeal to His Excellency. This distinguished personage and his suite had been brought to town only that morning, and were quartered at the Biltmore. There von Egger presented himself. They let him pass until he came to a desk in an outer room. At the desk sat a young man who had been a classmate with him at Bonn. The young man made no effort to conceal his surprise at sight of von Egger.

"What! You, too, Karl?" said von Egger.

The young man averted his eyes; he took in von Egger's card, and a moment later came out. He shook his head, and turned to another waiting caller.

Von Egger took himself off. His Excellency had been ready enough to patronize him in the old days, because of the great Count at Home. Now they seemed to regard him as a dead man, indecent enough to come back and call.

As he approached his home, the erstwhile trader in passports caught sight of the customary brood lying in wait. He turned on his heel. He would never enter that house again.

"If I could only see her again! Even if she couldn't see me," he murmured.

Ten o'clock found him ringing the doorbell of a dirty shanty in the suburb of Eltonia. Mean and shabby as the place was, yet a Christmas wreath hung in the grimy window, for this was the holiday season. Silas P. Martin, the man he sought, had just come in.

"I have something important to say to you — a rare chance," von Egger explained, to this loathsome creature who so curiously resembled himself. "Is there some place we can go?"

Martin, cunning and cupidity shining in his eyes, led him through dark streets to a low saloon, and they sat down in a corner, heads together.

"You have your passport?"

"Yes."

"And birth certificate?"

"Yes; but not at your fire-sale prices. A man can't quite sell his soul for twenty dollars."

Von Egger laughed easily.

"They do it every day in the week," he replied. "But I am not buying tonight. I have a commission for you. It will pay handsomely. That is, if you are a brave man. Are you?"

The renegade made an ugly grimace. Von Egger produced a fat envelope; this he handed to his companion with these words:

"You are buying rust-proof steel. That will carry you to Sheffield. These are orders — bona fide orders — from real firms. You can see for yourself. You will sail Thursday on the *Eric*. Keep your mouth. Don't be drawn into political discussion among the passengers. I suspect that your sympathies are not so acute that you would lose your head if you chanced to overhear a remark damning to the cause. Eh?"

The renegade's reply was a leer. His ideals would not torment him.

"You will go in through Liverpool," continued von Egger. "You will observe the approaches of the harbor, and set the details down in your memory beyond the possibility of error. Note the conditions on the Mersey River. Contrive to visit Dungeness, and discover what war craft are on the way there. Report to the official — whose name you will receive from me — in London. Secure a dozen or so trunks, and have them plastered with English tags. Then go through Holland and cross the frontier. You will be met by a person who will exact a detailed report. Does this thrill you?"

"What is there in it?" asked Silas P. Martin.

Von Egger took out a roll of money. He peeled off two big bills.

"This is for preliminary expenses," he explained as he passed the money across the table. "There will be a thousand dollars paid down Thursday morning; and another thousand when you complete your journey. Keep a close tab of expenses. Anything you spend will be refunded. We will have another drink to bind the bargain."

Von Egger clapped his hands for the waiter, and, when the drinks were quaffed to the success of the undertaking of these two fallen wretches, as a point of honor which could not be overlooked, the young lawyer thrust his hands in his pockets, leaned back in his chair, and waited. It was only a moment. Silas P. Martin fell over on the table in a sudden stupor. Swiftly von Egger went through him. The passport, the birth certificate, and the fat envelope.

"I am more skilled at this business than I suspected," he admitted grimly, as he slipped out into the night. He sprang aboard a trolley car that carried him into the wilds of New Jersey before it came to a stop. He got down and walked until morning. He came on a roadhouse, had breakfast, called for a room and writing things. He wrote:

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Allow me most obediently to put before you, the following facts:

It seems an attempt will be made to produce the impression on you that I prematurely abandoned my post in New York. That is not true.

1. My work was done. At my departure I left the service well organized and worked out to the minutest detail, with the necessary directions to hold in check the blackmailers thrown on my hands by the German officers until after the passage of my travelers through Gibraltar. Without my suitable preliminary labors, in which I left no conceivable means untried, and in which I took not the slightest consideration of my weal or woe, it would be impossible for my successor, or for Mr. von G. to forward officers and aspirants in any number whatever to Europe. This merit I lay claim to. And the occurrences of the last few days have unfortunately compelled me, out of sheer self-respect, to emphasize this to your Excellency.

2. The motives which induced me to leave New York are as follows:

a. I knew the State Department had for weeks withheld a passport application forged by me. Why?

b. Before my departure I learned from Mr. von G. that Dr. Stark had fallen into the hands of the English. That gentleman's forged papers were liable to come back any day, and could, chiefly through the lack of caution on his part, easily be traced to me.

c. Officers and aspirants of the class which I had to forward over, namely the vulgar people, saddled me with a lot of criminals and blackmailers whose eventual revelations were liable to bring about, any day, the explosion of the bomb.

d. Mr. von G. urged — ordered — me to hide myself — to — for God's sake! — disappear — told me that I was taking the matter altogether too lightly — that my eventual arrest might injure a worthy undertaking, and that my disappearance would probably put a stop to all investigation in this direction.

How urgent it was for me to go away was shown by the fact that two hours after my departure detectives who had followed up my telephone calls hunted up my wife's harmless and unsuspecting cousin (female) in Brooklyn, and subjected her to an interrogatory.

Mr. von G. and the Geheimrath told my wife that I forced myself forward to do this work. That is not true. When I heard of this order for the first time I objected, and represented to the gentlemen that my entire livelihood, which I had created for myself in America by six years of labor, was at stake therein. I have no other means, and although the Geheimrath said my practise was not worth talking about, it sufficed nevertheless to decently support myself and wife, and to build my future on.

I have finally, at the suasion of the old Count, undertaken it, ready to sacrifice my future and that of my wife. I have, in order to reach my goal, despite infinite difficulties, destroyed everything that I built up here for myself and wife. I have perhaps been awkward sometimes, but always full of good will. And I now travel back to Germany with the consciousness of having done my duty as well as I understood it, and of having accomplished my task.

With expressions of the most exquisite of consideration, I am, Your Excellency's,

Very respectfully,

ETHELBERT VON EGGER.

He began another letter, addressed cryptically: "Dear Us:" and opening: "This letter is for the event of the English nabbing me." Then followed microscopic directions for the furthering of the passport business.

He remained in hiding until Thursday morning. Then he took a train for town. He was going back — to Elsa and the children — she would take him in. The old Count must do something for him — at least put him in the first line of trenches. He was one of them, heart and soul, now.

When he went aboard the *Bergensfjord* at noon, he wondered what eyes might be watching him. There was one lean sallow-looking individual who seemed to examine him with languid interest. Von Egger told himself that he had seen this person before. He could not tell where. Maybe it was Facey — even the greatest of "them." Possibly. But this person did not act like a hound on his quarry. The all-ashore bell rang, the decks were cleared, the ship drifted into mid-stream with nosing tugs fore and aft; soon they passed Liberty; then the Narrows; then the Hook was left astern. He was safe. He bethought himself of the minute instructions he had given his six hundred and seventy-three aspirants. They were to hold themselves aloof; not let themselves be drawn into conversation; avoid political discussion of all kinds, even among themselves; on no account let their natural sympathies get the better of their calm; also to act as much as possible in the person of their alias. They were to avail themselves of the excuse of sea-sickness for privacy. Von Egger was deathly sick. Alas! like Silas P. Martin, whose name and passports he wore, he had no ideals to burst into fire at some overheard word.

"Whitaker," said Facey — even the the greatest among them — to his confrère, "you recollect von Egger? The chap I nursed so carefully aboard the *Bergensfjord* — good riddance!"

"Oh, very well. I always felt sorry for the poor devil," said Whitaker. "He had everything a man could wish for — birth, breeding, prospects, and pride — I mean our kind of pride, old Iron-face. But the long arm of the Junkers was long enough to reach out and reclaim him. When they milked him dry, they kicked him out. What's happened, anyway?"

"What should happen? I mean, to preserve the entities."

"Well," said Whitaker, "seeing his over-lords have stripped him of everything he had — turned him into a cheap crook and a forger — made him an adept with knock-out drops — left him nowhere to turn but Home, where they don't want him — well, to fill the measure of poetic justice, it seems to me they ought to submarine him."

"That's exactly what they have done."

"What!"

"Yes; just when he got in sight of land, where he would see his wife and children again. Look at this."

He handed a slip of paper to Whitaker It was quite true. The *Bergensfjord* was overhauled by H. M. S. *Viknor* off Kirkwall January 11, and Ethelbert von Egger, sometime rising young lawyer, protégé of Judge Henry, alias Silas P. Martin armed with commissions to buy rust-proof steel, was taken off a prisoner. The *Bergensfjord* proceeded on her way. The *Vicknor* was torpedoed by a submarine before she reached port; and von Egger was among those carried to the bottom of the sea.

Unfortunately, this is not fiction. It is founded on fact, duly recorded in archives at Washington. Von G., the Geheimrath, His Excellency, and the old Count are still alive — also (unfortunately) Elsa and the children. If the ruthless system of Prussianism that not only drenches the world in blood, but also grinds its own minions to powder, had only left Elsa tears of pride, it would not have been so bad.

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Get the necessary forms for your income statement at once from your Postmaster, or any Banker, or from your employer.

Your statement must be filed before March First.

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Where Our Boys Are Going

[Continued from page 17]

German. This one was particularly interesting because many of the wooden shafts bore the crescent of the Mahommedans and under the crescent their musical, outlandish names.

We got back into the automobile, subdued and quiet. For a few moments I did not even notice the direction we took. I was thinking those thoughts that everybody, I suppose, has been thinking since this war began—of the floods of anguish and despair which have flowed from those trenches, inundating a world. My gaze fixed itself on the pretty roadside, slid unseeingly along its green monotony, hit suddenly against——

Once it had been a house. Now it was a shell. The high, thick wall of the garden was gashed at irregular intervals. In a heap of broken stone and mortar stood a child's bed, twisted out of shape.

"Au 'voir!" they cried as we left

That's the one I remember because it was the first I saw. But they came now, thick and fast, house on house, street on street, town on town, all like that, or worse. This was the beginning of Bailly. Bailly, before the German retreat, was held partly by the French, partly by the Germans. It has paid high. We wandered about. Some of the *civils*—they had the same look wherever we met them—white, grief-stricken, broken and under-nourished—came out to survey the strangers. And in the midst of it we fell on one of those little scenes which are typical now of the invaded region. The *poilu* owner of one of these broken farms had just come back on his first *permission* to his home-town since the Germans evacuated it. Now, accompanied by his old father and mother, he was wandering about among the ruins of home, barn and out-houses. It was a desolate picture—rubble. A twisted, rusted harvester-machine pointed up all this destruction by its semblance of wholeness. He looked dazed by the shock. His old mother had recovered sufficiently to give her flashing-eyed opinion of it all. But the father did not speak.

AFTER Bailly, more devastated villages strung the road to Noyon. I did not count them. They, too, soon became the commonplace of that day's traveling. Always the *civils* looked the same. There were no young girls; the Germans had carried them off; few children; but men and women, middle-aged and old; all gaunt-faced, white, thin, tired and sad.

Between these villages, nature, who so adores and indulges France, would be at her sweetest and tenderest. Lavish with her thick, rich, moist green and equally lavish in the red of poppies, the blue of bachelor buttons, the white of daisies, she flaunted the tricolor everywhere. Then suddenly misery would show its face, the misery of broken human happiness and shattered old beauty; we were riding between piles of crushed domesticity, mocked thrift, ruined hopes. And now we were beginning to get everywhere the additional outrage of demolished churches. It brought an extra quiver that, through so many shell-holes in garden-walls, one caught glimpses of tangled, deserted gardens blooming bravely on. Yet this was not the worst country that we were to see. For this was all only the Resurrected Country. And tired and numb as the civil population was, it was beginning to take the steps that mean rehabilitation.

After Bailly, our next stop was Noyon. Noyon was a big town, which by some caprice of military tactics was spared mutilation. We stopped here to pick up the officer who, at some point in the war-zone, joins every party of invading journalists. There was necessary red tape to be gone through with. And while Madame was attending to this, we went to the big old cathedral where mass was in progress. It held a typical war-area congregation,—horizon-blue here, there, everywhere in dots, in lines, in great splashes. Coming out the Bride fell in converse with a wistful-eyed little girl of fourteen. She was living alone with her mother. When the Germans retreated they took her four grown-up sisters. No word has as yet come back from them.

THE *Place* in which we waited for our officer and our permission was a merry one. Any French *Place* is cheerful, and soldiers always add to that gaiety. We fell into conversation with a *poilu* holding a pair of horses.

The *poilu* was not, of course, confined to the villages. As much he dominated the country between. He was, in short, everywhere. He marched past us in occasional small groups. He lumbered past us on camions, whirled past us on bicycles, galloped past us on horses. One *poilu*, kneeling at a river's edge to wash his hands, nearly fell forward into the current as he caught sight of us passing on the bridge above him. Another, holding a big crowd spellbound as he played to them on his violin, lost I don't know how many notes, as he turned to stare after us. Even the Turkos turned rows of brown faces under red fezes that suddenly split into dazzling ivory smiles. The officers, of course, showed a becoming composure in the face of this invasion. They appeared not to look at us. But we looked at them. The French officer is an extraordinarily fine type, clean-cut, Latin-colored, with all his Gallic intelligence shining through his face.

Presently we came to B—— where in an English canteen garden we were to eat the picnic lunch that had been put up for us in Compiègne. I suppose most American mothers realize by this time that the soldier is not in the front

trenches all the time. He is in fact in a state of rotation; so many days in the front trenches, so many in the back. This is interrupted by a regular interval in which he is *au repos* and more infrequent ones in which he is *en permission*. B —— was filled with soldiers *au repos*. *Au repos* differs from *en permission*. It is not so satisfying. For on his *permission*, the *poilu* goes home unless unhappily his home is in that invaded region that the Germans still hold. On his *repos*, he stays in some pleasant little French village — they are all pleasant by the way — behind the French trenches. *Repos* in B ——, you may believe me, was very pleasant indeed. As we turned into the narrow little street in which the canteen stood, the news of our approach spread with miraculous speed. One after another down the long soft-gray street, windows and doors boiled with smiling, chattering, gesticulating *poilus* until the highway was banded on both sides with horizon-blue. Of course this unconscious, enthusiastic grouping offered a special temptation. Cameras appeared all over the automobile. The *poilus* crowded to get into the pictures. When the War-Correspondent suggested that he snap them with the ladies, they fought for places. And at the end, somebody rushed back for a Spahi whose picturesque draperies, in his opinion, demanded to be immortalized.

FROM B —— we ran on one side by a beautiful wood and on the other by fields. Along here we met a cyclist, tall, sunburned, his blue cloth *chasseur Alpin* cap falling off at one side. Hanging with one hand to our motor, he rode easily many miles at our side. And as he rode he talked casually about that innocent forest and those smiling fields, translating them in the terms of war. Even though I was in the war-zone, it was a shock to realize that both stood ready at any moment to belch roaring death.

Presently a sentry flashed from a shattered house, and stopped us. Across the road stretched a bar. By it hung a sign "*Passage interdit.*" The sentry said we must not pass down this road, as it was frequently bombarded. Ensued argument. Our captain pointed out that the day was so misty that it was very unlikely there would be any bombarding. His eloquence prevailed. Reluctantly the sentry permitted us to pass. And so in range of German observation — and under German guns — we sped swiftly over a long straight white road, a great rafia-*camouflage* screen minimizing our visibility at one side. As we rode our captain pointed out to us a great, glittering white mass on a distant hillside — Coucy-le-Château.

Coucy-le-Château shared with Rheims and Chartres the distinction of being one of the three most beautiful pieces of old architecture in France. It was an enormous, many-towered château that has been often compared to Camelot, romantically situated at the top of a high, sheer cliff which dominates a vast expanse of smiling country. The Germans dynamited it on their retreat. It took twenty-eight thousand kilograms of explosive and one instant of time to destroy it. That instant was a terrific burst of noise, a gigantic fan of flame — and then the whole fairy dream — walls, battlements, towers — drove down the hillside in a great white stone-dust avalanche. As we looked, a twinkle of sun set a snow-glisten in the huge white spot; then we bounded on and the world was all green again.

IN a few minutes we reached G ——. Here all the *poilus* wore trench-helmets. Gas-masks in flat tins dangled at their waists. This was pretty good evidence — the War-Correspondent informed us — that we were nearing the lines. In fact this was the nearest point we reached. Had it been a clear day, even our own amateur observation would have shown us that, for we should have long ago passed the string of *saucisses* — French observation-balloons — which in good weather hang over the trenches. Also without doubt we should have seen much aerial activity, heard many guns, witnessed perhaps the spurt of many shells. As it was, however, the blue sky looked as innocent of war as those green ridges which screened the German lines.

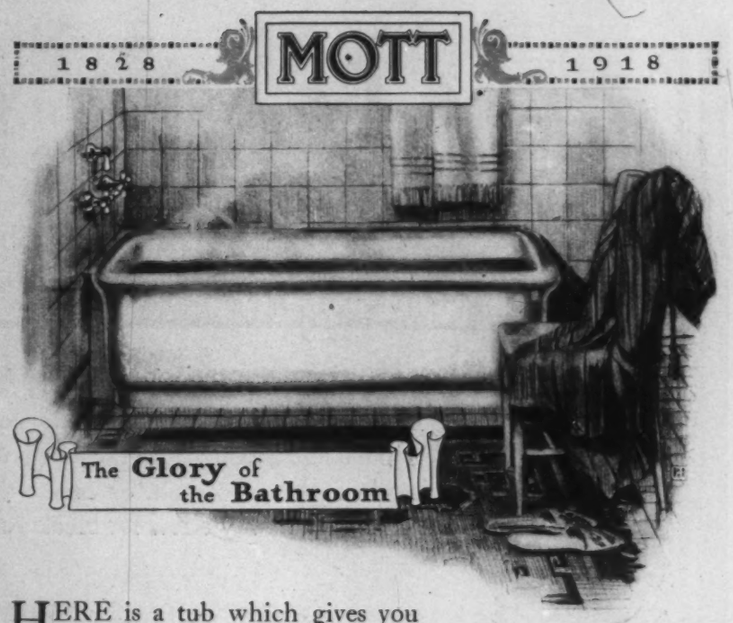
Soon after this we were flashing through another string of devastated villages, until we came to Chauny. And Chauny deserves a word. Chauny was a big town which manufactured many things, including especially mirrors.

Chauny has a strange pre-evacuation story. When the Germans decided to destroy the town, they set off one region for preservation. They gave the inhabitants rations for five days and filed them into the cellars of this section, warning them not to stir out of doors on pain of death. It was winter weather, cold and wet. There were no fires on which to cook the food. Fifty people died from the exposure in those five days, but they had to stay there, the dead mixed with the living, until the Germans left. When they emerged into the sunlight again, it was to find their whole familiar world in ruins about them.

Then we came to Roye. Roye has, of course, been photographed again and again. It has — or had — a charming little Hôtel de Ville, now a tumble of ruins.

The Bride penetrated one of the old houses that fronted the devastated *Place*. We could not get upstairs because of the wreckage, but leading straight from the entrance was an abrupt, tiny winding stairway with

We came upon officers at some of the crossroads studying maps



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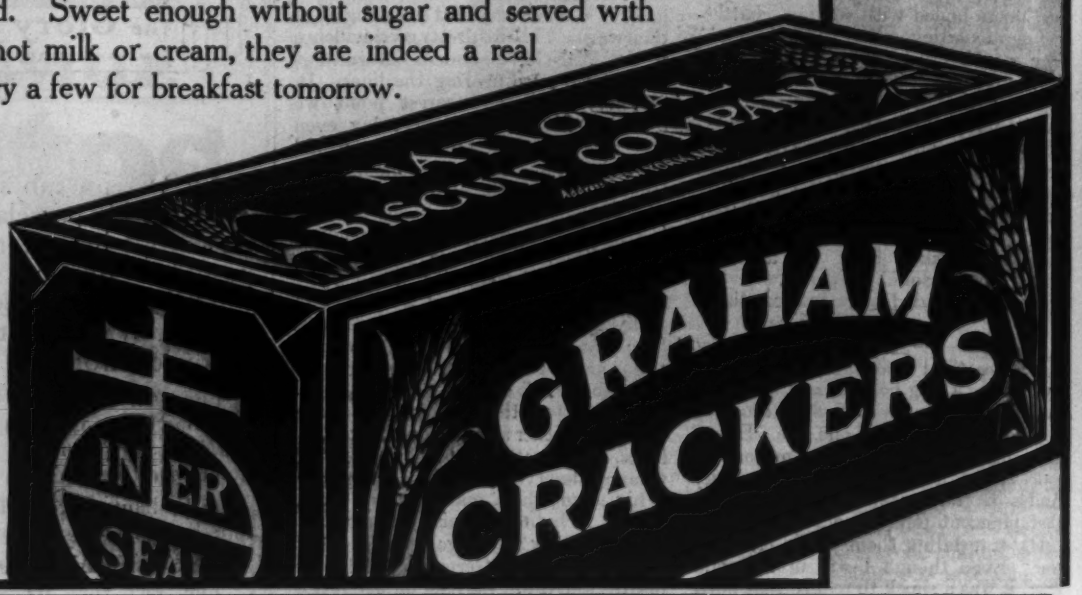

"Do They Want Smokes?"

Do They Want Them? They Need Them! They Cry for Them!

So says Arthur Guy Empey—and he knows. Empey, an American, has been in the thick of the Great War. Three times wounded in the charge across "No Man's Land", he returned to America, and by his wonderfully popular book "Over The Top" and his lectures in all the great halls of the East, he has given hundreds of thousands of his countrymen a man-to-man picture of what the heroes of this war are enduring.

He tells you here an experience he had while lying wounded in the base hospital at Rouen. In the bed to his left was a "Jock", a Scottie from the Fifteenth Royal Scots, or "ladies from hell", as Fritz lovingly calls them. To his right four orderlies had just brought from the operating room a Canadian soldier, with both hands amputated at the wrists, and blind from the explosion of a German bomb.

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
the soldier who appeals for Smokes for American Soldiers in France.

THE CANADIAN asked in a piteous voice, "Why is it so dark?" Then he shouted in a terror stricken voice: "I know! I know! They've put my lights out! Good God, I'm blind! I'm blind! My eyes are gone—gone—gone"— And his voice died out in a long sob.

Three doctors came through and held a low voiced consultation. Two of them left; one stayed.

The Jock whispered to me: "Poor bloke! He's going west. I know the signs."

The dying man began to mutter. The nurse bent over him. She had a writing pad and a pencil in her hand. She whispered to him: "Dearie, the mail is going out. Do you want me to write a note home to the folks—just a short note telling them that you are all right and will be with them in a couple of months?"

The patient answered:

"Home? Folks? I've never had any since I was a kid. Home! God, I wish I had one!"

The writing pad in the nurse's hand was wet. The bandage on my shoulder was wet. Perhaps the blood was soaking through. But blood is red.

The voice of the wounded man again: "I want—want—I want a"——

The nurse: "What do you want, boy? What can I get for you—a nice cool drink?"

The answer came back:

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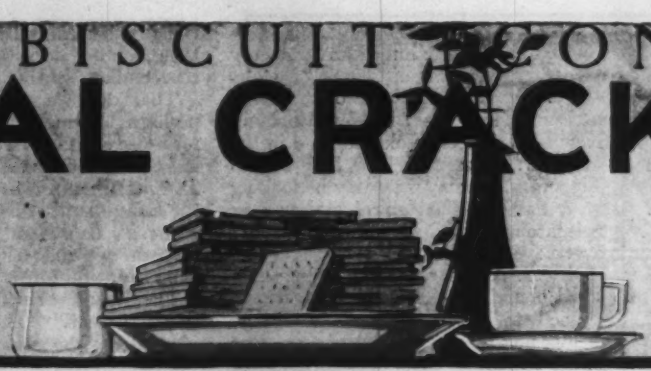
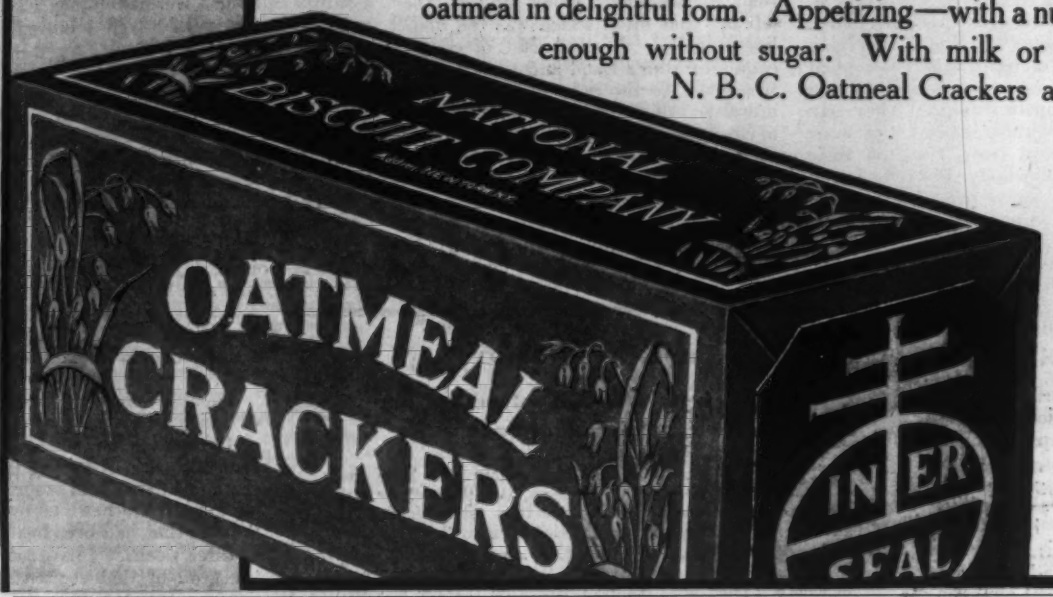


With Hot Milk

Just the breakfast food you need these cold, snappy mornings. Nutritious—oatmeal in delightful form. Appetizing—with a nut-like flavor. Sweet enough without sugar. With milk or cream, hot or cold, N. B. C. Oatmeal Crackers are more than good.



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P.S. Uneeda Biscuit

"A drink? Hell, no; I want a smoke! Where's my makings? I want a fag—a smoke—a smoke!"

She looked at the doctor. He nodded. She left the patient and came over to me. I felt as if I were in the presence of God. She whispered to me: "Have you a cigarette, my dear, for that poor boy? We are all out—have not received any for ten days. If the people at home only realized what a godsend cigarettes are for these poor wounded lads they would send them out. They are as important as shells."

I told her to look in my kit bag. She looked through it and found one, all out of shape—a Goldflake. I think it was the only smoke left in that ward of sixty-nine patients.

With joy in her eyes she went back to her patient, gently put the cigarette between his lips and lighted it.

A contented sigh, two or three weak puffs and the lighted cigarette fell out of his mouth on to the sheet. He was asleep.

It was getting late. I fell asleep. When I woke up it was morning. The bed on my right was empty. The nurses in the ward had red eyes. They had been crying.

I turned an inquiring gaze to the Jock on my left. He solemnly nodded and his mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry, but suddenly he looked at me, tears in his eyes, and said, "Aw, go to hell!" and turned over on his side.

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just room enough for one person to ascend at a time. A lump came into my throat. I have seen scores of staircases, the exact duplicate of it, in the little old farmhouses in New England. New England is like old England in the war now. It seems a long, long way to Tipperary. I may some day be looking at a little crushed spiral stairway in Scituate and wondering how they could ever have done it.

Broken homes, ruined factories, shattered churches, violated graves, it had seemed to me we had rung all the changes on the destruction of war. But there remained one — the tragedy of the trees. You can rebuild houses, churches, towns even — for that takes only money. But you can't rebuild orchards of fruit-trees and avenues of great shade-trees — for that takes time. We were seeing them everywhere now — orchards with trees that were but faded, shrivelled bunches of brown leaves lying on their sides, orchards, where these had been cleared away, that showed nothing but white-topped stumps. They say that, when the warm spring came, some of those orchard trees, lying on their sides but not wholly severed, leafed gently and then — just before they died — bloomed once again for France.

When we reassembled in the motor, the Jeune Fille was quivering with indignation. She had just talked with a French family which contained a little boy of six. When the Germans evacuated this region, they left all kinds of traps for the unwary. Brooms, rifles — any object leaning naturally against a wall — was likely to explode a bomb when touched. This little boy had lost a hand picking up such an innocent-appearing thing. All through this country we were seeing signs that read "*Dangereux.*" That meant there were still parts of it that the French had not had time to investigate. That cleaning-up work is now quite justly delegated to the German prisoners.

A little while after this and we were in a town near Noyon: in one of the staff-rooms that thickly dot the country back of the lines; characterized places with a subtle air of drama about them; tables covered with papers, walls covered with military maps, a very busy telephone and a group of fine-featured, keenly-interested officers who answered all our amateur questions with a never-failing courtesy. Later still, our headquarters town and another delicious war-zone dinner.

The hotel was one of those charming comfortable hotels that fill the French country-side. In our dining-room sat a group of Red Cross women talking. Two young, two middle-aged—all in slim, trim khaki, they had the air that the war has given most English women — an air of competence, decisiveness, authority. The talk at their table was quick, vigorous, animated. But for their soft English voices, it might have been a group of men home on *permission* talking it over. It does not seem to me that I slept that night, that, rather, temporarily I died. The last thing I remember though, as I slid off that high precipice of waking into that deep pool of unconsciousness, was those four feminine English voices going on indefatigably, still swapping experiences.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning, they were cranking up their automobiles preparatory to another journey into the war-world. And as I watched they leaped into their machines and dashed off. There was something extraordinarily romantic about their air of accustomedness and resourcefulness in this man's world.

That day we started on what was perhaps the most poignant adventure for those of us who were French and the most pleasant for those of us who were American — Soissons, and afterward the camp of the American aviators, the *Escadrille Lafayette.*

Again we rode through forest — the most beautiful forest I had seen yet.

The War-Correspondent turned on the front seat. "Those woods are full of artillery," he remarked casually.

After a long while we emerged from these great gun-haunted precincts, and soon we were speeding over the most interesting patch of ground yet — the famous old front trenches on the famous road to Soissons. Below and to the left lay that ditch which was the first-line trenches. Beyond that of course came No Man's Land and the German trenches. To the right the land sloped upward. All the time we were passing mysterious openings in the bank — some of them like wooden chutes that led downward, some like cave-openings that led upward. And underneath the smooth sand-papered road on which we were so merrily bowling — so the Correspondent assured us — were subterranean tunnels that connected these *boyaus* with the trenches.

There remained but the Trench Country. We were near to that now; for as we listened, suddenly a dull booming broke it, a distant vibration of which the air was never quite free so long as we remained in Soissons.

Our trip had shown us nothing but sadness up till now — devastation of every kind, not the least of which was the human devastation of grief, poverty, under-nourishment. But it ended gayly — on a high note of youth.

For soon after another long run we swept into a great flat sunshiny stretch of country, ending in the distance with violet hill-shapes drawn faintly on a blue sky, where lay great rounded aerodromes, low rectangular barracks and a conglomerate group of French officers, American boy-aviators, dogs, lions and flying-machines. We had lunch at a table which showed, for decorations, great bunches of poppies set in brass shell vases. And here we got acquainted with Fram, a great German sheep-dog who has been trained to take no gift of food from the left hand. But most of us were unconscious of table appointments, food and even Fram; for Thaw sat with us, Lufbery and Baldsley and Hall; and we were all too busy trying to look as though we weren't staring at them. Thaw is the first American officer in a French corps. He, like Lufbery, is an "ace." That means that he has brought down more than five machines, and gets his name in the *communiqués* whenever he brings down another. Thaw wears the *croix de guerre*, the *medaille militaire* with three palms and the *legion d'honneur*. Baldsley is one of the pioneer fliers of the war. In June, 1916, while flying over the lines, he was struck by an explosive bullet. He didn't faint, as most commonly happens when fliers are wounded; he brought his machine to the ground. They sent his decoration up to him in a hurry as they always do in the case of dying men. When they presented it to him, Baldsley said, "You're mistaken, doctor. I'm not going to die." And he didn't. But he has had twenty operations — an explosive bullet makes much havoc — and one leg is still useless. Hall wrote "Kitchener's Mob" — a piece of vigorous writing that is one of the notable bits of young composition that the war has brought forth. As I write he lies stricken with a shot through the lung. He was attacked in the air by what the aviators call the "German Flying Circus," a company of seven scout-machines which always hunt together. They got him. He fainted. It was a long fall, but the machine, as sometimes happens, righted itself. The landing, which is always a ticklish operation, was of course a smash-up; for the machine was going at the rate of one hundred and ten miles. Hall is going to live, though.

The rest of the day was the ride back to Paris through more and more devastation and more and more French villages spilling over with horizon-blue.

There are so many things of which I have not spoken — the bridge for instance that we saw lying like a crumpled tea-cake in a canal stream, or the new one by its side that had been built in three weeks. I have not told you of that shattered church, whose graveyard holds the body of the German who destroyed it, or the brief, grim epitaph that the French have written for him. I have not told you of the wayside shrine we passed where the Christ—shell-hit—had doubled forward and how the villagers had covered its wounds with flowers.

I haven't said half enough about the barbed wire that bound that entire land in its tiny rusted filaments. And in particular I have not spoken of one place that we visited Monday morning — the hospital of Dr. Carrel. We stayed there an hour. In a little room upstairs we saw a lantern-slide exhibition of the results of that discovery which, as all the world knows, has been the great little man's contribution to the war. It is a healing fluid which, flowing steadily over torn, bruised, bleeding areas, heals them with a miraculous rapidity and completeness. Downstairs we saw wards full of patients who are growing well through the process.

Before I fell asleep that night I thought of that healing fluid, and then there flashed through my mind pictures of those hordes of torn, bruised, bleeding villages. Dr. Carrel's fluid cures flesh and nerve and bone and sinew, leaving the skin so little scarred that sometimes it is as though nothing had happened. But who will invent the Magic Fluid that will pour into those little villages, pour onto shattered churches and broken homes, pour over lost hopes and smashed joys — pour over them and pour over them and pour over them until they grow well again! That Magic Fluid has already been discovered, nineteen centuries ago. It has many names. Call it what you will — Love — Kindness — Charity — Service. Let us, as soon as may be, pour it in great floods on wounded France.

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As To Melting-Pots

[*Continued from page 26*]

"The United States of America has joined the Allies to make war for the salvation of world democracy against the autocracy of Germany. It is fighting a life and death struggle against enslavement by the Hun. It is fighting to keep its men from slaughter, and its women from rape, its children from mutilation. To do this, it is mobilizing millions of men and billions of dollars. No man's private fortune or private life or private rights count now against the welfare of the country. Private enterprises have become governmental. Food control has become universal. The government has called the country to the colors, and the country has responded nobly, magnificently.

"And yet, on top of this, we still permit, we still foster the poisoning of our patriotism, the laxing of our morals, the fomenting of national distrust and the defeating of sympathetic understanding by the foreign-language press.

"Can you picture the Kaiser allowing any such thing to be pulled off in his imperial empire?

"Picture some bright imperial winter morning, him coming out of the imperial storage warehouse where he keeps his imperial uniforms, his imperial wife and his other imperial crosses, and starting down imperial Main Street on his way to the imperial Great Headquarters.

"Of a sudden, something chances to catch his eye. He stops and looks.

"It is a newsstand.

"Peering coyly out between his medals and his mustache, the Kaiser takes an imperial peek at the displayed wares thereon. Then he picks up one.

"It is the NDGRWSTZKUGHWICK CGDGFTGHWDTZ. It is printed entirely in the original Russian, and sometimes W and Y.

"The Kaiser drops this quickly and picks up another. This one is Roumanian. He grabs another. It is Servian. Yet another. It is Japanese.

"Does the Kaiser wait to see whether what he is about to do is constitutional or not? Not that baby! Calling a couple of gendarmes, or whatever they call them in Berlin, he places the newsstand under martial law and, grabbing an armful of the evidence, he boils down to the imperial chancellory where the Imperial Chancellor is imperially chancelling himself as per usual.

"'Hey! What the Sam Hill do you mean by this?' he demands hotly.

"'By what, your highness?' asks the chancellor, his knees bumping together like a couple of nervous castenets.

"'DO you think,' demands the Kaiser, in an imperial, or sarcastic, tone, 'that I'm going to work myself to skin and bones trying to fight a defensive war that will leave me spread all over Europe, to say nothing of North and South America, Japan and China and the Malay Archipelago, and at the same time be sucker enough to leave a lot of guys at home to print things about me that I can't read?

"'What are these things about anyway?' he howls, shaking the daily prints in the imperial chancellor's more or less proletarian visage.

"'I dunno,' quakes that crestfallen party, and I pause right here to remark that Uncle Tom's job was a cinch compared to that of the imperial chancellor. 'I can't read that kind of reading.'

"'Then get someone that can,' yowls the Kaiser. 'And if he finds that any of 'em have made any remarks that are calculated to put a crimp in any of my endeavors, in which God is doing the best he can to assist me, but having a hard time to keep up the pace, I'll hang 'em so high that their friends will have to take an airplane to visit 'em——'

"And when, on sending out and getting a translator, they find that the Potsdam *Argus* is remarking in English that Germany has been licked from the jump, hasn't got any more chance to win than a rabbit; and that the Cologne *Pilot* is advocating the people to lay off the new loan as Germany is busted flat and where's she going to get the money to pay up with if she gets licked; and that the Mannheim *Mercury* is full of stories of internal dissension to prove that the country is not solidly behind the war; and that the Munich *Sentinel* has a nine-column interview with Robert M. Lafolluch in which he says that no matter what the country is doing, it's wrong, and that the Limberg *Gazette* is calling him a big piece of cheese, the Kaiser goes up in the air and breaks all records for altitude and sustained flight.

"'BUT,' protests the chancellor, 'it's no more than America is allowing to go on there every day!

"'If America wants to fight this war with one hand tied behind its back, let it!' hollers the Kaiser. 'But not for Willy! When I make war, I make war.

"'You take a squad of the Class of 'Seventy-six and go out and round up those jocose journalists, and take 'em for a walk. Don't bother to bring 'em back,' he says. 'And make 'em dig their own graves. There's many a gent has dug his grave with his teeth,' he says; 'but this is my first recollection of it having been done with a fountain-pen. Put that down, Gus,' he says, to his secretary; 'that's a good one; I'll pull it at dinner to-night, and knock 'em cold; for I am witty,' he says, 'as well as wise.'

"And the next day you couldn't find a copy of the Potsdam *Argus* or the Cologne *Pilot* or the Mannheim *Mercury* or the Munich *Sentinel* or the Limberg *Gazette*, or of the respective editors thereof, with a search warrant."

"Your Uncle Sam is hurrying into a great, an honorable and unavoidable war. He is hurrying in with fools, theorists and cowards dragging at one arm, with traitors, malcontents and alien enemies dragging at the other. These he will have to shake off as soon, and as determinedly, as he can.

"But of the worst of his handicaps — a handicap that holds plumbless possibilities for corruption, for demoralization, for inefficiency — a handicap that already has meant the blood of his sons and the tears of his daughters — he can rid himself, and must rid himself. It is the foreign-language press.

"The foreign-language press should be stopped. There should be no waiting. It should be stopped to-day! Yes, now!

"If the language of our country isn't good enough for these people, then our country isn't good enough. And if our country isn't good enough, they should get out.

"We want no half Americans in this land for which our sons are fighting and dying! We want no foreign colonies of disloyal aliens in this country of ours for which Washington and Lincoln and Jefferson and Grant gave the marrow of their lives!

"We want honest, honorable, clean Americans — all American — speaking American, thinking American, reading American, living American!

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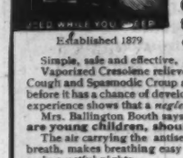

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By
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Then First Secretary American Legation in Brussels

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
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"It's the Huns!" — *Continued from page 9*

The terrific booming continued unabated. If anything it was steadily increasing in volume. The Huns — and this was the city of London!

I looked around the table and observed another strange phenomenon. Excitement was conspicuous by its total absence. The discussions continued quite as though nothing unusual had happened. A waiter deftly and noiselessly was sweeping together the shattered vase. The first lieutenant, catching my eye, shook his head and grinned. "Sounds like the real thing, eh?"

It did!

The young American girl had paled a trifle and a tall, thin English officer in evening dress consisting of a captain's uniform (with the "wounded" stripe attached) was languidly reassuring her. She listened bravely, though her nervousness was as apparent as mine. The captain's manner was deprecating. He was sorry this had happened during her visit to London. Someone suggested that I move away from the window, explaining that shrapnel sometimes enters unannounced. The others continued with coffee or conversation, or both.

I declined the waiter's proffered ice and rose from the table, my jarred mental system struggling between alarm at the terrific, unending explosions and admiration for the magnificent indifference of these people. Magnificent is the word — for bursting shrapnel wounds horribly!

They would not allow me to watch from the window, there being a police regulation regarding the showing of lights; so I made my apologies and went down into the street. The doorman spoke to me as I passed out into the darkness.

"There's an air raid on, sir!" he smiled genially. "Best take cover."

His tone was exactly the same as though he had said, "It's raining — have you an umbrella?"

It was raining. Raining death! And this you must remember was not the front-line trenches, but the middle of London.

I went out and stood at the edge of the curbing fronting the hotel. Beside me was an English officer and a woman in evening gown, who had stopped on their way to the theatre to watch the bigger show. The woman remarked once on the beauty of the bursting star shells — used I believe as range finders — and then they fell silent. Truly, it was a sight to watch!

The street is in inky blackness, as during an air raid the lights are dimmed. A daring taxi hovers here and there, expectantly seeking an equally daring fare. Busses whizz by, empty, scurrying for cover, constables herd pedestrians in doorways, patiently repeating over and over, "Take cover, please!" and just as patiently they come out again to watch when the policeman passes. A clanging gong — and a motor ambulance dashes by, driven by a woman! A bomb has found its mark. And all the time the infernal din of the shells continues.

It is a beautiful, clear moonlight night. The weather could not be more favorable for an air attack. There is little or no wind and the droning hum of a high-powered motor comes distinctly from the sky when there is a lull in the bedlam. The heavens are criss-crossed with myriad shafts of blinding light, that quiver and whip snakelike across the blue, seeking to pick out the invader.

A bus lumbers past us, a slip of a girl at the wheel. The woman with the officer beside me stirs a moment out of her British calm.

"Stick to it!" she calls.

"Right-o!" sings back the girl, cheerily.

A bomb explodes perhaps a thousand yards from where we are standing, and then another — apparently nearer. We go back into the hotel, driven by a squad of husky constables. A dinner in the main dining-hall has halted because the men have all gone out to watch the spectacle. There remain a dozen women, barred from following their escorts by respectful but firm attendants. While we stand there, a thunderous crash, louder than the din about us, shatters the air. Evidently the Huns are directly over us now, and perhaps the next one. . . .

The ladies cease talking and look at one another in silence. There is an agonizing pause and then a dark-haired beauty seizes her glass and flicks her fingers contemptuously at the sky. B — a — n — g!!! The windows rattle and the hail of shrapnel is distinctly audible.

"The King!" exclaims the lady, raising her glass — and standing with heads in air, they drink.

These are Englishwomen, and I go outside so that I won't scandalize them out of their proud imperturbability, by giving them a whole-souled American cheer!

OUT in the darkened street again the awful bedlam continues. The dull boom of the Hun bombs is punctuated with stimulating frequency by the vicious hiss and crackle of British shrapnel. A Gotha swoops down like a huge buzzard and, swinging in a wide circle, looses an aerial torpedo from the Heavens it pollutes. There is a long, sibilant whine — clear cut over the horrible din — and then a roar that rocks the earth beneath our feet. The explosive has crashed through the roof of a house nearby and the Hun has won another brilliant victory — one that takes its place with the *Lusitania* triumph! Some more women and babies are wiped out. An invalid dies of shock. An old man staggers out of the smoking ruins, his face seared yellow from the powder of the bomb, his clothing in smoking shreds. He shakes his fist impotently at the sky and, falling, becomes part of the wreck.

The British airplanes have gone up to give battle to this vulture of the skies. The spectacle is well worth the risk of watching. The English 'planes are fitted with an arrangement of certain colored lights, visible from below, so that they will be distinguishable from the enemy. They flit here and there with incredible speed, spitting machine-gun fire, harassing the foe, who dives and dips desperately to escape them. Later, these lights which gave them the appearance of dazzling fire-flies were removed, as the Huns adopted them as a ruse to mislead the deadly anti-aircraft guns.

The pilots of the British 'planes are, for the most part, mere boys. Fine, upstanding dare-devils whose daily routine would put a movie super-hero to shame. I talked with many of them later, one a slim, fair-haired veteran of twenty, Lieutenant ——, who has a Zeppelin and the coveted V. C. to his credit. I asked the obvious question, why the British did not retaliate by bombing German towns? The boy frowned and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I say!" he answered. "There's too much chance of turning Hun and — well, killing women and that sort of

thing. No — this air-raid business isn't sporting, you know!"

Indignant public opinion has forced reprisals since then and the Germans have whined to high heaven at the "outrage."

It occurred to me that it would be interesting to note how the great mass of Londoners conducted themselves during an air raid.

I make my way down the gloomy Strand, now a veritable No Man's Land. Shrapnel is rattling on roofs and pavements like hail and the earth quivers protestingly at the crash of shell and bomb. Here is all the risk and thrill of being on a battlefield while a terrific conflict is raging — with the slight exception that one cannot fight back! That is the feeling that is uppermost — impotence! I think if one could shoot at the Hun 'planes with popguns even, it would relieve the tension.

I have to literally feel my way about in order to thread through the inky blackness of the streets; yet the sky is so bright as to be almost blinding. It is a weirdly beautiful kaleidoscope of color. It fascinates me so that I forget my original quest to watch this phantasmagoria in the heavens. In a vague way I realize that death lurks behind these myriad flashing lights, this deafening crash of shell and hum of motor from above. These damnable bombs, that, whining their Hymn of Hate, make trenches where there were streets are also making shambles where there were homes. The Baby Killers are again earning their right to the name — killing born and unborn, smashing hospitals, exterminating helpless women and old men who die defiantly and unafraid.

It is difficult at the moment to realize all this, because the colors of the picture do not blend. It is unreal, almost grotesque. People should be running about in wild panic, groveling in cellars, shrieking with fear, willing to make any concession that would put an end to this terrible nightly visitation. This is what the Huns stupidly believe to be true.

But I see no sign of fear, most certainly none of panic. London appears to view the spectacle as a mammoth fireworks display, a Drury Lane superspectacle arranged for their entertainment. Such at least is the impression the outsider gets. But the tension is there, underneath the unruffled calm one senses it. It is neither hate nor fear. It's a tightening of the jaw, a squaring of the shoulders, a surreptitious clenching of the fist that says, "Wait, Hun! Wait until *our* turn comes!"

Well, the inferno continues. A bomb strikes in the middle of the street, two blocks from where I am standing. From the noise, one would think all London had been blown to atoms. I pull my overcoat collar about my face and run to the middle of the street for safety, because the windows of a dozen shops near me have been shattered by the concussion and for a moment it rains plate glass. A ruddy-faced constable stops to greet me, then runs into a house opposite and forces the occupants to take cover in the cellar. In one room, a woman had gathered her two children on a bed and was found shielding them with her body. Further down the Strand, I almost bump into some American soldiers, bumping and swearing their way about in the darkness. They are under fire for the first time and they have yet to go to France. As a compatriot, they welcome me with open arms and we discuss the situation for several minutes, shrieking at one another to be heard above the din. A thought strikes me and I put it into a question.

"This thing is pretty hard on the nerves, eh?"

"Hell!" grunts one of the "doughboys," jerking a contemptuous thumb at the sky. "They can't hit nothin'. All them yellah tramps can fight is women and kids! Say, fellah, wait till we get to this France place — we'll make them guys holler for the cops!"

"You know it!" says another. "They'll know they been to the war when we get through with 'em — the big stiffs!"

A third gazes pensively at the sky.

"My Gawd!" he growls disgustedly, shaking his head. "Ain't that a hell of a way to scrap?"

A constable comes along panting the inevitable, "Take cover, please!" and we drift apart in the darkness. At the next corner a mob of urchins are darting about the street picking up bits of shrapnel for souvenirs. One of them gazes expectantly at the sky and expresses the wish that some "big pieces" will drop then and there.

Still on my quest for Fear, I stopped into the ——— Club and found those of the members who were not watching from the darkened windows playing bridge. A friend remarks laughingly that the "funk hole" in the cellar is open if my nerves are bad. I found the "funk hole" (bomb proof) empty. An English officer, home on leave, tells me that most of the noise is caused by the anti-aircraft guns throwing up a barrage fire, which, by the way, reached such a state of perfection eventually, that in the last raid before I left London, only one Hun invader got through to the city.

This barrage consists of a continual fire of shrapnel shells, fired so swiftly that it is not unusual for three shells from the same gun to be in the air at once. Each shell contains 360 bullets and, fired above the ground at an elevation of many feet, they cover an area of about 10,000 square yards. In the air they are remarkably effective, for even when they lose their initial velocity they fall with force enough to greatly damage an airplane, if they do not wreck it.

I reached the Thames embankment just as a bomb fell into the water and sent a huge cascade over the roadway. Two British "Tommies" were standing near, absolutely oblivious of the din and falling shell, engaged in a spirited argument about — a girl. One of them stopped long enough to call attention to the bomb.

"Lor' lumme!" he grinned, "I'll be jolly glad to get back to the bleedin' front, where it's quiet and safer!"

The sound of the explosions grows fainter and finally dies away. A police automobile whizzes past, a Boy Scout bugler in the rear seat sounding, "All clear!" which in turn is shouted by a policeman on the front. The streets, still dark, become suddenly thronged with people — a merry, bustling mob. "Cheer-o!" they call to each other, and "Never touched us!" comes laughing back. The Hun has been driven off — London is itself again.

I find by my watch that exactly fifty minutes have elapsed since I left my dinner party.

THE following night I happened to be in a hospital talking with some wounded soldiers, when the raiders came over. It was immediately after the dinner hour and the men were smoking, joking with one another about their wounds and speculating eagerly as to when they would return to the front. The nurses, busy with the hundred-and-one little jobs a nurse has to do in her leisure hours, were moving about the cots with a cheery word and smile for the sufferers.

Suddenly the big white door of the ward flings open and a sergeant, gassed at Ypres and now acting as doorkeeper, bursts into the room.

"Take action, boys!" he calls. "They're coming over!"

And he's off to the next floor. The Huns are here!

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The ward wakes into a quiet and methodical bustle, and at once every man who can hobble about is busy doing something. The windows are hurriedly shrouded to keep the lights from showing in the streets and perhaps guiding the Hun. Every man with two whole arms and legs springs for the stairway and up to the top floor of the building where some fifty crippled children lie sleeping. Up the stairs they swarm, laughing and joking, and in a moment each comes down holding tightly his tiny, precious burden. The children are carried carefully to the ward on the lowest floor, where they will be comparatively safe, and soon they are playing on the beds with their dolls and toys.

"Are the Huns coming again?" pipes a childish treble, with faint interest.

"Yes, dear," answers the nurse, tucking in and smoothing down the coverlet. "But don't be afraid, they won't hurt you a bit, and—"

But the curious one has turned over and is fast asleep.

The other children, wide awake, are clamoring for amusement. The wounded soldiers parade the room and caper about until the ward resounds with childish laughter. Now the first sound of the gunfire is heard. The bombs are crashing to earth and the infernal, nightly bedlam begins. A soldier rushes to a piano and starts thumping out snatches of the latest songs, his companions roaring a chorus so that the children may not hear the sounds of the explosions. And many of these men are painfully hurt.

At length the gunfire grows fainter and the pianist stops through sheer fatigue. Outside comes the policeman's welcome shout:

"All clear!"

The barrage has proved effective, and the Huns waver and are driven off.

The actual casualties in the recent London air raids have been very small in comparison to the population. The military damage has been nil. The moral effect on the spirit of the people has been to strengthen it a thousand fold and these nightly outrages have done more to stimulate an earnest desire for a finish fight than all the impassioned oratory in Parliament.

There were several of these dastardly night attacks while I was in London, and when I visited the French front I felt like a seasoned veteran who knew shrapnel by its first name. All the thrills came in London during those raids. I got a mild one from the spectacle itself, but the thing that gripped me to the bone was that splendid, contemptuous fearlessness of British men and women alike during those terrible hours when tons of German explosives fell about them.

"It's the Huns, I suppose — will you be good enough to pass the sugar?"

Gentlemen — the ladies!

This is the kind of first-hand descriptive article McClure's is after — and gets. Have YOU something as vital to say? Send it to us

Two Wives — *Continued from page 23*

Chapter XVIII

THE next morning at eleven o'clock she met Dwight in his studio, and in a brisk, businesslike, pleasant way she began to tell him of her voice — what singing she had done at home and how she had always meant to take lessons when she should come to New York to live. "To find out how much of a voice I really have, you know," she said. Her manner was growing more affable now. "But my husband and my baby have kept me rather busy, you see, and so I've put it off and off — until just lately I began to look about and make inquiries. And then by good luck I learned of you — from my husband's partner."

"You're Joe Lanier's wife, aren't you?" he asked.

"His second," she said with emphasis. And a moment later she told herself, "Yes, his eyes do twinkle, and he seems to be quite nice. He isn't so excessively fat, and he has a big, wide generous mouth, and I like his eyes. But he thinks my coming like this a bit queer, and he's wondering what's behind it." She downed her excitement and went on in the same resolute tone she had used with such success on Nourse. No personal conversation just yet; she would show him she meant business.

"If you'll take me as a pupil," she said, "I'd like to begin immediately."

"Let me try your voice," he proposed. He went to the piano, and there his manner had soon changed. From genial and curious it grew interested. He spoke rather sharply, asking her to do this and that, and she felt as though she were being proved. "You have a voice," he said, at the end. "Not a world shaker," he added smiling, "but one of the most promising I've heard since I came back to New York."

She beamed on him. "You'll take me, then?"

"Assuredly."

"Oh, that's so nice." They decided on the time for her lessons. Then she glanced at her wrist watch. "Will you see if my car is waiting?" she asked. "I had him take the nurse and baby up to the Park — and he ought to be back now, I think." But as Dwight went to the telephone, she added excitedly to herself, "Now if that idiot of a chauffeur is as late as I told him to be, you and I will have quite a talk, Mr. Dwight."

"It isn't here yet," he informed her.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I'll have to walk." She smiled and held out her hand to him. "Will you send the chauffeur home?"

"If you like," he replied good-naturedly. "But I'd much rather you'd wait here — if you have nothing pressing." And as she hesitated, "It's not only your voice, you know — I used to be quite a friend of Joe's."

"Oh, yes, I remember his telling me. Over in Paris, wasn't it?"

Soon they were talking easily. Dwight had lit a cigarette, and Ethel could see he was studying her. She tried to look unconscious.

"I've wanted to go to Paris all my life," she told him. "How long is it since you left?"

"Only a year." She looked at him. "Is there a Paris in New York?"

"I'm not sure yet — I'm new, you see."

"So am I," she confided frankly. And at that he gave her a swift glance which made Ethel add to herself, "Yes, he could be very personal."

She asked him what he had found in New York as a contrast, coming from abroad. She spoke of the high buildings here and from that she passed quite naturally to her husband's business.

"It isn't the work I'd like for him," she said with a regretful sigh. "Joe is getting to be like all the rest — he's making too much money." She waited a moment and added, "I should so like him to be as he was when you knew him, Mr. Dwight."

"I'll be curious to see how he has changed. You must let me see him," Dwight replied.

"Why, yes, of course."

"Over in Paris he had so much. He was such a wonderful lad for dreams — with the most exuberant fancy in the way he used to talk of New York and of what he wanted to do back here — to use the backyards and the roofs and turn them into gardens. This town, when Joe got through with it — well, from an airplane it was to look more or less like a bed of roses — or a hill town in Italy. But that was only his lighter vain. When his fancy was really working hard he took department stores, hotels and huge railroad terminals and jammed them all together into one big building. How deep in the earth it was to have gone I really can't remember, nor how far up into the skies. But there was a garden at the top — or a meadow or prairie or something."

"Yes," thought Ethel, "I'm going to like him."

"Joe could talk of his plans all night," Dwight went on good-naturedly, "and keep a poor lazy musician like me from my piano, where I belonged."

"Was it you who taught him to play?" she asked.

"On the piano? It was," he replied. "Isn't his touch amazing? And so thoroughly Christian, too."

"Christian?"

"Yes. He doesn't let his right hand know what his left hand is doing."

They laughed. And from that laugh she emerged with eagerness in her brown eyes. "Oh, please go on," she begged him. "I had no idea you knew him so well. Did he do nothing but talk over there?"

"He did — he worked like a tiger. Joe could stand more hard labor in one consecutive day and night than any fellow I ever met. And he could do it night after night. I remember dropping in on him for coffee and rolls one morning. A chap named Crothers and myself" — Ethel started at the name — "had just come home from the 'Quatres Arts Ball.' We found Joe with a towel bound round his head building an opera house for Chicago — or Kansas City — I'm not sure which. And he wasn't just *dreaming* of building it in his successful middle age — he was building it *now*, in a terrible rush, as though Kansas City were pushing him hard. Joe didn't live in the future, you see — he took the future and made it the present, and then lived in the present like mad."

Dwight tossed away his cigarette.

"But you say it's money now."

"Yes," she replied. "It's money." He smiled at her dejected tone.

"I wouldn't be so sad," he remarked. "Money isn't as bad as it seems."

"Oh, yes, and I want it," Ethel declared. "But I want the other so much more!"

When her car had come, she rose and said, "You and Joe must get together some time. Couldn't you call him up some day and get him to lunch with you?"

"Gladly." They went to the door.

"But don't be disappointed," she said, "if you find him changed even more than you think. Money has such a pull on a man."

"I know, but I rather like it."

"What?"

"Oh, don't be so indignant, please. I *am* an artist — honestly. But some of these men I've met over here — well, they fascinate me. Such boundless energy and drive ought to go into a symphony. Plenty of drums and crashing brass. Good-by, Mrs. Lanier," he added. "This has been a lucky day for me."

"Thank you. Don't forget about Joe. And meanwhile — till next Tuesday."

As she settled back in her car she thought, "All right, Ethel, very good."

TWICE a week, that autumn, she went to Dwight for lessons. But until some time had passed she did not mention it to Joe.

"When you meet him," she said to Dwight, "I'd rather you wouldn't speak of my lessons. I want my singing to be a surprise. And besides, I'd so much rather that any old friends of my husband's come to him through his partner. It seems so much more natural."

Dwight was watching her curiously.

"How many of us are there?" he asked.

She looked at him in a questioning way:

"Of us," he explained, "Joe's old friends, who are to dig him up, you know."

"Only you, at present — and of course his partner."

He smiled: "Bill Nourse is not a very brisk digger."

"Well," she remarked, in a casual tone, "if you know of brisker diggers about — people who knew him ——"

"Say no more. I'll search the town."

Their eyes had met for an instant.

"Yes," she thought, "I'm getting on."

Dwight lunched with Joe soon after that, and later in the studio he and Ethel had a talk.

"In a good many ways," he assured her, "he struck me as the same old Joe — friendly and hospitable — he insisted on ordering quite a meal. But we didn't eat much of it. We talked."

"Of Paris?"

"Very much so. There's a lot of Paris in him yet."

"Now," she said, when she rose to leave, "if you'll just keep at him occasionally — while his partner does the same at the office, and I do what I can at home ——"

"You insist on his being home every night?"

"That depends," said Ethel gravely.

"Suppose I take him some night to my club. We have quite a number of architects there."

"Oh, wonderful! How good of you!"

"Mrs. Lanier," said her teacher, "I'm under your orders — digging for gold."

He took Joe to his club on the following night, and later several times to lunch.

"Joe likes it," he reported. "And he has already met some chaps who knew of him and his earlier work, not only in Paris but over here. He was one of the most brilliant designers in the city, I find — and a good many men were disappointed when he threw over his true profession and went after ready cash. How would you like me to put up his name?"

"For club membership?"

"Precisely."

"I'd like it, sir."

"And I obey."

"This is getting rather intimate," Ethel told herself that night. "Never mind, my love, you've been perfectly honest. He knows very well what you're after. And if he likes you and wants to help, so much the better."

Some days in the studio she stuck severely to her voice and showed him she meant business. She was practising quite hard, and her progress was by no means slow. But on other days half the hour at least was spent in learning from her new friend about "a Paris in New York." Dwight was already finding one, although he had been here less than a year. In this teeming city of endless change he had found a deep joy of creation, of newness, youth and boldness that made even Paris seem far behind. "It's all so amazingly big," he said, "with such revealing chances opening up on every side!" How simple it was for him, she thought, with a little pang of envy. A young musician with plenty of talent, easy manners, single, free. As he spoke of his club friends and some of their homes that were open to him, the glimpses exasperated her. Here were the people she wanted to know, a little world of artists, architects and writers, and goodness only knew what else. She was still rather vague about them. To her surprise she discovered that many were after money, too. "Decidedly," her teacher said. "Excessively," he added.

"But at least," she rejoined, defending them, "when they get the money they know how to spend it on something better than food and clothes! They really live — I'm sure they do — and have ideas and really grow!" She caught her breath. What an idiot, to have said so much! "I'm so glad," she added lamely, "that you got my husband into your club. It's bound to do so much for him." She threw a sharp little glance at Dwight, and scowled, for she thought she detected a smile.

"He's doing something for the club," Dwight was saying cheerfully. "Some of those chaps are a bit too refined and remote from this raw, crude city of ours. And Joe is getting back enough of his old vim and passion, his wild radical ideas and what may still be done with the town, so that he jars on such sensitive souls — makes 'em frown and bite their little mustaches like the husbands in French plays. On the other hand some are decidedly for him. I hear them discuss him now and then."

"Oh, how nice!" sighed Ethel.

At times she grew so impatient to get Joe into this other world. But she had to be very careful. Repeatedly she warned herself that Dwight, for all his Paris past and his present friendliness, was very fast becoming a New Yorker like the rest: making his way and climbing his climb, and wanting no climbers who had to be carried. And she would grow studiously abstract and detached in her talk about the town. But it kept cropping up in spite of her, this warm eagerness to "really live." It burst up like a buried spring.

"It's so funny," she said to Dwight one day. "I had thought of music and all that I wanted as being so different from Joe's work. But now in this city that *you* seem to know, I find that what I've wanted most is just what he ought to want in his work! The two go together!"

"Exactly!"

"The city Joe once lived in." She frowned. "There are so many cities in New York. But I don't want to try to get into his, until I can do it through Joe himself. People will have to want me because I'm the wife of Joe Lanier."

"I think they'll want you more than that." His tone was most reassuring. "But I like the way you are going about it. It's so delightfully novel, you see — conspiring to make your husband find his friends all by himself — so that when he has found them he'll bring you wealth with a beaming smile and say, 'Woman, I bring you wealth and fame and friends in abundance. Take them, love, and bless me — for I have done all this for you.'"

Ethel smiled and bit her lips. "I

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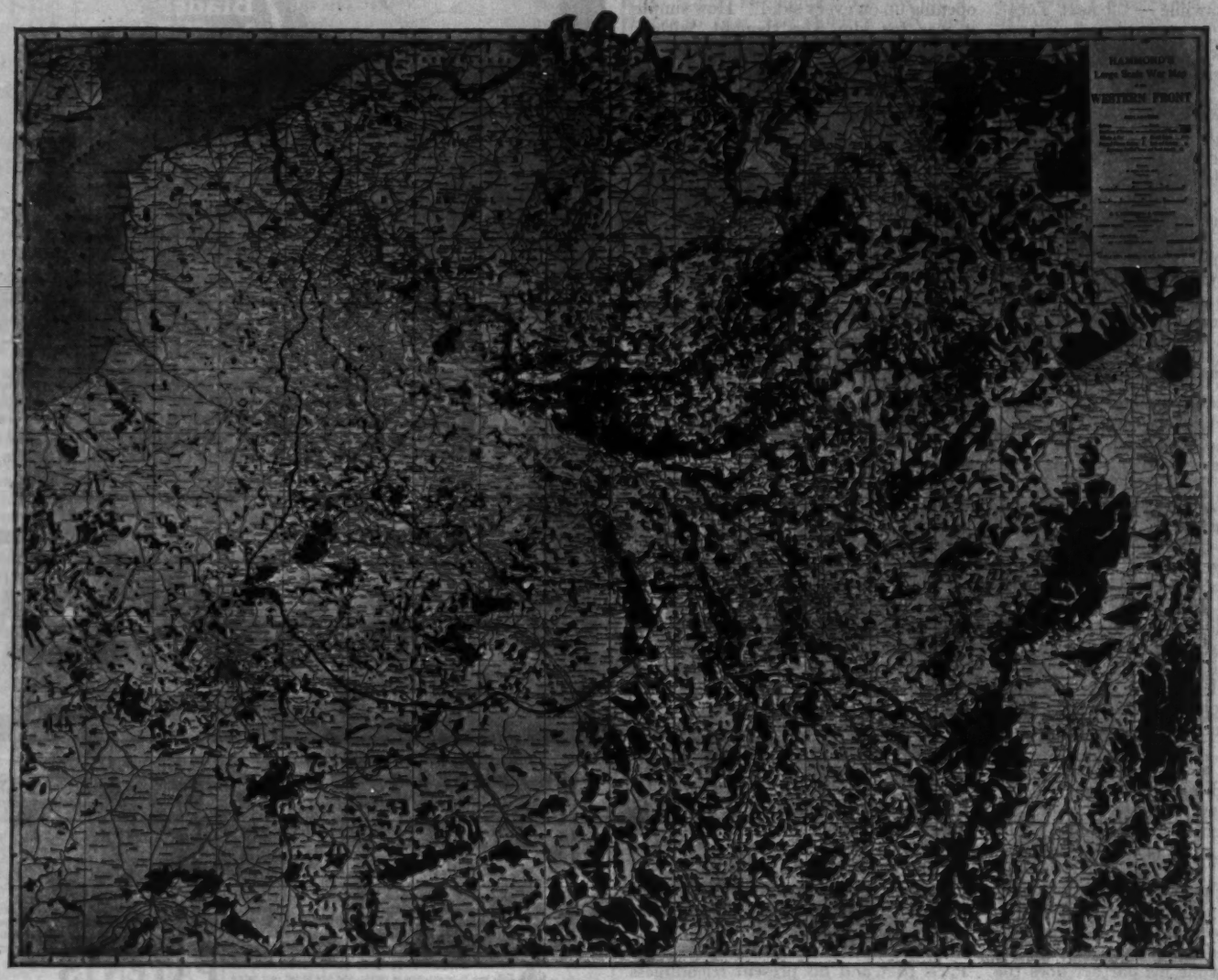

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don't like you to joke about it," she said.

"Very well," he agreed, "let's get back to the serious work of his resurrection. You asked me to recruit other brisk diggers, and I've hunted about quite a bit. There's that chap Crothers and his wife, but so far they're the best I can do — and the Crothers pair seem rather blind. They can't see the old Joe for the new."

"You mean they think he's hopeless," Ethel scornfully put in.

"Oh, we'll make them open their eyes in time. I drop in on them now and then. I had Crothers to the club last week, and let him hear some of the gossip about the emerging Joe Lanier."

Often he talked of the early group of students over in Paris, of their ideas, ambitions, and their youthful views of life, which for all their gaiety had been so fervid and intense. But to Ethel, because she herself was still young, their dreams seemed very wonderful.

At times she grew impatient at her teacher's calm, and good-natured, easy smile with which he looked upon at this. "Oh, why not get excited!" she thought. She felt the old dreams a bit cold in him, as they had been in her husband. And in dismay she would ask herself:

"Are they all too old? Is just the fact that I'm ten years younger than Joe and his friends going to mean that I'm too late — to bring back what was in him?"

Chapter XIX

BUT all this was as nothing compared to the intensity, the ups and downs, in her relations with Joe himself. He often looked tired and harassed. "What's the matter with me?" he seemed to ask. And she felt his two sides combating each other. On the one hand were the influences of Nourse and Dwight and the men at the club, to which he went nearly every day. He took part in discussions there, long rambling talks and arguments. And his old ideals were rising hungrily within him. But meanwhile the business man in Joe kept savagely putting the dreamer down, and for days he would plunge into his work and the fever of the money game. Joe had been so successful of late; and she knew that in his office that odious press agent was forever at him. From Nourse she learned that her husband was even still considering the scheme for a row of buildings named after the presidents. And Ethel had a sinking of heart.

"Oh, if he'll only let himself go! I don't want him just nice and tame and refined! I don't want only friends like that! I want — I want ——"

What she wanted was still exceedingly vague, and Ethel could not put it in words. It had something to do with the teachings of the little history "prof" at home. She wanted the artist in him to rise, the creative soul of him! Cautiously she probed his thoughts — now tender and maternal toward him in his tired moods, now alive and interested as she got him talking. Bits came out. Joe was so plainly tortured by the struggle going on inside. She felt at once pity and admiration, and was deeper in love with him than she had ever been before. She felt the excitement of a fight with hope of victory close ahead. She took care in her dress and manner to give him little surprises at night, and by her cheery comradeship and her warm beauty of body and soul, Ethel drew him on and on. At such times she would often lose all memory of her scheming and would give up to her love, which had become a passion now.

But always she came back to her plan. Not openly, for she had to be careful; she worked at him in little ways. She stirred his youth and his cast-off dreams by her own youth and zest for it all. She got him to tell her of Nourse and Dwight, the old friends she herself had put on his trail, and of new friends he had met in his club. And knitting her brows she would listen hard while he talked of steel construction. As with her encouragement he talked on rapidly, absorbed, Ethel would clutch at this and that. She learned of books and magazines on architecture here and abroad. Stealthily she noted them down, and those she could not purchase she hunted up in libraries. Nourse was a great help to her here. He came to see her now and then; and though he still had his discouraging moods, at other times he was friendly and kind. Enjoying this conspiracy with the charming young Mrs. Lanier, he expressed his gallantry by bringing her books of appalling size. But some had beautiful illustrations that set her to imagining. Eagerly she groped her way deep into the history of the building of cathedrals and palaces in times gone by. And the long majestic story of man's building on the earth thrilled her to the very soul. Joe must make his place in it all!

When on coming home at night he dumped a pile of work on the table, she would unobtrusively slip some book beside it. She grew to know which ones tempted him most. He had been surprised and amused at first at her interest in architecture — and secretly a little disturbed, suspecting what lay behind it. But as autumn drew on he read more and more of the books she kept putting in his way. While he read she would sit with a novel or sew. She would glance up with some remark, and they would talk and then read on. Subtly she made the atmosphere. She often brought Paris into their talks. She spoke longingly of the shops and plays, and all she wanted to see over there. And she almost succeeded in making him promise to take her over the following spring.

Joe was happy at such times, when she could make him leave business alone. And although he had many relapses when night after night he would sit by the table planning more horrible "junk for the Bronx," with an inner smile she saw how often her husband scowled at such labor now.

One night Joe suggested awkwardly:

"Suppose we try Bill Nourse again. Let me bring him home to dinner, I mean. He isn't especially cheery, God knows — but he seems so damnably lonely this fall."

"Very well, dear — if you want to," she sighed. She had told Nourse to hint that he was lonely.

When Nourse came to dinner that Saturday night, Joe was surprised and delighted at the way his partner seemed to get on now with his wife. The visit indeed was such a success that it was not long before Joe proposed bringing home "an old pal of mine — fellow named Dwight." To this, too, Ethel assented; and when Dwight arrived one night she greeted him very graciously.

"I feel as though I knew you," she said. "I've heard Joe talk of you so much."

To Joe's delight they got on like old friends. And when Dwight spied the piano there and learned of her interest in music, he insisted on trying her voice, and was loud in his praise of its promise. Before he left it was arranged that she should come to his studio and take lessons twice a week. Openly his pupil now, she could speak of him to Joe, and he came to dine with them often.

How smoothly things were working out! If there were any cloud upon the horizon it was the occasional presence of Amy's old friend, Fanny Carr. Fanny had been abroad through the summer, but in October she had returned. She had come to see Ethel several times, in the same determinedly friendly way; and Nourse reported that she was going frequently to see Joe at his office about her eternal money affairs. And the fact that Joe never spoke of it only made the matter worse. For Joe still had his money side, and Fanny knew how to flatter him so. And he still had his loyalty to his first wife, and Fanny so cleverly played to that. "And he likes her, too — clothes, voice, perfumery and all!" Ethel would declare to herself in anger and vexation.

"You can't change a man in a minute," she thought. "Remember Amy had him five years." Amy had planted so deep in him the feeling that money is everything; she had got the fever into his blood. And Fanny was there to keep it alive by her flattery of his money success. And for Ethel, even still, it was decidedly unsafe to criticize Joe in some of his moods. As autumn changed to winter these moods grew much more frequent. What was worrying him? She couldn't find out. She sent for Nourse and asked him, "What's going on in the office?"

"The press agent is pushing him hard," was Nourse's gloomy answer, "for that row of patriotic atrocities up on Riverside Drive." Ethel squirmed.

"But he won't!" she cried. "He couldn't!"

"Oh, yes, he could," Joe's partner growled. "There's so much money in it!"

"If he puts that through I'm done for!" Ethel told herself that night. "His name will be a perfect joke — among all the people I want to know! And they'll all keep away from us as though he were running a yellow journal! And then *her* friends will crowd about — because we'll be so rich, you see!

She was lying sleepless on her bed, and Joe was sleeping by her side. She sat up and looked at his face in the dim light from the window.

"If you get very rich," she thought, "and middle-aged and very fat in body and soul, get to care only for building 'junk' and for going about with Amy's friends — I wonder what would I do then?" Again the words of young Mrs. Grewe came up in her mind: "You can get out whenever you choose." She frowned. "But there are the children. And besides, I love you, Joe — yes, more than ever, and in a queer way! I'm fighting for what I love in you, but at the same time I love you *all — every bit of you!*" Breathing quickly now, she sank back on her pillow, and there she soon grew quiet again. "So we'll fight it out once and for all. *You've got to drop this plan of yours.*"

One evening that same week, when Nourse had come to dinner, she led the talk by slow degrees to that *other* plan of Joe's — the one with terrace gardens. Soon she had Nourse talking about it, and seeing her husband grow morose she grew cheerily interested.

"Oh, I'm very dull, I suppose," she said at the end, with a quizzical smile, "but I'm afraid I can't get it clear. Couldn't you draw it?" Nourse smiled at this, for he saw what she was driving at.

"No, I'm poor at that," he said.

"Then, Joe, you sketch it out for me."

Joe put down his paper and began in surly fashion. But as he sketched more rapidly, she saw the thing take hold of him. With little exclamations and questions Ethel drove him on. She thought it a fascinating plan, but the details puzzled her still, she said, and the rough sketch he had drawn was very unsatisfactory. She begged him to draw it on a large scale, and he set out to do so. But his hand was inexpert. Although once the most brilliant designer in town, for years Joe had stuck to the business side, and his hand had grown clumsy, his memory cold. Ethel had known of this from Nourse. And now probing by her questions as to details here and there, with Nourse helping at her side, she revealed Joe's weakness to himself. A scared angry look came into his eyes. Stubbornly he worked on and on, but the thing would not come as it used to! And this revealing process continued until Nourse with masculine pity dropped out of this torturing and went home. But Ethel gently encouraged Joe, and in his dogged persistency he kept at it half the night. The more tired he grew the worse was his work. Again and again, as she glanced at his face, she saw that frightened look in his eyes. It almost brought the tears in her own, but steadily she kept thinking:

"I'm scaring him badly, and that's what he needs. For years he has been telling himself that first he would make money and then he would work out his ideals. But he's frightened now. He's wondering if he has put it off too long!"

Pitilessly she goaded him on. Then at last she relented and began to persuade him to go to bed. How white and haggard and queer he looked. Again a lump rose in her throat. Soon she was saying quietly:

"I should think that some day, dear, you'd want to go back to Paris and work."

He made no answer.

But in the weeks that followed she dropped this thought again and again into his mind. Paris, study, work, old dreams — she played these against his business, against Amy and her friends and the flattery of Fanny Carr, against that odious press agent and the plan for Riverside Drive.

One Saturday night when he came home, with a sudden leap of compassion she saw what a day he had been through. "But he *is* through! Something has happened!" she thought. And she treated him very tenderly — both because of the state he was in, and more perhaps because she knew how bad it would be for both of them if he had decided against her.

"How has the work been going?" she asked. He looked at her almost with dislike.

"For a month," he said, "you've been trying to make me give up that Riverside scheme." He paused, and her heart was in her mouth.

"I haven't said so, have I?"

"No — you haven't said so," he growled.

"Well?"

"It's off. I've dropped it."

She started to embrace him, but saw at once it would be a mistake.

"Thank you, Joe," she said softly, and went into the nursery. It was so dark and quiet there. She had a cry.

[*To be continued*]

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by Paul Tomlinson

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THE United States has pledged its last man, its last ounce of material, and its last dollar to the task of winning the war. Men, materials and money, are the three necessary elements of victory; they are interdependent, and each one of them to be effective must have added to it the other two.

Hundreds of thousands of men have offered their services to the government and hundreds of thousands more have been drafted under the operation of the Selective Service Law. These young men are sharing in the greatest crusade of history. No knight ever donned his mail and rode forth to battle in a more splendid cause than theirs. Potentially they comprise the finest army in the world, but to make it so everyone of us must give them our unqualified support, and work and save for them to the limit of our ability.

Our soldiers and sailors are not fighting for glory or love of adventure, but for you and your country. They have no delusions about this war, but they have gone because they care more for the land that nourished them than for their own ease and comfort. Many men, too old to carry guns, have resigned lucrative positions and offered their services free or at nominal salaries to the government. They are animated by the same high purpose as their younger brothers, and plenty of men who earned fifty thousand a year are now working for practically nothing, and working sixteen hours a day.

WE could raise an army of five million and our city streets would still be crowded. As yet we have scarcely skimmed the surface of our reservoir of men. Were it possible to throw our great power into the breach this spring the war would soon be over. We cannot do this, but it is not because our country is unable to furnish the materials to equip such a great force, for our resources are well-nigh limitless. The United States is the storehouse of the world, and it is for us to produce the coal, steel, ships, munitions and supplies which are the equipment necessary to victory. But just as great armies are impotent without proper equipment, so the materials to provide that equipment are of little value unless money is available to convert them into munitions of war. Russia is the outstanding example of the futility of enormous masses of men who were not supplied with the materials with which to fight. This is a war of peoples as well as of armies. The army is the first line; the second line consists of the people. In order to make their army effective they must work and save, and loan their money to the government to purchase equipment for the fighting men. Everyone must realize that the better our army is equipped, the better it will fight; the better it fights, the sooner peace will come.

DURING the campaign to sell the second issue of Liberty Bonds, a banking house in New York received a remarkable reply from one of its clients in answer to a letter urging him to subscribe. The reply was from a man over eighty years of age, who stated that he had purchased bonds of the Anglo-French loan, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland five and five and one-half per cents, the French loan, the issue sold by the Dominion of Canada, and both the first and second offerings of the Liberty Loan. In order to do this he had sold practically everything he owned, even to his gold shirt-studs, which had been replaced by buttons purchased at the Five and Ten Cent Store.

This old man realized that if the fighting forces were to do justice to themselves, they must have proper equipment, and if they are to get that equipment, money must be supplied. Airplanes, cannon, rifles, munitions, uniforms and food do not grow on trees. If the hundred million citizens of the United States were willing to sacrifice themselves to the same extent as the old man who sold his jewelry, how long do you think the War would last? Would not the realization soon penetrate even the German mind that a people so determined could never be defeated?

I think everyone understands the need of our raising a great army, and we are beginning to realize the urgent necessity of supplying that army with the best of equipment. I believe, too, that most of us now comprehend that money is just as much an essential as the other two. Not all of us are in a position to fight, and few of us own factories or mines which can be turned over to the government. But most of us have money to loan. When Liberty Bond subscriptions are asked for, every man in this country who is a wage-earner should present himself within forty-eight hours at the nearest bank, and enter his name for a bond. It is not improbable that your dollars can fight better than you, and it may be that your money will purchase the bullet which will end the war.

THERE are two good reasons why we should buy Liberty Bonds. Of course there are more than two, but they are sufficient, and it seems ridiculous that a great organization should be necessary to impress these reasons on our minds. Does it seem logical that hundreds of men should be obliged to give their time, neglect business, and work to the point of exhaustion to convince us of what ought to be self-evident?

The first reason for buying Liberty Bonds is, of course, patriotism. Our forefathers shed their blood and gave their lives to establish the liberty which we now enjoy. Can we afford to let that liberty be taken away from us when we can preserve it to ourselves by loaning our dollars to the government? Are we willing to let our neighbor carry our burden as well as his own, or do we want to feel that we have done our full share, that we have had a definite, concrete part in the winning of the war?

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ern France. Do we want her helmeted butchers to do the same thing to us? Do we want the nation which sank the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex* to win the war and gain encouragement for similar practices in the future? In the battle before Cambrai two unarmed American engineers, carrying a wounded comrade, were shot down in cold blood by German soldiers. What is your reply to that?

There can be no question that it is the patriotic duty of every loyal American to buy these bonds. We must remember also that our patriotism should not be confined to the borders of the United States, but extended to cover our stalwart allies as well. France, England, Italy and Belgium are our comrades-in-arms, and if they call upon us for help we must respond. A British success benefits us as much as it does England. When France turns back the German hordes, she is protecting us as well as herself. Knowing this, can we refuse them if they desire materials or money? And do we, the American people, realize that we must furnish the money for the government to loan to our allies?

Our soldiers appreciate the importance of Liberty Bonds. In fact, it has been necessary to make a rule limiting the amount for which they may subscribe, for some of them have tried to pledge every cent of their pay. Now the government requires every man to keep at least $7.50 every month for himself. Should our army be expected to endure all the hardships and dangers, and carry the financial burdens as well? Or is it the patriotic duty of those who stay at home to take this lesser load off their shoulders?

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Remember the three essentials of victory — men, materials and money. The government may not need your services, you may not be able to furnish materials; but you can loan your money. To do so will benefit your country, and whatever helps your country helps you, too. You need never worry about your investments, and you will have the comfortable feeling that even though you yourself

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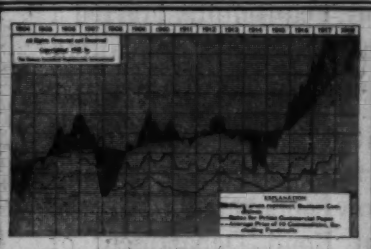

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The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

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On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

The booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D., third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to determine the best individual piece of financial advertising copy. This booklet, free to every reader of McClure's, is distinguished because of the comprehensive way in which the advantages of Farm Mortgages as a safe investment, are outlined.

Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

A very interesting booklet [free] has recently been published by the F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., regarding their method of loaning money to the farmers of Louisiana. The booklet is very valuable to anyone interested in Farm Mortgages. It gives some idea as to what Louisiana is doing for the nation's food supply.

What Are These Voices?

[*Continued from page 24*]

wrote down queer boyish farewells to be forwarded to mother "back home," Molly was properly entertained by the Colonel. After the last good-bys had been said, we realized that we were shockingly faint from hunger, so with a lieutenant or two and some non-commissioned boys squeezed in with the chauffeur, on the top floor of the car and on the running-board, we rode to the shed beyond the camp entrance which passes for a cafeteria.

Alone again in the car with Molly, we held our breath. The hard lines around her well-shaped mouth, the narrowing of her eyes, indicated the approach of an explosion. It came.

"My feet are frozen. I don't believe they will ever be warm again. That ground! Did you ever feel anything like it? — ice-slush. And those boys have been sleeping on it — Hay? My dear girl, the hay was almost as wet as the ground — and one blanket — one. The Colonel said they are issuing extra blankets for the voyage — but they can't carry them in France. . . . and that coffee ——"

She pressed a delicately perfumed handkerchief to her lips.

"Did you ever taste anything so vile — and those boys will have nothing better to drink for months — for years! Billy Sunderland — did you see him gulp it down? Jennie Sunderland and I went to school together — I sent her a pink silk pillow with a convent embroidered slip when he was born. Billy! — Jennie's baby. Oh, my God!"

She crumpled up in her corner, her admirably groomed figure torn by long, shuddering sobs. No one answered. And in that great French car, with its pale gray upholstery and fittings a little soiled now by the touch of soldier hands and feet, the miracle of self-effacement worked its beautiful way.

Strange invisible hands touching your sleeve!

Vague figures flitting across your vision!

Mysterious voices whispering to you.

So did they come to Jean d'Arc in Orleans five hundred years ago. And so they come to us, the silent voices.

And we are answering — thank God!

Mrs. Richardson is now in France. Her articles from the Front, human and appealing, will appear exclusively in McClure's

New York Stuff — *Continued from page 14*

"Why, you oughtn't to get depressed," he said, "it's out of character. I always think of you on tiptoe for smiles. What were you depressed about?"

"Oh, just a mood, I guess, because my work hasn't been going very well."

"Why hasn't it?"

Nora shook her head. "I don't know."

Dicky regarded her rather gravely.

"I think I know. You've been staying up too late nights, squandering your energy — isn't that something like it?"

She looked at him, perturbed.

"I don't think you understand what it means to me — who've never had anything like that in my life before. It's been such a wonderful chance."

"What has?"

"Oh, being with Fanny and her friends."

"Chance for *what?*"

"For — for development."

"I wish I knew how to say to you what I'd like to say," he said.

THEN Nora saw her chance to put the question which had been disturbing her.

"Is it what you were feeling 'preachy' about that day in the park?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Just what did you mean that day?"

"You'll probably think I'm butting in," he began rather diffidently. "But — well, I wish there was someone in this town who had the right to advise you."

"What about?"

"Oh, about running around."

"Why," she ejaculated, "aren't they *your* friends?"

"Oh, yes — yes, they are — in a way, but —"

Nora interrupted him.

"And aren't they all rich? — and don't they belong to old families?"

"You mean that they like to think they belong to old families. Bob actually believes it! Anyway, whether any of 'em do or not, most of 'em are — well, you must see what they really are."

"Why!" she cried, gravely, "I thought I did! I — I don't know! I don't seem to understand. *What* are they?"

"Bounders," he said, finally.

"*Bounders?*"

"Well, that may be a rough word," said Dicky, evidently trying to temper the shock. "But they're not the kind to do a girl like you any good — wasters, carousing around, rotten ideals if any at all, no ——"

"I don't think you ought to talk that way! Don't you pretend to be their friend — pretend to like Fanny?"

"I do like Fanny — she's jolly and good fun. But it's different with me."

"How?"

"Oh, I'm not a thing to be spoiled, because I'm spoiled already. But you —" he paused a second and his tone subtly changed — "you are from Cherryvale."

"Yes; and glad enough to be *from* it!" emphasized Nora defiantly.

"You're offended," he said. "Perhaps it serves me right for butting in. I don't know. I only know I've been watching you — and worrying."

"What about?" she demanded, trying to speak stiffly.

"About the lovely things you brought with you to New York," he said. "Your enthusiasm, your honest, sane point of view, your — well, if you don't mind my saying it — your freshness and sweetness. It seems a crime if a girl like you has to be spoiled."

"*I* won't get spoiled!" Nora's little air of self-confidence must have seemed pathetic to him. "I can take care of myself perfectly well — and I insist on being grateful for the chance to see something of real life!"

"Well," he said, as though terminating the discussion, "I've said my say. I hope you aren't too awfully offended —?"

"No; I don't think I'm offended," she answered.

"And we'll be friends — good friends?"

"Of course," she answered.

Fanny stared at her oddly when told there had been a tête-à-tête tea-party.

"I'm glad you had a nice time," she commented. "But ——"

"But what?" demanded Nora quickly.

"Oh, I don't know. I was just wondering if it mightn't be better, perhaps, if you were a little more world-wise."

"Why?" asked Nora.

"So you'd be more able to meet men on their own ground," said Fanny, patting the girl's hand. "It's second nature to most men to make love to every pretty girl who attracts them. You mustn't take such things too seriously."

"No, of course not," said Nora.

"You don't mind my speaking this way, dear? — it's only because you're such a nice, unsophisticated little thing. I just want to put you wise before you're in any danger of getting fond of — of anyone."

"I know — thanks," said Nora, trying to feel as grateful as she knew she should.

Several times within the next few days Fanny reverted to this subject. She always generalized, warning Nora not of one man, but of "men." For if Fanny was anything she was adroit.

Nora was at sea. Dicky had warned her of Fanny and the rest, and here was Fanny warning her of — yes, she felt sure that was what Fanny meant — she was warning her of Dicky. It was bewildering. Especially since she had discovered that she was already fond of Dicky. Even though she must be on her guard against him, she couldn't help liking him, liking little glimpses of true chivalry and sweetness.

She did not tell herself, in so many words, that she was falling in love; but, those days, she spent a great deal of time pondering the abstract question of Love. It seemed a pity that any young creature, full of dreams, should be compelled to go without love. All of those young poster-heroines whom she had created in a kind of glow, had it as a matter of course. Romance was the due of Youth. It was the due of Youth to hear Love's voice singing, to see Beauty's face, and Glamour's light. And Youth was so fleeting!

SHE tried to pull herself out of the emotional state. But it added to her recurrent fits of depression that she wasn't advancing in her work as much as she'd expected. As she grew deeper in debt, her output became not even as sure as it formerly had been. Was she to be just one more failure? Had all her hopes and aspirations been presumptuous? She thought back to the time, little more than a year ago, when she left Cherryvale on her shining adventure. How exultantly proud her family had been then, and herself how high of heart! She had even planned to help put her younger brother Joe — "Joey" to Nora — through college.

She got to sleeping badly; then she would tell herself that, tomorrow, she must get a grip on herself.

But, tomorrow, she often could not get that grip; and a weight of lassitude on the spirit, such as comes when we look back on duties undone, is one which does no one any good. It is at such spiritual low-tide that, to flee our own selves, we are apt to rush feverishly into the maelstrom of distractions.

And this is why, one evening of February snow, that Nora after a listless day was glad she was to dine at the Gentrys'.

She lost some of her listlessness as she dressed, for she was wearing a new dress for the first time, a red satin, and it was so lovely as to have challenged any woman's interest. She had ordered it reluctantly, because of that already big bill at Pierre's; but Pierre volunteered a reduction in price, and Fanny, who was with her, said it would be criminal not to take such a becoming thing when it was so ridiculously cheap.

The gown *was* becoming. As Nora stood before her mirror where the light picked out deeper sheens in the glowing satin, she knew the thrill of satisfaction which every woman feels when she sees herself looking her best. The dress was cut with the artful effect of simplicity which only the Pierres of the world can achieve; against the splendid color her bare arms and the deep square of disclosed neck showed very white, and, above, her dusky hair seemed to find even duskier shadows.

She found herself smiling and humming under her breath as she affixed the pendant ear-rings, Fanny's gift. But, then, she stood off and surveyed them with a little frown. Somehow they marred the effect.

As she took them off, she started humming again. Then, as the final touch, she pinned a big bunch of violets to her corsage. Dicky had sent them to her.

When Nora reached the Gentrys', Fanny was still in her own room, giving the last touch to her toilette before her low dressing-table.

She arose as Nora entered, and turned the girl around to scrutinize her.

"Those violets are a wrong note," she commented. "Do take them off!"

"I don't want to," protested Nora.

"They spoil the effect," insisted Fanny. "Besides, that plain, untrimmed satin will be ruined by damp flowers."

Nora, with puckered brows, walked over to a full-length mirror and, finally, unpinned the violets.

"See!" said Fanny, "there are marks already."

FANNY was standing beside her, surveying the reflected vision. She hadn't praised the gown at all, and she usually was ready with praise. And Nora had been thinking that she looked especially well. Rather crestfallen, she said:

"You don't think it's becoming, do you?"

"Yes — but it needs something — just a touch. I know!" — and she ran swiftly to the jewel-case which was open on her dressing-table, and was back again in a second. "This!"

"This" was a ruby pendant on a delicate platinum thread. As she held it up to Nora's neck, against the white flesh the ruby glowed like a living pulse, breathing with her every breath a spark of crimson fire. The necklace was one of Fanny's favorite jewels; Nora felt her friend's generosity in offering it — perhaps it was to atone for her lack of praise.

"Thank you, Fanny," she said, "but I'd rather not."

But already Fanny had snapped the catch of the chain.

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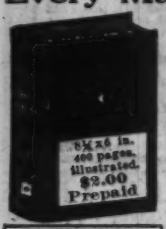

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"Just the touch you needed!" she said triumphantly.

"Truly, I'd rather not, Fanny."

"Why not? You're surely not one of those silly prudes who think we should all go round looking like frumps, just because there's a war!"

Now Nora, in this whirl of life, had never taken any active interest in war work, and at times that had caused her little twinges of conscience. To be sure, there were many foolish and futile methods of showing "patriotism" afloat just then, but, after all, they were efforts in the right direction. Fanny's sneering tone jarred on her a little. But she didn't have the spiritual energy to undertake an argument; so she merely answered:

"I don't like wearing borrowed things, Fanny."

"Nonsense! If I don't mind, why should you? I want you to wear it — for my pleasure, if not for your own!"

It was characteristic of Nora that within five minutes she had forgotten all about the necklace. She was always ridiculously absent-minded, even as to the clothes she was wearing.

"Seen Dicky lately?" asked Fanny idly as they went toward the drawing-room.

"Yes, he 'phoned he was coming to-night. He sent the violets."

"Dicky always was the great little flower-giver!" laughed Fanny. There was a connotation in that which marred Nora's pleasure in the gift.

The little dinner proved to be hilarious, so that, as Nora had hoped, she found herself forgetting her inner depression. They played cards afterward, and, when the scores were reckoned, the depression returned a little; she was once more a heavy loser — the Gentrys always played for a cent a point. She began to wish, then, that she hadn't come — she oughtn't to have come; and, when Fanny suggested that they all go out to a cabaret for supper, she asked that they drop her at home.

"Oh, come on!" said Fanny.

"It's late," pleaded Nora. "And I've got to get up early —"

"Oh, don't be a spoil-sport!"

As it was so late, the Gentrys did not call out their own chauffeur, but got a taxicab. The cabaret they had chosen was one which styled itself "a bit of Paris in New York." That was the year the Hawaiian craze was making way for the jazz-band frenzy; and, though the Paris overseas was then garbed in the mourning of war — the tragedy queen of the world — for some reason this "bit of Paris in New York" deemed it compatible to feature *le dernier cri* in our metropolitan madness.

AS the Gentrys' party entered, the Hawaiian music was blurring melancholy cadences above its subtly riotous rhythm, while a celebrated Hawaiian dancer (born in Utah, people said) was swaying her flexuous muscles at the center of the floor. The air was dense with smoke and the spirit of decadence. It nauseated Nora, as did the rich food and fizzing wine which she feared would make her feel ill tomorrow. And all this false joy, while Europe reeked with war!

It was nearly two hours later when they left the place. They picked up a taxicab at the door, and stopped at the Gentrys' first, then Dicky took Nora home. The chauffeur drove them through the park. Heavy snow was falling, and the park, at that deserted hour, was a place of unreal and fantastic beauty.

Nora sat back in her corner, very still.

"What's the matter?" Dicky asked.

"The matter? — how do you mean?"

"You're so quiet."

She made no answer. He went on:

"Unhappy about anything?"

"Of course not! — haven't we just spent hours and hours and a lot of money *making* ourselves happy?"

She meant to laugh, but the sound ended in an unexpected little quaver which surprised her into sudden silence. And it surprised Dicky into unexpected action. In the pale darkness of the cab he felt for her hand, and kissed it.

Now Nora's hand had been kissed before, and by Dicky more than once; but never quite like this. She turned from him in a strange tremor.

"You poor little thing," he said, holding on to her hand, "you're worn out. It was horrible to drag you into that rotten place."

"How about — *you?*" Nora was having hard work to keep her voice from faltering.

"Oh, I'm hardened to that stuff, and can throw it off. But you're not hardened — thank God! Things sink in. Nora, what do you do it for? What's wrong, anyway?"

As if for the first time conscious that her hand was still in his, Nora tried to pull it away; but he held it fast.

"You're trembling!" he exclaimed. "Something's making you unhappy. Tell me what it is, Nora."

"It's nothing really," she replied, trying to steady her voice. "Just a foolish mood."

"It's more than that," insisted Dicky. "It's late. I'm not going to bother you now — you poor, tired little thing. And tomorrow I must go to Boston to be gone a week. But first thing when I get back, I'm coming to see you. May I?"

"Yes," she whispered.

HE bent and kissed her hand again. And with that kiss she might have known that there was one girl with whom Dicky Siddons never had trifled and never would trifle.

When Nora entered her apartment she abstractedly picked up a letter which had been pushed under her door, and abstractedly moved over to the window, and gazed down upon the fairy-white park through which she had just passed — with him. It was wonderful how all her past unhappiness, and all her future difficulties, faded away as she stood there still in her wraps, in a sort of entranced dream, suffused with soft, warm, undefined premonitions, and with the feeling that he was there beside her, yet holding her hand. Never had she seemed so close to him. Her hand seemed still to feel the touch of his lips, and she could still hear the pleading in his voice when he said, so low that she just heard, "May I come, Nora?"

She had no idea how long she stood there before she came back to realities and, noticing the letter in her hand, moved across to a light.

The letter was from her mother. She wrote that Nora's father had come down with the grip; he had no resistance, worn out as he was with business worries — his affairs had been going even worse than usual. She was afraid they couldn't keep Joey in college much longer. The one consolation, she wrote, was that Nora was now independent.

"You've no idea what a blessed thought it is," she said, "that you're doing so splendidly."

Nora re-read the words in a sort of daze. The letter struck her with extra cruelty, coming as it did just at the moment she'd almost forgotten her own dawning sense of unworthiness. But remembrance of that surged back over her swiftly, acutely. How she had betrayed all their sacrifices for her, their faith in her, her own opportunities!

She sat down at her desk, there in the cold early morning, still wrapped in her evening cloak, got out her pile of bills and went over them. The amount she owed was appalling — she had never dared reckon it up before. And no resources at hand, no confidence in her product built up — even the fire of inspiration all but burned out. Oh, that at this moment, when they needed her, she should be helpless — worse than helpless! She glanced down at the new red gown, still unpaid for, with eyes that saw it only as the badge of her selfishness and folly.

And, as waves of remorse swept over her, that soft glow which just before had warmed her to forgetfulness, seemed to change into chill doubt. She tried not to think of that, struggled to keep her senses wrapped in that earlier intoxicating warmth; but, stronger than her will, came thought, tinged over with sinister cynicism.

After all, what reason had she for presuming that Dicky, with her, was not just playing the usual game of worldly men of his sort? — surely Fanny had warned her often enough.

Long after she got into bed she lay with wide-open burning eyes; and when she drifted off into fits of slumber, the howling outside wind seemed to enter into her being in wild dreams which made of sleep an even greater torture than wakefulness.

Nevertheless she arose early, unrefreshed but resolved to work as she had never worked before. And that day she was glad that Fanny did not telephone to tempt her with diversions.

So engrossed was she with her anxieties and her endeavor to rectify that it wasn't till the third day after that evening at the Gentrys' she suddenly remembered Fanny's ruby pendant. She should have returned it at once! She ran into her bedroom to make sure it was safe. With growing uneasiness she looked first in one trinket-box, then in another. Then as her excitement increased, she tumbled the contents to the floor and had to get down and search under the dresser. She went through the dresser drawers, jumbling things with nervous fingers, then sorting them into order to go through them more carefully. Panic began to creep over her. She ran to the closet and snatched down the red satin dress and her evening cloak — perhaps the chain had caught somehow to the fabric. But the jewel was not there.

Sitting down and trying to compose herself, she attempted to recall what she had done with it when she took it off, but could recollect nothing. She tried to extend her memory back farther, to recall the last time she had been conscious of it on her neck. But this effort, too, failed.

PRESENTLY she began to search again, with determined deliberation. After a racking hour, she convinced herself that the necklace was not in her apartment. A dreadful solution of its disappearance meanwhile presented itself to her mind: The chambermaids and bell-boys had access to her apartment with passkeys when she was out!

Finally she went down to see the house detective. He was discouragingly amazed at her lack of definiteness, but promised to do what he could. That night he came and told her he had questioned the hotel employees, the cabaret people, and the taxicab company which furnished the car to take the party downtown. It all came to nothing. She had known all day that it would come to nothing. The ruby was gone. Gone! She had lost it. She must go and tell Fanny.

As she approached the building in which the Gentrys lived, she still half-hoped she might have dropped the necklace in their apartment. But at her first words, the expression on Fanny's face told her that this was a vain hope.

She stared at Nora with an astounded expression.

"But surely you must remember *something!*"

"No," confessed Nora.

"Can't you remember the last time you noticed having it on? — here? — or at supper?"

"I can't remember a thing about it. Fanny, after you fastened it on."

"*I* never forget any valuable piece of jewelry while I'm wearing it — never for one second!" Fanny's tone was impatient.

"I'm sorry, Fanny," said Nora, fighting back tears. "I know that sounds silly, now — 'I'm sorry.' But all I can do is to ask how much it cost, and promise to pay you — as soon as I'm able."

"You foolish girl! — *you* couldn't pay for that pendant. Do you know how much it cost?"

"That's what I came to ask," said Nora.

"Well, there's no use telling you. Nothing can be done."

"You *must* tell me, Fanny!"

"All right!" said Fanny. "Twenty-two hundred dollars — *that's* what it cost!"

"Twenty-two hun —" Nora wasn't equal to finishing it.

"Yes, twenty-two hundred dollars," repeated Fanny. "I got it with a thousand-dollar check Dad gave me for Christmas three years ago, and I was dunned to death before I got the balance paid."

NORA knew, by this time, how much Fanny was worried by "duns;" at first it had surprised her greatly that anyone so apparently affluent, with such extravagant appurtenances, should be so put to it for ready cash. Fanny was always framing up some method to secure money from her rich father.

"Well," continued Fanny, as she began nervously to arrange objects on the dressing-table, "let's forget about it. You see there's no use thinking of paying it back."

Nora gulped hard before she spoke.

"Yes, there is — I *will* pay it back, Fanny — every cent of it. I've thought it all out — I'll give up my apartment and economize. It'll take a long time, but I'll pay back every cent, Fanny."

"Don't be foolish," said Fanny.

"I've never been so serious in my life — I've *got* to do this, Fanny!" Nora's words rushed out in a broken tumult. "I've been going backward in my work for months — wasting, wasting, wasting. And now my family needs my help, and it's my own fault I'm in no position to give it! I'm in no position to do *anything* that I should. All the suffering in France and Belgium — every time I hear stories of those poor children, my heart bleeds! But what's the good of your heart's bleeding, if you do nothing really to help? Do you know that, all this time I've been squandering money so foolishly, I've never given one cent to any war charity?"

Fanny turned and looked at her, but said nothing. Nora rushed on:

"And I've been playing games with my conscience, all this time, to excuse my folly. I've *got* to get a grip on myself, Fanny, or I don't know *what* will happen to me! Maybe it's too late — I don't know; but I do know I've got to try!"

"I suppose those are very creditable sentiments," Fanny said, but her tone, her whole manner, was unsympathetic. "But let's forget about it."

"No! I've *got* to pay you, Fanny. I can't explain it, exactly, but it's all bound up with my self-respect. And there's another thing — I'm not going to play around any more till I do pay you — every cent! That's to be my penance. I'll miss you, and Bob, and — everybody ——"

The tears she could no longer hold back, brimmed over.

"You're really willing to live a deadly, humdrum life in order to pay me?" Fanny's tone was incredulous.

"I want — I must!"

"Well, I don't understand you at all.'

"And there's another thing I want you to promise me, Fanny. I'm going to find a boarding-house somewhere — don't try to look me up."

Fanny was silent a moment, and then said, slowly:

"You want us *all* to keep away? Dicky will be asking, you know."

"Yes, *all!*"

"But what'll I tell him?"

"Anything — tell him I've gone away — gone home! That's what I will have done — in my heart!"

Fanny was silent another moment; when she spoke there was a warmer note in her voice than there had been during the whole interview.

"You're right, of course, my dear. I respect you for your attitude — you're very brave."

It helped Nora a little to feel that Fanny at last seemed to appreciate the situation.

So Nora's foolish little glamorous dream of affluence, of gayety, yes, and love, too—so it all died.

She found a cheap boarding-place, and applied all her will to work. Of course she couldn't expect to be happy — the sense of her needless folly always remained hanging over her; and she couldn't forget memories of her foolish love-dream, of its rude blasting. But she doggedly struggled on — days, weeks, months of work and hope and struggle. Gradually she began to feel herself uplifted. She was doing better work. Her drawings were selling. She had paid most of her bills; had even sent a small check to Fanny.

She kept on working, always feverishly working. Spring came, bringing with it the halcyon smiles and the blue, uncaring eyes of April. Another month went by, and she kept on working. Then came a glorious day in May, when she received a check larger than any she'd ever before received. That meant she could send Fanny a real payment on the necklace!

And, just as the gods seem never to send troubles singly so do they also seem to love to redouble happiness! That same night she received a letter from Dicky, addressed to and forwarded from Cherryvale.

"Fanny told me you'd gone home to be alone," he wrote. "I can't help hoping, maybe, that our talks have helped throw a little light on that false kind of life. All this time I've been longing to see you — I can't tell you how much — but I've tried to respect your desires. Fanny told me you wanted me to keep away, too — but I've kept away for months, now, Nora. Haven't I been good almost long enough? May I come to Cherryvale? — *please*. I've missed you so much!"

He had missed her!

That night, once more, Nora found happy dreams in sleep.

She awoke early, in time to glimpse, on a tall building's highmost rim, in sudden, blood-red splendor, the climbing sun.

She found herself bursting into unexpected snatches of song. She took her check down to her bank, deposited it, and made out another to Fanny for two hundred dollars. Then a sudden thought seized her. Why not *take* the check to Fanny, instead of just sending it?

On the impulse she telephoned Fanny. But the maid said Mrs. Gentry had gone out shopping; she was to lunch at the Plaza. Then Nora swiftly decided to join Fanny there; she laughed to herself, picturing her friend's surprise.

As she walked up the Avenue, old moods, forgotten, seemed to rise up miraculously in Nora's heart. The Avenue, the big town's parade-way — how it can sing, on a sunlit day of May, of riches and joy and laughter, of all shining things, of splendid, carefree delight!

When she reached the big hotel she went directly to the dining-room which she knew Fanny favored. In the doorway she paused a moment, scanning the diners. Yes, there was Fanny, over there by a window.

And Dicky Siddons was with her! Nora's heart faltered a beat, and her feet faltered a step. But then she eagerly went forward.

As she neared their table, Fanny chanced to glance up and see her approaching.

"Why, Nora!" she cried, half-rising from her chair. Then her expression changed suddenly. And Nora, standing like an image, gazing at her, could not speak.

For there, flashing against Fanny's soft white throat, was the ruby pendant.

They stood like that for a long moment. Then:

"Where in the world did you rise up from?" exclaimed Fanny. "Sit down."

"No, thanks. I was just looking for a friend — I must hurry on."

But Dicky had risen, and was prolonging his handshake despite Nora's effort to pull her hand away.

"Won't *we* pass for friends?" he asked gravely. "I was just asking Fanny about you. Been making myself a nuisance to her for weeks — but all she could tell me was that you'd gone home."

Nora's only answer was a smile, turned from him to Fanny.

"Good-by, Fanny," she said.

Then she turned and moved toward the door. She must get away — get away. Where she was going she hadn't the faintest idea.

But Dicky, running after her, overtook her at the outer door.

"I *must* see you! There's something here I don't understand."

"Yes, there is."

"Something hideous! — I sense it!"

"Yes." And then that unnatural composure of hers began to break.

"Why, you're crying! — Nora, darling! Here, you taxi!"

"But you can't ——"

"Can't leave Fanny — ? You just watch! Nora, you don't get away from me again!"

It was a moment later, in the taxicab, that a rueful look came over Dicky's face.

"I forgot! Here I invited Fanny to lunch — and didn't pay the check."

"Never mind — it's paid for — I paid for it," said Nora brokenly. And when she told him the story, he understood.

MR. and Mrs. Siddons occasionally see Mrs. Gentry at public places. When they see her they bow to her with excessive politeness.

The episode of the ruby necklace has never been explained; Nora would shrink from any discussion of it even more, if possible, than would Mrs. Gentry. She doesn't know whether Fanny had it all the while and deliberately kept quiet — either to secure Nora's repayment or to get the girl out of Dicky's way — or whether she found the pendant after Nora's call. Nora prefers to believe the latter; and that Fanny kept silent because she was hard up. That would be bad enough. Anyway, now, it all seems hardly real to Nora. And she cannot withhold a certain feeling of gratitude toward Fanny Gentry. For it was Fanny Gentry who was fate's instrument to send not only herself, but also the man who became her husband, out of glittering falsity back into the world of sanity and of realities.

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Triumph! — *Continued from page 7*

after all, a fool to swim out to it, for it was quite surrounded with sharks."

"Quite," the young man agreed.

"But, then, you know, he was always so brave."

"Brave?" He gave a harsh and mournful laugh.

She frowned in perplexity at that strange laughter.

"Brave, brave, brave. Once, on the beach, he polished off a bully. If you could have seen him. It was glorious."

"Come, now, who the deuce are you?"

He spoke impatiently, almost rudely, staring at her hard. She gave him an arch and friendly look, a luminous look.

"I'm Julia Blake."

"Dick Blake's sister?"

"Yes."

"I vaguely remember ——"

"No, you don't. You were my first sweetheart, and I used to cut your photograph from the sporting page of all the newspapers, but you were scarcely aware of my existence."

"I vaguely remember ——"

"No, I say! You never once talked to me. What wouldn't I have given to have you talk to me! Geoffrey Thorame, why didn't you talk to me?"

As she pronounced his name, she leaned towards him, her bare arms on the table, with a gay and tender smile. Her bare shoulders were mystical in the twilight, her beauty bathed him, but he turned away.

In great excitement the waiter entered with the compôte of fruit.

"An American aviator," the waiter said, "has fallen behind the church. They are carrying him past now. If you'd like to see ——"

They hurried forth. In the twilight a little group was advancing across the *place*. The little group halted on the terrace, it parted, and two stretcher-bearers set down a stretcher. The figure of a young man lay motionless on the stretcher in a noble and impressive attitude, the face and breast covered with an American flag.

"Is he dead?"

"Quite dead, mademoiselle. Yet he almost got back. If you could see his machine! Riddled, simply riddled. Yet he almost got back."

She drew a red rose from her corsage and laid it on the breast of the dead youth amid the folds of the flag.

The two stretcher-bearers took up their burden again. The little crowd again closed round them. They departed slowly. Soon they had disappeared in the dusk.

Julia was so moved that she could not eat her compôte. Every little while she would put down her fork and say:

"How splendid! How sad!"

Then Thorame would emerge with a start from his brown study, and he would repeat politely after her: "Yes, exactly!"

They agreed to take their coffee in the garden. The garden swam in a clear, blue-green twilight, like the light under water. Through the branches of the plane-trees a few stars glimmered faintly. On their long stalks the hollyhocks dreamed.

Incredible to think that they were in the war zone! Since sunset the cannonade had ceased, and the messenger whom Thorame had sent off now brought back word from a staff officer that the village was safe for the present, though it must be evacuated before noon tomorrow. Thorame communicated this message to Julia. She nodded, regarding him with her puzzled eyes.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he asked.

"Because I can't make you out, of course."

And she floated down the garden path in the watery twilight like a naiad. Seating herself, she crossed her knees so as to show her charming shoes of patent leather, with their silver buckles and red heels. The waiter filled her cup, and she accepted a cigarette from Thorame's gold case and a light from his gold lighter.

"You may have been a scrawny youngster once," said the young man, "but it's hard to believe it now."

And, indeed, in the lighter's delicate amber flame her beauty seemed quite marvelous. Her hair glittered as if powdered with gold dust, her cheeks were a brilliant rose, incredible her mouth's fresh red, incredible her eyes' clear sparkle, and the creamy pallor of her throat seemed made for long, long kisses.

"Why is it hard to believe it?"

But he was staring absently into space again, absently stroking his mustache.

"Come back!" she said, in low, troubled tones. "You keep going off — miles and miles. What ails you?"

"I'm thinking," he answered brusquely.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"I'm thinking of the war."

"Ah, yes! That poor airman! How I pitied him under his flag!"

"Don't pity him. Envy him."

"Envy him? Why?"

"Because, at last, he's conquered fear."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Fear? Nonsense!"

But the young man, staring into the dusk, declared:

"Every soldier of all these twenty million soldiers fights fear. He thinks little of Germans or French, Turks or English: his real foe is fear. And so, every day, he fights fear, but he can conquer fear only by dying."

"I'm sure you're wrong. Soldiers — and fear! Ugh! That idea isn't pretty."

"No, it isn't pretty."

"Besides, it would make it too — hard for them."

"It is too hard for them. If you don't see it is too hard for them, you don't give them half the credit they deserve."

She studied him a moment. Her aspect was incredulous and scornful. She gave an uneasy laugh.

"Soldiers," she said, "afraid!" And she laughed uneasily again. "Why, I'd as soon imagine you afraid."

Watching him closely as she spoke she saw, even in the twilight, the wave, of color that mounted to his brow.

"I've been afraid all my life."

Before that confession she was silent a long time. At last she said, in a low, perplexed voice:

"But when you swam out among the sharks, when you fought the bully on the beach ——"

"I swam out because I was afraid. I fought because I was afraid to fight."

He sighed profoundly. He seemed to sink a little lower in his chair. He had an air of melancholy and languor.

"I've always mastered fear," he said. "I've always done the things I was afraid to do. But now! — this war — it's too hard, it's superhuman, it seems to drug me."

He sighed again.

"If I fail ——"

She stared. She stared as in disgust. A cruel stare. So this, then, was his trouble. Bah! This being his trouble, was it worth while to try to save him?

But now she remembered the splendid sweetheart of her childhood, and her mood changed. She bent towards him impulsively and laid her hand on his. Her bodice, slipping down, revealed the tender and snowy curve of her girlish bosom.

"As if you'd fail!" she said, with low and passionate laughter. "Geoffrey Thorame fail!"

"I'm not the Geoffrey Thorame you once knew."

A shell sailed whining overhead. It burst with a loud clatter. The waiter and half-dozen maids ran across the garden.

"Why," said the young man, "they're shelling us! We'd better leave, eh?"

Another shell, another, then another. The waiter and the maids ran back again.

"Waiter!"

But the waiter made no answer, and Thorame rose and hurried after him.

"Waiter, I'm leaving. Where's my car?"

"Your car? Oh, your car was requisitioned hours ago. You can't ——"

A shell explosion, the loudest and nearest yet, drowned the waiter's voice. He dashed away.

"Hold on there!" Thorame, running, seized his arm. "What did you say? I didn't hear you."

Bang! R-r-rat-tat-tat! Bang!

"Let go!" said the waiter, struggling angrily. "You can't leave now. Come down into the cellar."

One behind another the shells sailed whining overhead. Every few seconds there was a clattering explosion which resembled the dumping of some titanic load of coal. Fires broke out here and there. Thorame found Julia on his return standing beside the table with her gaze fixed on a crimson sky wherein great gold sparks rose and fell.

"Hurry," he said. "We've got to take to the cellar."

"Are we under ——"

Bang! Rat-tat-tat!

"What?"

"Are we under fire?"

"I should say so!"

Bang!

Though a score of people had already sought refuge in the cellar, its dim, damp vaults were spacious, and they seated themselves on a box in a corner apart.

"We'll dig out," said Thorame, "as soon as this shelling stops. Are you good for an all-night walk?"

"Oh, yes. I can do my thirty miles a day. Can you beat that?"

He made no answer. Lost in gloom again, he sat staring at the candle and stroking his moustache. She considered him intently. Then ——

"Give me a cigarette," she said, and she turned to him gaily and impulsively. Her skirt swept his knee.

He produced his case, and, side by side in the candlelight, they began to smoke.

"We're snug enough here," said Julia, and she drew a little nearer to him on the box. The sordid surroundings of the cellar enhanced her glittering beauty.

"Yes," she repeated, "snug enough. It's a good place to tell me your troubles."

He frowned, stroked his moustache, stared straight before him.

"Tell me!"

"But — but I don't know how."

The shells without whined and clattered. The refugees about them conversed in low tones earnestly. Three or four little children played at hospital in a ludicrous and ghastly manner at their feet.

"I know you're troubled," she said, and she drew still nearer. Through the tissue of her skirt he felt her knee's unconscious pressure. Her eyes revealed to him their softest, clearest depths. "It will help you if you tell me all about it, and it will help me, too, to forget these horrid shells."

"Well, then" — But he broke off abruptly. "No; I can't."

"You must!"

"Well, then, I'm — I'm afraid my fear is going to master me in this war."

She laughed tenderly. She laid her hand on his.

"Geoffrey Thorame afraid!"

"But I told you before I'm not the Geoffrey Thorame of your childhood. For five years, since my father's death, I've been living a life of dissipation over here. Hasn't this life rotted me?"

"No!"

"I'm afraid it has."

"No, no!"

"But what, then, is the meaning of my torpor?"

"You'll shake your torpor off."

"Why didn't I enlist when the Kaiser declared war in 1914?"

"You weren't called on to enlist. That's going too far."

"But I was attacking Wilson. Yes, for three years, without enlisting ourselves, we pampered American expatriates of the Riviera colony attacked Wilson for cowardice. For three years we declared that Wilson was the kind of man who would do nothing if a bully slapped his wife's face. We made these charges in luxurious Riviera restaurants. As we drank our champagne and ate our truffled chicken, we railed at Wilson in the presence of one-legged soldiers, one-armed soldiers, and paralyzed soldiers."

He gave a bitter laugh.

"Can you see us? Sailors were being drowned by submarines in icy seas. Soldiers were charging across snow fields through storms of lead. And in our satin chairs over our wine we insulted Wilson for shielding us as long as he honorably could from all those horrors. 'Too proud to fight!' we said. Pretty actresses who could get no work because it was war time listened to us calmly. Bandaged young veterans listened to us gravely. Their eyes studied us. We raged on louder and louder. *Too proud to fight!* Can you see us?

"In our hearts, of course, we were ashamed. Wilson a coward! Is a father a coward for protecting his sons? In our hearts we were grateful to Wilson for keeping us out of the hell of war as long as honor would let him. Yet we called him a coward . . . And we didn't volunteer."

A shell exploded close at hand. Shouts of dismay and grief burst out. They ceased, and the young man resumed:

"I was ashamed, but for three years I kept it up. Three years of shame, three years of dissipation."

"Your ambulance unit —"

"Oh, I take no credit for that. Does its maintenance cost me the renunciation of a single luxury? No; it costs me only the signing of a cheque. Those three years — I never suspected how they were rotting me. I thought, when America was at last drawn in, I'd plunge as recklessly into war as I'd plunged into many a hard football scrimmage. And then, last Thursday ——"

He laughed bitterly again.

"I'd lunched that day at the Cap d'Ail Hotel with Cortlandt and Bleecker Ruthven. It was divine weather, and from the enormous open windows of the restaurant you looked out across beds of flowers to a delicious sea. But Cortlandt and Bleecker preferred to look at two delicious actresses at the next table. I left them with the actresses — I wanted to go to Monte Carlo to see the American bulletins — and yesterday I got word that they had joined the flying school at St. Raphael. So they're not rotted, anyway.

"I motored to Monte Carlo in an excited mood. I knew that war was coming. I entered the Casino and made my way towards the bulletin-board almost gaily. There was a very large crowd about it. I pushed my way forward. I had never felt so strong. I had never felt so sure of myself. It was like old

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times. Yes, it was like the moment when, perfectly trained, I waited eagerly to begin an important match game.

"In this spirit I lifted my eyes. I read our declaration of war. Then I lowered my eyes and stood there in the crowd before the board, frowning and saying to myself, 'What the devil? What the devil?'

"For, as I read, my manhood had oozed out of me. I was limp. I wanted to sit down somewhere. I wanted to lie down somewhere. It was as if I had swallowed a very powerful narcotic."

He turned to the girl piteously, but she was gazing straight before her. He gave a deep sigh and went on:

"I had expected to read our declaration of war with joy, yes, with martial joy. I had expected to say, 'At last, thank God!' and to hurry calmly off to enlist in the Lafayette Squadron or the Foreign Legion. And instead, as I read, I became limp. I wanted to lie down and fall into a deep, deep sleep.

"I knew I'd fight! I knew it! But this languor — it was as if my manhood, as if my honor, had oozed out of me through a hole.

"What if this hideous languor increased? What if, in the face of death, it made me turn tail and sneak softly off?"

"It won't," she said.

"No!" he cried. "It won't! And yet ——

"I'VE rushed straight to the heart of the danger. I've rushed straight to the heart of danger in my fastest car. I've hardly slept or eaten. And now I'm going to volunteer. I'm going to follow out the rule that has served me all my life — to do the thing that's hardest to do, to do the thing I'm most afraid of doing — but this languor is new in my experience. What does it mean? Has dissipation rotted me? Is war too hard? Am I a coward?"

"No! No! No!" she cried. On her face was a look of horror and pity. She had drawn a little away from him on the box.

"I've never yielded to fear, and I never will. Almost my whole generation has gone out and died. I'll do it, too. If only ——"

He ground his teeth.

"If only this languor, this paralysis, would go! It's like a nightmare where you run and run without advancing an inch, where you strike and strike without getting the least force into your blows. If only —"

He looked again into her averted face.

"Suppose God," he said, in a low, sad voice, "offered me one wish, just one wish. Well, I'd wish to shake this languor off and die in a hard, fierce fight. There are plenty of good things in the world, but that's the only thing I wish for."

He looked at her once more. Her face was still averted, but now a tear trickled down her cheek.

"If I can't have my wish," he muttered, "there's another way out."

"No, no!" and she bowed her head in her hands. Her bowed white shoulders shook with sobs.

"I'm a brute," he said, "a brute to ——"

But a volley of gun-shots, incredibly near, drowned his voice, and the waiter came clattering down the cellar stairs.

"It's the Germans," the waiter said. "You're safe enough. I don't know, though, what that volley meant."

"The Germans? Already?" Thorame leapt to his feet. "We must escape somehow. Internment in Germany! No, that isn't the way out I'm looking for."

"Listen!" said the waiter.

They heard, as he spoke, the tramp of marching men. On and on it came. Now it was in the *place*. A loud, harsh, gutteral shout — a noise of gun butts dropped to the ground — then silence.

They stared at one another. The silence seemed interminable and ominous. There came the sound of heavy boots running above their heads, the cellar door opened, and a German soldier peered down at them. He drew back with a grunt of alarm at sight of the crowd of anxious faces peering up at him.

The faces exchanged wan looks. There was more clumping about above. The door opened again and a German sergeant appeared.

"Come up out of there!" the sergeant shouted. He pointed a revolver at them. "Single file! Hands over your heads! Now, then! Disobedience means a bullet."

They rose in silence and in silence ascended the stair, an awkward, stumbling and lugubrious procession, old men, old women, maid-servants, children, all but the children holding up their hands.

They were marched through the hotel and forth into a sinister red light. A dozen fires had broken out by now. Great scarlet flames leapt up into the sky. Billowing clouds of amber-colored smoke rose sluggishly. A baleful, fitful glare was shed over the *place*, and in this glare, their troubled faces lit by red reflections, a hundred villagers were huddled under a guard of boche soldiers.

As they opened their ranks to admit the newcomers, Thorame studied the boche soldiers eagerly. They were robust but ungainly youths — young farm laborers, it would seem — strong enough, but slow and awkward. He, with his skilled, supple and swift muscles, could account for any two of them. Yes, any three of them. And it was before chaps like these that he had feared to show the white feather. Chaps like these! He gave a little chuckle.

"What's the matter?" said Julia querulously.

"Nothing," he answered, and he nodded to her in a reassuring manner. The dense crowd pressed them close together. She took his arm and leaned on it heavily.

"What are they going to do to us?" she murmured faintly, with closed eyes.

"Nothing," he repeated. "Nothing."

"Oh!" she cried. "What's that?" And she stared in terror as two young soldiers began to drag a little, plump, dignified old man forth from the throng.

The old man resisted the soldiers in a mild and stately manner. He was, no doubt, a figure of some prominence in that rural community — lawyer or merchant — and while he desired to protest against the soldiers' unjust action, he desired, above all else, to conduct himself with decorum.

"I didn't shoot," he kept insisting.

He opposed each step forward, digging in his heels, leaning back, and declaring his innocence in a mild voice. Meanwhile he kept glancing anxiously at his friends. Those anxious glances!

But a German officer pushed furiously forward and rushed at the old Frenchman and struck him with all his might over the head.

He fell like a log. They lifted him to his feet and dragged him to a plane-tree. His hat was gone, and his white hair tumbled.

"Bandage his eyes!"

A SOLDIER stepped forward and knotted a handkerchief about his brow.

A guttural order, and six soldiers ranged themselves before him in a row. Another guttural order, and they raised their guns and took aim.

"This," shouted the German officer, turning and gesticulating arrogantly towards the throng — "this is the way we Germans serve all who treacherously molest the sacred German army."

"Don't look!" said Thorame.

As Julia hid her face, there was a third order, instantly followed by a crashing volley.

The old man gave a tremendous start; then he shrunk together and fell on his side in a small, untidy heap.

A voice, hoarse with rage, roared:

"The German hogs! Kill the German hogs!"

The officer dashed forward. His face was scarlet.

"Now, then!" His great arm, shaking with passion, was brandished like a club above the prisoners. "Now, then! Who shouted that?"

Silence.

"I give you five minutes!" He jerked out his watch. "If in five minutes the person who shouted does not confess, you'll all be shot."

Silence again — and now a low wail rose from the mothers, and instinctively they bent down and gathered their children to their breasts.

Who had uttered that rash shout? None seemed to know.

"One minute!"

Julia stared at the officer.

"Oh," she gasped, "he means it! Oh, must we die?"

She clung to him frantically. He could feel the shudders that rippled, one after another, over her body.

"Two minutes!"

A more violent shudder rippled through Julia's body. She clung to the young man more desperately. "Save me!"

Thorame, still with that thoughtful mien, surveyed his fellow-prisoners. With bowed heads the old men and old women stood in waves of red light that rose and fell.

Thorame, in a kind of mental lightning flash, saw his life spread out before him, his life as it might have been — a girl's love, a wife's love, the joy of books, the joy of music, the joy of long days in the sun and wind, the beauty of the moonlit sea. He loved life. He loved life unspeakably. Could he now, for his soul's sake, give life up?

"Three minutes!"

A PANG wrenched him, a pang of mortal agony. It passed, and he drew a long, deep breath. He felt strangely serene. In some strange way he felt — yes — happy.

Splendid words ran through his head. Were they from Shakespere or the Bible? If he listened intently, they rose in crashing strains. *I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.* How those words inspired and fortified him!

"Don't let me die!"

"You shan't die."

The solemn gladness in his voice pierced straight to her heart. She looked up into his face. His face was flushed and smiling.

"Good-by," he said. "Tell them at home that if I, all rotted as I am, can do this, what won't they do, God bless them, when they come over in their millions!"

"No!" she wailed. "You shan't ——"

"Hush!"

And he put her gently, calmly, from him. Then, with a smile and a nod that chilled her blood, he disappeared.

"Forgive me for doubting you!" she called desolately.

But no answer came back to her. The throng made way for him with an abashed reverence, for the whisper of his sacrifice had spread with magic speed.

"Four —— "

But he already stood beforethe officer.

"It was I," he said, "who shouted."

They led him past the old Frenchman's body to the plane-tree. The line of soldiers ranged itself before him. The guns were leveled in careful aim. He inflated his chest and threw his head back resolutely. *I have fought the fight, I have kept the faith.*

Again that crashing volley. Julia buried her face in her hands. But behind her hands, behind her closed lids, she still saw, touched with the red light of the flames, his resolutely lifted head, his flushed smile, and his eyes shining with some splendid vision.

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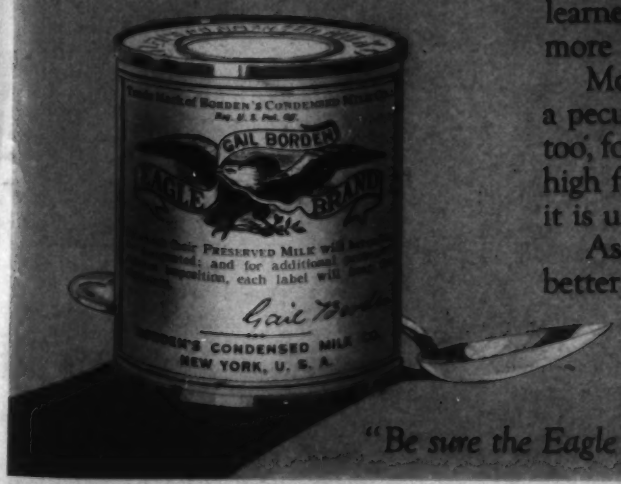

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